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NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

SEPTEMBER–OCTOBER–NOVEMBER, 1925

TAXATION PROBLEMS—I

TAX REDUCTION *VS.* TAX REFORM

BY DAVID E. FINLEY

Member of the War Loan Staff of the Treasury

TAX reform does not mean merely a reduction in rates. It means revising the whole tax system in such a way that it will produce the revenue required for the Government's needs over a long period of years, without having a detrimental effect on the normal, healthy development of the country. Of course, tax reduction gives the opportunity for tax reform. But it is only by reducing rates scientifically and perhaps omitting altogether the imposition of some taxes, that we can achieve the end desired.

It must be remembered that our present tax system was largely evolved during the war, when the need for immediate revenue was of more importance than the manner of raising it. The excessive tax rates, which obtain at the present time and to which we have gradually become accustomed, were precipitated on the country by the war. They are war taxes and nothing else. It is true that, since the war, the rates have been reduced and the burden of taxation has been greatly lightened. But even today, seven years after the end of the war, the maximum normal and surtax is forty-six per cent., or over three times the maximum rate levied in 1916.

In addition to reducing rates, the Revenue Act of 1924 incor-

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porated in the tax system many desirable administrative and structural changes, such as the establishment of a Board of Tax Appeals. Some improvement may be expected from these changes. It will be possible to expedite the settlement of contested cases and thereby to relieve the taxpayer of the fear of unknown future assessments. But these changes, while excellent in themselves, do not go to the heart of tax reform. They fail entirely to take into account the defects of a system which seeks to build a fence around wealth in the form of high surtaxes and at the same time provides an easy means of escape through investment in tax-exempt securities.

Such a system has two thoroughly undesirable effects: it both encourages tax avoidance and discourages business enterprise. The system itself is still fundamentally the same as it was during the war; and the real question involved in tax reform is whether we wish deliberately to adopt as a permanent peace time policy a tax system built up hurriedly during the war to meet conditions which no longer exist.

In tax reform there are two main objectives: first, to make the income tax effective and thereby to insure its preservation as a permanent source of revenue for the Government; and second, to work out a basis of coöperation between the Federal Government and the various States, by which overlapping taxes shall be eliminated.

There is only one way to make the income tax effective. That is, by making tax avoidance unprofitable. We have a blind faith in this country in the miraculous power of legislative action. We pass an act in order to achieve certain desired ends and then shut our eyes to the fact that the law is being evaded on every side. Too much evasion will destroy respect for the law and in the end will bring it into contempt.

That is the situation which confronts us today with regard to the graduated income tax. We have a law which levies rates so high as to make tax avoidance worth while. At the same time, we provide legal means of escape by which the largest taxpayers can avoid all payment of taxes.

There are in this country today over $13,000,000,000 of tax-exempt securities, issued by States, counties and municipalities,

and this amount is steadily increasing each year. It is only necessary for the rich man to invest in these securities and he need pay no income tax at all. Wealth is more and more tending to do this, and to leave the tax burden to be borne by the smaller taxpayer and by the man engaged in active business, whose capital cannot be transferred to tax-exempt investments.

The strange anomaly is that the very persons who champion high surtaxes as a means of taxing the rich are most insistent upon holding open the door of escape provided by tax-exempt securities. It is all done in the belief that some right—or advantage—of the States is involved. Tax-exempt securities represent largely public improvements; and public improvements, of course, are vitally necessary, particularly in the South and West, where increase in land values follows in the wake of better roads and schoolhouses. But public improvements do not necessarily depend upon the tax-exempt feature. Before the imposition of high surtaxes, sound State and municipal bonds were readily absorbed in the immediate locality and by insurance companies, trust funds and other conservative investors, who no longer cared to take the risk involved in business enterprise. These bonds would continue to find a wide market among such investors, regardless of the tax-exempt feature.

Men in active business, before the days of high surtaxes, did not seek this form of investment; and it is their present tendency to do so which is giving cause for concern. It is far more necessary that capital should seek business investments and build up mills, railroads and other productive enterprises, rather than lie inactive in municipal and county bonds. At the present time, however, on account of the combination of high surtaxes and tax-exempt securities, capital is more and more tending to leave business and go into less productive forms of investment.

There are only two remedies for this situation. The first is to pass a Constitutional Amendment prohibiting future issues of tax-exempt securities. Secretary Mellon and the Treasury have frequently recommended the passage of such an amendment; and, as Mr. Mellon remarked in one of his recent speeches, "this is the strongest possible test of whether it is really desired to make wealth bear its share of the tax burden. All that is necessary is to

close the door and thereby cut off this inviting avenue of escape from taxes."

The States would give up no material right in supporting a Constitutional Amendment such as was passed by the House of Representatives a year ago, giving reciprocal authority to both State and Federal Governments to tax future issues of securities by either Government. It is in the power of the Federal Government now to issue its own bonds free of Federal taxation and thus largely destroy the artificial value attaching to State and municipal securities on account of their exemption from Federal taxes.

But there is no immediate prospect of a Constitutional Amendment being passed; and even if such an amendment were passed it could not affect the billions of dollars of securities already issued. Under these circumstances there is obviously only one course to pursue—that is to reduce surtaxes to a point where capital will find it worth while to remain in active business and pay the tax rather than go into tax-exempt bonds.

Taking up the question of rates: it may seem paradoxical, but it can be mathematically demonstrated, as the Government has found to its sorrow, that excessively high rates produce less revenue than lower ones. In taxes, just as in selling, there is a point of maximum return. If the selling price is too high, fewer articles are sold; if it is too low, sales increase but profits diminish. As everyone knows, the number of sales increases every time the price of the article is reduced, which is, of course, easy enough to understand. But there is a point on the lower side of the profit belt, beyond which prices cannot be reduced without too great a loss of revenue; and so it is with taxes. We cannot levy rates below the point which will produce revenue sufficient to run the Government.

What has been the Government's experience in fixing rates? In 1916, under a maximum surtax of thirteen per cent., the total amount of incomes of $300,000 or over reported for taxation was $992,000,000, and the Government collected $81,000,000 in surtaxes. In 1921, under a maximum surtax of sixty-five per cent., the total amount of income of this class fell to $153,000,000 and the Government collected $84,000,000 in surtaxes. In 1922, the surtax was reduced from sixty-five per cent. to fifty per cent., and

what happened? The amount of income reported for taxation by the largest taxpayers rose to $365,000,000 as compared with $153,000,000 the previous year, and the Government collected in surtaxes $111,000,000 under the lower rates as compared with $84,000,000 under the higher rates. In 1923, the amount of income reported for taxation by the highest brackets increased to $371,000,000 and the amount of tax collected was $93,000,000. This tax was realized after allowing the retroactive reduction of twenty-five per cent. authorized in the Revenue Act of 1924. Without such reduction there would have been collected taxes amounting to $124,000,000.

Under the Act of 1924 the maximum surtax has been reduced to forty per cent.; and, while the reductions granted are not enough to bring wealth as a whole back under taxation, it may be expected that there will be a still further increase in revenue from the higher brackets. Figures such as the above are convincing evidence that in taxation it is not always the highest rates which bring in the greatest revenue.

What is the situation as regards the rates now in effect? Under the present law, the possessors of the largest incomes are taxed as much as forty-six per cent. on the higher brackets. It is true that not a very great number are actually paying so much. But at least the law imposes a total maximum tax of forty-six per cent. To the average man that seems fair enough. He reasons that a man with an income of $400,000 or $500,000 a year can afford to pay nearly half of it as taxes and still eke out not too miserable an existence. But regardless of whether the theory is right or wrong, it works out in practice so that the Government fails to get its share of the income. In order to avoid taxes which he considers excessive, the man of large wealth is investing more and more in tax-exempt securities and taking advantage of the other means of avoidance made possible under the law. It is just as well to realize that capital, no less than labor, cannot be forced to work unless it is profitable to do so; and under the present high surtaxes, capital frequently does not find it worth while to take a chance.

A man of large income has the choice of investing in a taxable or a tax-exempt bond. If he is subject to the highest surtax, he

finds that he must receive at least eight per cent. from the taxable investment to equal the net return of four and a half per cent. from a tax-exempt bond. There are no bonds of sound security paying eight per cent., and very few safe business investments which insure such a return on the capital invested. The consequence is that capital is attracted to the tax-exempt investment and many men of large income pay no taxes. If, however, the maximum normal and surtax were reduced to a total of twenty per cent., a taxable business security need yield only about five and a half per cent. to equal the net return of a four and a half per cent. municipal bond.

It is easy to see what would happen under such circumstances. Capital would find it more profitable to invest in business and pay a moderate tax than to go to the trouble, as at present, of avoiding taxes. This is the reason for advocating a reduction in the surtaxes; and there can be no sound and permanent reform of the tax system which ignores the necessity for such reduction.

The second objective in tax reform involves a revision of the death taxes. Both the Federal and the State Governments are attempting to exploit this field of taxation. Under our dual form of Government, there has grown up in this country a curiously complicated and haphazard system of taxes, with the result that double taxation obtains in the United States to a greater extent perhaps than anywhere else in the world.

The present situation is a striking example of the lengths to which competing jurisdictions will go in the effort to extract the last dollar from resident and non-resident taxpayers in the form of death taxes. No attempt is made at reciprocity between the States, nor is any effort made to levy taxes according to some uniform principle. On the contrary, many States use both the *situs* of the property and the domicile of the decedent as the basis of liability to taxation. The result is that estates with widely scattered assets are frequently subjected to overlapping and confiscatory taxes, thus bringing about a depletion of capital which must ultimately have a serious effect on the country's development.

It is possible for estates, under some circumstances, to be taxed more than one hundred per cent. of their value. This, of course, does not often happen; but under our present laws it is entirely

possible, and when it does happen, we have not taxation but confiscation. Such a situation, deplorable as it is, has grown up largely as a result of accident or legislative indifference, rather than deliberate intention to use taxation as a club to punish or discourage the accumulation of wealth. But it is well to remember that death taxes, after all, are merely a form of capital levy; and when they reach the point of confiscation, they have become a fine or penalty, not a tax. Regardless of the soundness of such taxes as levied in moderation by the States or by the Federal Government when necessity may require, it would seem unwise to defray the current expenses of the National Government out of excessive levies on capital when there is no pressing need for the revenue derived from such sources.

The inheritance tax is essentially one which should be levied by the States. The property taxed is located in the States, and its transfer to heirs at death is governed by State, not Federal, laws. The right of the Federal Government to impose estate taxes is based upon the theory of an excise tax—that is, a tax upon the passing or transfer of property. Congress has levied such taxes only four times in the country's history, and always for the purpose of providing revenue in periods of great emergency. Such taxes were levied immediately after the Revolutionary War, and during the Civil and Spanish wars, and they were always repealed when the particular emergency had passed.

The present estate tax was first levied in 1916, when a maximum rate of ten per cent. was imposed. Instead of later repealing the law, the tax was subsequently increased to twenty-five per cent., and in the Revenue Act of 1924 the maximum rate was raised from twenty-five per cent. to forty per cent. These rates, after allowing certain credits for State taxes, are imposed in addition to the inheritance taxes levied by nearly all the State Governments.

As a source of revenue, death taxes are not of very great importance to the Federal Treasury; and, under the high rates now imposed, they are becoming less and less productive of revenue. Under the twenty-five per cent. maximum rate, the revenue derived by the Federal Government has steadily dropped from $154,000,000 in 1921 to $103,000,000 in 1924. In the latter year

the amount raised by death taxes was only two and a half per cent. of the total of $4,000,000,000 which the Federal Government received from all sources.

The States, on the other hand, when deprived of revenue which they might have obtained from this source, are forced to make up the loss by other taxes, particularly on farm lands. In many States, taxes are already so high as seriously to menace the prosperity of the farmer. The farmer nearly always pays a disproportionately large share of his earnings in taxes. He does not, as a rule, pay income taxes, so that this large part of his income which is absorbed by taxation represents almost wholly direct taxes on his property. If there is to be any decrease in the amount of revenue available to the State Governments from inheritance taxes as a result of the Federal law, it is obvious that the States must make up this loss by heavier taxes on tangible property. As a result, the taxes on farm lands will increase rather than diminish; and a still heavier burden will be placed on the shoulders of those least able to bear it.

State and local taxes are increasing at an alarming rate. They constitute by far the heaviest part of the tax burden which the American people are called upon to carry. In the decade from 1912 to 1922, the cost of State and local governments, as well as the expenditures of the Federal Government, mounted steadily; but the latter included the cost of financing our allies and carrying on the war, and since the war the National Government has made heroic and successful efforts at retrenchment. In 1920 the per capita Federal tax was $54; in 1923 this tax had been cut to $29; and in the current year to about $27. The per capita State and local tax, on the other hand, increased from about $31 in 1920 to about $41 in 1923, and the tendency is towards a further increase each year.

It is only fair, in any survey of our present burden of taxation, to apportion the responsibility where it properly belongs. It is State and local taxation which weighs most heavily on the average taxpayer, for out of a total population of 110,000,000 only about 4,260,000, or less than four per cent., pay any income tax direct to the Federal Government. A much larger proportion of the population, however, pays State and local taxes; and practically

everyone is affected by the economic conditions produced by an unsound system of taxation.

It is for this reason that tax reform is a matter of such vital concern, not to the taxpayer alone or to the Government, but to the entire country. In so far as the taxpayer is concerned, a man with a wife and two children and an income of $5,000 is more interested in a continuance of prosperous conditions that make $5,000 jobs plentiful than he is in reducing his present tax of $25.50 to $20. Such a man, in the last analysis, has far more to lose than has his richer neighbor if, as a result of high surtaxes, capital is diverted from business and industry with the inevitable result of less trade and fewer jobs.

Is business expansion adversely affected by high surtaxes? Statistics would seem to indicate that it is. Certainly they prove beyond question that wealth is finding it advantageous to leave the field of taxable business and thus to escape its share of the tax burden. It is to correct this situation that the system must be reformed, and this is the only reason for advocating a reduction of the surtaxes. In the words of Professor Thomas S. Adams, of Yale, who is one of the foremost authorities on taxation in the country:

> The reason or justification for cutting the upper surtaxes is not to reduce the taxes of the few rich men who happen to be caught. The justification is to get a tax that can be enforced; to reduce the discrepancy between the taxation of corporations and the taxation of individuals; to give back to certain lines of business, whose normal supply of credit comes from wealthy individuals, their normal and natural investment market; and most of all, to give to the income tax at this critical period a task which it can creditably perform. . . . We debate and dispute about the *minutiæ* of rates, when the question is the honesty or integrity—and hence the real life—of the progressive income tax.

Here Professor Adams has touched upon a vital point. If we wish to preserve the income tax, we cannot ignore one of the fundamental principles of taxation, which is that excessive taxes are nearly always avoided and do not have even the merit of producing revenue for the Government. In one of the nation's early debates about taxation, it was pointed out by Alexander Hamilton in *The Federalist* that "the most productive system of finance will always be the least burdensome". He added the further

comment that the man who understands the principles of political economy best "will be least likely to resort to oppressive expedients or to sacrifice any particular class of citizens to the procurement of revenue".

Taxpayers will always find ways to escape excessive taxes by investing in tax-exempt securities or by taking advantage of the other available means of tax avoidance. It may be a troublesome procedure to change the form of one's investments; but, if the rates are high enough, the taxpayer will find it worth while to go to that trouble, and eventually he will put himself in a position where he can laugh at the tax gatherer.

There is an old story of one of the tyrant kings of ancient Greece, who imposed a tax so heavy that his people groaned, but paid the tax. Finally he increased the tax to such unheard-of limits that a change came over his people's behavior. Instead of groans and curses, they went about the streets laughing at his tax—and, of course, not paying it. When the tyrant heard what they were doing, he ordered the tax reduced at once, for, he said, when they laugh at your tax it means that they have no intention of paying it. He found, just as we are finding today in the case of excessive surtaxes, that there is such a thing as encroaching too far on the limits of taxable capacity.

Taxable capacity, according to Sir Josiah Stamp, is measured by the difference between the nation's total quantity of production and its total quantity of consumption. It is the surplus or permanent increase in capital values. No government can afford to appropriate as taxes too large a part of this surplus without bringing about one of two equally undesirable results. Either the quantity of consumption must be cut down, which means a lowering of the standard of living and a consequent slackening of effort on the part of the citizen who sees so large a part of his earnings absorbed in taxes; or else a smaller amount of capital accumulation is available for business expansions and new undertakings, resulting in a slowing up of progress and prosperity and eventually a reduction in revenue available for taxation. On either hand disaster lies. We must be careful, therefore, in fixing rates, that we do not press too far on the limits of taxable capacity.

We have found that we can collect a moderate tax. But when we try to impose too high a rate—and especially when at the same time we offer legal means of avoidance—wealth escapes and eventually the Government will have to fall back on levying higher taxes on the smaller incomes and on the man in active business in order to raise the required revenue. From the standpoint of Government income, better results can be obtained from moderate rates than from excessive ones. Certainly as regards the interests of the taxpayers themselves, it is vitally important to have a taxing system which produces revenue without affecting adversely the growth and development of the country on whose prosperity we must all, as individuals, depend.

Taxation is, after all, largely a business problem. In tax revision, the controlling elements should always be fiscal and economic, not political. For this reason, we should approach the subject only from an economic or business viewpoint; and, so far as the Treasury is concerned, it has viewed it only from this angle. Secretary Mellon has frequently pointed out that, in urging a reduction of the surtaxes, he has continued the policy which the Treasury has consistently advocated under a Democratic as well as under a Republican Administration; and both Democrats and Republicans have expressed views which prove that, as between the two major parties, there is no cleavage in the philosophy of taxation in so far as income or surtaxes are concerned.

Taxation is neither a partisan nor a sectional question. It is, on the other hand, a matter which vitally affects the welfare of everyone in every part of the country; and if the nation as a whole will get behind the movement for tax reform, it will prove, as we proved during the war, that America can always think and act as a unit when once she is convinced that the national interest is involved.

DAVID E. FINLEY.

TAXATION PROBLEMS—II

WHO SHOULD PAY THE TAXES?

BY DANIEL C. ROPER

Former Commissioner of Internal Revenue

INASMUCH as the Federal Estate Tax Law is yielding little more than $100,000,000 annually for the support of the Federal Government, it would seem that the call for its repeal would be confined to a few wealthy taxpayers. Upon several of such, it would make a costly exaction at death. While conceding this, it is strange that popular agitation should take the form of a vigorous opposition to the Estate Tax Law out of proportion to the demand for reduction in the Income Tax Law which is yielding nearly $2,000,000,000 per annum and is of vital interest to every citizen whose income exceeds $2,000 a year.

Public comments on recent court decisions in general indicate a surprising misunderstanding of the present Federal Estate Tax Law as to the fundamental purpose of its passage and its retention in our taxing system. It is generally alleged that this method of assessing and collecting revenue is ephemeral, that it was invoked as a mere temporary expediency for war purposes and that Congress never intended that it should remain upon the statute books as a continuing method of raising revenue. There is no foundation for this allegation. The contrary is the truth.

The amount which the Federal estate tax yields in money is not large enough to make it of very great value as a temporary expedient in time of war.

At the time of the enactment of the September 8, 1916, statute, the modern Federal Estate Tax Law, the United States was not at war and in my opinion the several amended reënactments of that law have never been regarded by Congress as essentially emergency tax measures. On the contrary, it has been found highly necessary to discover methods of acquiring permanent revenue which would not impose too great a burden upon any.

For one thing, in 1919 there had to be found some method of taxation to fill the gap created by the passage of the Eighteenth Amendment and the anticipated loss in revenue from the tax upon alcoholic liquors. This fact was in the mind of Congress when it retained this inheritance tax upon the statute books.

Death duties in England have so long been an integral part of their tax system and have proven upon the whole so acceptable, as compared with the other forms of taxation, that no Englishman now questions the retention of them as a permanent part of the English system.

England now has three forms of death duties which are imposed on every estate within certain limitations. The first one, a legacy duty with its several amendments enacted originally as long ago as the time of George III; the second, a product of the early Victorian period, the Gladstone Act, as amended, imposed a graduated tax upon both real estate and personal property based upon consanguinity; and the third, enacted as a part of the Finance Act of 1894, a typical transfer or mutation duty, levied on the passing of an estate from the deceased to the beneficiaries. It is this latter law which has been largely copied in America by the Federal Government and by some of the States.

But revenue alone is not the sole reason for the enactment of the Federal death duty. There have been in this country for many years warm adherents to the belief that something must be done to discourage rapid growing fortunes, that some limit must be placed upon the possibility of a few individuals acquiring so much money that the Government itself is menaced by the power it brings them.

Furthermore, death duties go far toward creating an offset against non-taxable investments of the creators of such estates. They, therefore, seem to return to the Government only a deferred payment and to supply a part of that vital income required for its support. As a happy medium between confiscatory legislation on the one hand and the uninterrupted and unrestricted right to accumulate millions on the other, death duties constitute an ideal compromise.

There is no special importance in the rate, but it should not be too high. Personally, I believe that a maximum tax of 25 per

cent. in the highest bracket is ample, but the last Congress in passing the Act of 1924 took the view that 40 per cent. was not unreasonable. Most of us are willing to defer to the wisdom of Congress in this matter since very few need have any anxiety about the tax in its maximum as applied to their own fortunes which must be transferred at the time of death.

Comments upon the late decisions of the Supreme Court in the Frick group and other cases would indicate that there is a prevailing idea that in these decisions our highest legal authority has in some way indicated a resentment against this form of taxation. Nothing could be further from the truth. The Supreme Court in none of its decisions since the passage of the Act of September 8, 1916, has dealt in any broad way with the fundamental theory of death duties except in the case of *New York Trust Company vs. Collector*, referred to below. In notable cases, the Supreme Court has made epoch-marking decisions as to this or that phase of the estate tax law, as to this or that detail of its administration.

In the case of *Schwab vs. Doyle*, 258 U. S., 522, and three kindred cases, it dealt with the retroactive features of the law with reference to transfers and other features when not clearly and expressly covered by the language of the Act.

In *Woodward's Executors vs. Collector*, 256 U. S., 632, the matter of deducting from income tax the amount paid for Federal estate tax was resolved in favor of the taxpayer.

In one of the Frick cases it dealt with the retroactive features of insurance contracts, and in the group of Frick cases under the Pennsylvania law it dealt with the right of States to measure excise tax by property not within its jurisdiction; but none of these cases made any reference to nor in any way indicated any criticism on the part of the members of the Supreme Court of the underlying principle of raising Federal revenue by death duties.

In that remarkable opinion which Chief Justice White handed down back in 1900, in the case of *Knowlton et al. vs. Collector*, 178 U. S., 41–110, upholding the constitutional right of the Government to raise revenue by death duties, a full exposition of the law in its constitutional aspects was expressed with that clarity of language for which the great Chief Justice was so supremely

notable, and this decision is now the chief authority for the enactment of such a tax law. It has never been disturbed by any later decision. If I may be pardoned for quoting a short passage from his exhaustive opinion, which covered sixty pages and reviewed the history of death duties from ancient Egypt to the present day, I submit this extract:

> The review which we have made exhibits the fact that taxes imposed with reference to the ability of the person upon whom the burden is placed to bear the same have been levied from the foundation of the Government. So, also, some authoritative thinkers, and a number of economic writers, contend that a progressive tax is more just and equal than a proportional one. In the absence of constitutional limitation, the question whether it is or is not is legislative, and not judicial. The grave consequences which it is asserted must arise in the future if the right to levy a progressive tax be recognized involves in its ultimate aspect the mere assertion that free and representative government is a failure, and that the grossest abuses of power are foreshadowed unless the courts usurp a purely legislative function. If a case should ever arise, where an arbitrary and confiscatory exaction is imposed bearing the guise of a progressive or any other form of tax, it will be time enough to consider whether the judicial power can afford a remedy by applying inherent and fundamental principles for the protection of the individual, even though there be no express authority in the Constitution to do so. That the law which we have construed affords no ground for the contention that the tax imposed is arbitrary and confiscatory is obvious.

The Chief Justice, it seems to me, spoke here with the voice of Marshall, and his ringing assurance that the Supreme Court would not hesitate to deal with arbitrary or confiscatory laws if and when they might arise, carries confidence and the conviction to all who lend an ear to his words, that our rights are safe in the hands of our Supreme Court.

The New York Trust Company and Pross, Executors vs. Collector. 256 U. S., 345, which upheld the constitutionality of the Federal Estate Tax Act, is interesting in this connection because Justice Holmes adopts the conclusions of the Chief Justice in the Knowlton case in the following language:

> *Knowlton & Moore*, 178 U. S., 41, dealt, it is true, with a legacy tax. But the tax was met with the same objection; that it usurped or interfered with the exercise of State powers, and the answer to the objection was based upon general considerations and treated the "power to transmit or the transmission or receipt of property by death" as all standing on the same footing.

After the elaborate discussion that the subject received in that case we think it unnecessary to dwell upon matters that in principle were disposed of there. The same may be said of the argument that the tax is direct and therefore is void for want of apportionment. It is argued that when the tax is on the privilege of receiving, the tax is indirect because it may be avoided, whereas here the tax is inevitable and therefore direct. But that matter also is disposed of by *Knowlton vs. Moore*, not by an attempt to make some scientific distinction, which would be at least difficult, but on an interpretation of language by its traditional use — on the practical and historical ground that this kind of tax always has been regarded as the antithesis of a direct tax; "has ever been treated as a duty or excise, because of the particular occasion which gives rise to its levy". Upon this point a page of history is worth a volume of logic.

As a matter of fact, the several States in enacting inheritance tax laws may have placed undue burdens upon estates of decedents, and it is upon this weak aspect of the matter that the enemies of all death duties direct their attack. However, their criticisms are largely theoretical and while the States, with a few notable exceptions, tax their citizens by way of death duties, no estate has actually had to suffer the extreme oppression that those who discuss these laws find possible, if not imminent. The relatively small amounts collected by these taxing laws are themselves an answer to the charge that they are confiscatory.

There is another angle to the question of death duties that is interesting and not generally understood. Assume an estate of $10,000,000 — dealing only in round numbers. Such an estate should yield an annual income, let us say, of $600,000, which is subjected to income tax annually of $200,000. At death the deceased person's estate of $10,000,000 becomes subject to a death duty under the Federal law of approximately $3,500,000. Upon a showing to the Commissioner of Internal Revenue that it would constitute an undue hardship to pay this sum at one time, an extension of time for payment of the tax can be secured, under the existing law, which would permit the payment over a three-year period of approximately $1,150,000 each year. The amount paid for estate tax is deductible from income tax for the year in which it is paid, so that for the three-year period over which the estate tax is being paid, all income taxes due from the estate are wiped out and the net revenue to the Government at the end of

the term during which the estate tax is being paid is the difference between the total estate tax and the amount of income tax which would have been paid over the three-year period, reducing, in the supposition before us, the net tax paid by the estate by some $600,000. Thus, while the progressive brackets increase the tax, they also increase the deduction from income tax, thereby equalizing in a measure the net tax.

In this time when the untimely death of President Roosevelt has cooled partisan feeling and American citizenship is uniting in appreciation of that fine character for his many worthy attributes aside from mere politics, it is interesting to know what he thought about death duties. In his message of 1907, he recommended that—

> Government has the absolute right to decide as to the terms upon which a man shall receive a bequest or devise from another. A heavy progressive tax upon a very large fortune is in no way such a tax upon thrift and industry as a like tax would be on a small fortune. . . .
> . . . No advantage comes either to the country as a whole or to the individual inheriting the money by permitting the transmission in their entirety of the enormous fortune that would be affected by such a tax.

Thus, President Roosevelt as early as 1907 was sounding the call for the imposition of death duties, when our country was at peace and there was no acute necessity for revenue, merely as a measure of limitation to the accumulation of excessive fortunes, and it is this side of the question that must be earnestly considered, weighed and emphasized when the movement to abolish death duties reaches the Congress.

While I am not one of those predisposed to the thought that that type of citizen whose financial genius has made possible the accumulation of multiple millions normally will be found attempting to evade taxes levied by his government for its support, nevertheless, the business associates of such a man, who constitute themselves the "watch-dogs" of his bank account, are ever alert to save money for him and his estate.

If the Federal Government repeals its death duties, leaving the States to avail themselves of an opportunity to levy such duties untrammeled by the thought of duplicating those of the Federal Government, it is inevitable that the States will levy such taxes without uniformity and that some of the States, for example,

Florida, which has forbidden death duties by amendment to its Constitution, will never exact such taxes. Then we would have a condition in which a wealthy citizen of Illinois, let us say, whose millions may have been acquired in international trade, by oil in Oklahoma, mines in Montana, or real estate in New York, could, by establishing a residence in Florida, cause his estate at his death to escape death duties almost entirely; while the citizen of smaller fortune, who could not change his residence at will, might find himself bound to a residence where death duties are onerous, with no escape from heavy taxes upon his fortune at his death.

Such a possible condition as this must have little appeal to the man with an ordinary competency or for the citizens of our country at large. It would seem to me that such a condition would be an invitation to the very wealthy to select a residence where the death duties would be minimized. Great wealth is seldom, if ever, local in its source and development, and if it is to be taxed by way of death duties, should it not be taxed for the benefit of the National Government?

It is not likely that a satisfactory agreement could be worked out between the State and Federal Governments that would permit the Federal Government exclusively to collect the inheritance taxes and return to the States an agreed proportion. Nor is it likely that the States will agree to surrender entirely this field of taxation to the Federal Government. It is more likely that any excess burden which may exist because of collections by the two Governments could be relieved by the Federal Government reducing its rate to a point where a reasonable levy by the States would not be too great a burden. Furthermore, relief would be assisted and the element of duplication avoided by Congress allowing as a deduction in Federal tax returns as much as one-half of the amounts of estate taxes paid to the States.

One of the most common complaints against the inheritance tax is the need, under speed for collection, of sacrificing valuable assets of an estate and the injury or actual destruction of a valuable business. This situation was recognized by the Congress in constructing the present law when they increased the time limit to three years and this time could, without danger to the Government, be further increased, if found necessary.

A discussion confined to death duties cannot adequately deal with the many problems presented by tax legislation and tax administration. It is necessary for those who have to do with the enactment of tax legislation or the administration of the same ever to keep in mind the necessity of the widest distribution of the tax burden, the levying of the tax in accordance with the ability to pay, as well as the rate that will produce the most revenue by encouraging rather than discouraging industry.

What the country most needs is a better balanced and a more permanent and more endurable tax programme. In determining this, it is necessary first to ascertain with at least approximate accuracy the amount required to maintain the Government programme and then proceed to allocate the tax load. This really includes both the customs tariff and internal taxes. The same principles to a considerable extent should guide the economic student in analyzing both fields.

In dealing with income taxes, first and foremost, we should seek to answer the question, What constitutes the income to be taxed? There is no magic in the annual basis of computing net income. In England, they realized this fact and average net income over a period of three years is their solution. Would it not be better for our country now to adopt as a basis for income tax the average income of its citizens over a five-year period?

The varying annual profit in all forms of business teaches us that to regard as a man's income his net profits for any one year is to cause him to pay either too much or too little as his fair proportion for the upkeep of his government. An average which would permit the accumulation of profits to a point where such profits are large enough for a taxpayer to gain the benefits of his losses, needs a five year period. How many forms of business in times of depression have shown net losses for two or three years, but as a reward for the anxiety borne by the taxpayer and the unremitting attention to the business with the hope of its upbuilding, its fruition, let us say, has come in the third year, attested by large profits. Without the benefit of the deductions in the losing years, the taxpayer then pays for his profitable year immeasurably in excess of what a sound interpretation of net income should cause him to pay.

As an answer to the advocacy of an income determined by an average over several years, opponents urge difficulties of administration. Such difficulties, if they exist, are not comparable with the difficulties experienced by the quibbling over items of net income which is the occasion of so much annoyance under present administrative methods.

The English system, except in cases of obvious fraud, results in the acceptation of the return of the taxpayer as certified by responsible accountants, and inasmuch as the net income is determined on averages, the importance of separate items becomes less and less, the quibbling decreases and ultimately becomes negligible. There is certainly no insuperable administrative objection to arriving at a fair average net income over a period of years. On the contrary, it is probable that when once installed, such a method would tend to simplification.

Experience justifies the belief that the best revenue tax system is one in which the basic revenue source is net income, supplemented by a tax on tobacco and tobacco products, the estate or inheritance tax and customs duties. The expenses have not yet been reduced to the point, however, where these four sources can be relied upon for the necessary revenue. There is now being collected about three and one-half billion dollars for the use of the Government. It would seem that for next year this can be safely reduced to three billions. It is likely to remain at about this point until 1945 when the present sinking fund provision will have functioned to the extent of reducing the Government budget to two billion dollars. At this time, however, we are concerned with getting three billions in a way that will occasion the least hardship. If fifty per cent. of credit is given to the States on account of inheritance taxes, the revenue from death duties cann be expected to exceed fifty millions. It is probable that the thr hundred and fifty millions now being collected from tobacco an its products can be maintained. Assuming a continuation o five hundred and fifty millions from the tariff and three hundre millions from miscellaneous excise taxes, we would have to secur from income tax sources about one and three-fourths billions t meet the budget of three billions. This is about the amount tha is now being collected from personal and corporate incom

sources. To permit, therefore, the reduction of the maximum surtax rate at this time, it will be necessary to assume that business initiative encouraged thereby will make good the loss.

It is, of course, as necessary to maintain an even-handed justice in executing the laws as it is for legislators to safeguard the rights of the people in constructing the laws. Should this objective be violated in either case the integrity of the nation would be as assuredly undermined by loss in good will as is a family when the parents show preference for a certain child or use vicious means in correcting or punishing a child. Children love and respect their parents because they have an abiding faith in the fact that their parents' faith in them is prompted by unselfish and just purposes. The condition is not different as between citizens and their country.

The drafting of new acts and amendments to old acts have been naturally largely left thus far to Treasury officials where observance of and experience with the execution of the laws produce men skilled in handling administrative difficulties. At the outset and to a considerable extent to the present time this has been necessary. The Treasury tax officials, as a rule, have been men of proper motives prompted in their actions by the desire to collect the revenue due in the easiest manner. It is only natural that they should be desirous of reducing their own difficulties as much as possible. There may be danger that they are too close to this phase of the situation. Taxpayers are naturally interested to make sure that these officials do not lack the necessary perspective to view the tax situation in its broadest sense, divorced from mere administrative difficulties. Interest in our common country demands that we pass taxing laws only with a view to justly applying the tax burden. The next step is to leave the administrative difficulties to be solved by the very Treasury officials who are so able to deal with them.

Daniel C. Roper.

THE TREND TO AN AMERICAN DEMOCRACY

By John Brittan Clark

Nothing connected with the recent all too quiet celebration of the birth of the American Constitution was worthy of more universal serious attention and emphasis than the pronouncement by the Citizenship Committee of the American Bar Association: "The Constitution of the United States, as originally written and interpreted, created a republic, or representative democracy."

It would have been much better had the words "a representative democracy" been omitted from that statement. While absolutely true if rightly understood, they will almost certainly be misunderstood and be thought identical with "a democracy", and so unintentionally give support and comfort to the serious mistake and strong tendency in public feeling today. "A representative democracy" is one thing; "a democracy" is an entirely different thing. If "a representative democracy" is what the founders of the Constitution intended, "a democracy" is the very thing they feared and sought to make impossible in every way they could devise. There can be no doubt of this. Of their number two, Madison and Hamilton, were designated spokesmen and interpreters of the work of the Constitutional Convention.

Writing in The Federalist, Madison said:

> Democracies have ever been spectacles of turbulence and contention; have ever been found incompatible with personal security or the rights of property, and have in general been as short in their lives as they have been violent in their deaths. Theoretical politicians, who have patronized this species of government, have erroneously supposed that by reducing mankind to a perfect equality in their political rights they would, at the same time, be perfectly equalized and assimilated in their professions, their opinions and their passions.... A republic, by which I mean a government in which the scheme of representation takes place, opens a different prospect and promise, the cure for which we are seeking.... The two great points of difference between a democracy and a republic are first, the designation of the government in the

latter to a small number of citizens selected by the rest; secondly, the greater number of citizens and extent of territory which may be brought within the compass of republican than of democratic government.... The effect of the first difference is, on the one hand, to refine and enlarge the public views by passing them through the medium of a chosen body of citizens whose wisdom may best discern the true interest of their country, and whose patriotism and love of justice will be less likely to sacrifice it to temporary or partial considerations. Under such a regulation it may well happen that the public voice pronounced by the representatives of the people will be more consonant to the public good than if pronounced by the people themselves convened for the purpose.... Hence it clearly appears that the same advantage which a republic has over a democracy consists in the substitution of representatives whose enlightened views and virtuous sentiments render them superior to local prejudices and to scheme of injustice.... In fine, it consists in the greater obstacles opposed to the concert and accomplishment of the secret wishes of an unjust and interested majority.... The true distinction between these forms is that in a democracy the people meet and exercise the government in person. In a republic they assemble and administer it by their respective agents. The first question that offers itself is whether the general form and aspect of the government be strictly republican.... It is evident that no other form will be reconcilable with the genius of the American people.

So far as Mr. Madison was concerned, a republic as opposed to a democracy was the form of government framed by the Constitution.

On September 18, 1803, Hamilton wrote to Pickering:

The plan of a Constitution which I drew up while the Convention was sitting and which I communicated to Mr. Madison ... was predicated upon these bases:

1. That the political principles of the people of this country would endure nothing but republican government.

2. That in the actual situation of the country, it was in itself right and proper that the republican theory should have full and fair trail.

3. That to such a trial it was essential that the government should be so constructed as to give all the energy and stability reconcilable with the principles of that theory.

These were the genuine sentiments of my heart and upon them I acted.

Mr. Hamilton could not have said more plainly that the government intended by the Constitution was a republic, not a democracy. Granting this, which it would seem impossible for any truly informed to deny, one is not a little disturbed by the loose way in which the word "republic" is put aside and the word "democracy" substituted by many prominent, able writers and speakers today. In an address to a great audience in New York city Lloyd George expressed his fear of "peril to democracy". He said:"The United States, France and Great Britain are the only great democracies remaining in the world today. The fate of humanity," he declared, "and of civilization would depend upon these three nations clinging to their democracy. Where a people is sound, a democratic form of government is always best." Evidently Mr. George is directly at variance with the Constitution of the land in which he was speaking. He did not realize that he was. In common with countless others, he was using loosely the word "democracy", thinking of one thing and speaking of another. In view of what the framers of the Constitution unmistakably state, one is forced to wonder at such statements as "America was founded on the principle of democracy", or "make the world safe for democdemocracy". This last is the very thing no true American should desire. Rather, it should be his desire and effort to make the world the most dangerous possible for democracy. If one claims, as Mr. Beck suggests, that the Declaration of Independence sought to "make the world safe for democracy", this was, however, in only the preamble of the Declaration and was a reflection of the tide of political idealism which influenced people everywhere to some degree from the middle of the eighteenth century to the end of the French Revolution, when "the sentimental and often hysterical abstraction of Jean Jacques Rousseau and the Encyclopaedists held sway". What the framers of the Constitution tried to do was not to make the world safe for democracy but to make democracy safe for the world. And they sought to do this by taking the direct power out of the hands of the mass—something which inheres in a democracy and which it vehemently demands—and, while giving the mass adequate representation, imposing upon it salutary restraints in the exercise of its power.

The present all too loose use of the word "democracy", the emphasis given it today, meets with favorable response because it has so appealing a sound to people jealous of their real or imagined and, as it seems to them, menaced rights and privilege' especially in an age such as the present of social and industrial unrest. The many make no distinction between "a representative democracy" and "a democracy", or between "a democracy" and "a republic". This is not surprising when not a few encyclopaedias and dictionaries make the terms synonymous. Did people realize they were not synonymous; did people realize just what "a democracy" is,—a thing the framers of the Constitution clearly realized,—they would as emphatically oppose as now they applaud the plea for democracy. Doubtless, this appeal is made by true lovers of their country who really think the fundamental original principle of the American Government is endangered. The effect is the same, notwithstanding. One of the truest and saddest things in life is that ignorance does not nullify its results. But it is too charitable to attribute to honest ignorance this wide and loud propaganda for democracy. It is more true, if less kind, to attribute it to a determined purpose and effort of many able people to do away with the republic in favor of a democracy. These know the popular failure to distinguish between the two, and they purposely play upon this failure. They recognize clearly the distinction. They know well just what they are doing. They recognize that between them and their goal is the Constitution, and do not hesitate to ask, "Shall the conditions of today be under the control of a piece of paper because it happens to be a century or so old?"

This tendency to substitute a democracy for a republic began with the gradual and progressive reduction of a representative to the grade of a mere delegate, changing him from one chosen by his constituency to give his experience, his brain, his conscience and his best service on all public matters coming to him as a representative, to one who tries to express on all public matters the opinion of the hour, transitory and unsound as that may be, or the opinion of his constituents who are not in a position to know much that he knows connected with the matters that come up for decision. It is commonly

assumed that the first duty of a Senator or Representative in Congress is to his constituency. It is not. This is fundamentally wrong. But this is the characteristic principle of a democracy. This is why many national legislators think of nothing but safeguarding the interests of their Districts instead of thinking primarily and chiefly of the interests of the country as a whole. A national legislator is chosen to serve his country, not any one section of it. He is paid by the United States, not by his particular District. True, we have sacred authority for saying "say not that the former times were better than these". It is true, nevertheless, that in "former times" there were able and revered legislators who refused to obey the dictates of their Districts when these were opposed to their personal conviction of what was best for the country. They felt that their constituency was the United States, not this or that State, this or that District. But so strong today is the trend to a democracy that any man seeking public office or reelection on this assumption of his office is threatened with defeat at the polls. A democracy insists that its representative must take his constituents' advice, must obey their instructions, must be their messenger bearing their message. In other words, the mass shall directly have the governing power—the very thing the Constitution seeks to prevent.

Starting with this altered conception of representation, other trends to substitute a democracy for a republic are apparent everywhere. When the head of a great industrial organization openly urges its members to disregard the pronouncements of the Supreme Court, he gives a flagrant demonstration of the trend to a democracy in the proposed substitution of mass opinion for the judicial function of the republic. When, as often today, the settlement of crucial public difficulties is left to a commission, there is the transference to the mass of the administrative function of the republic. Possibly the most apparent demonstration just now of the trend to a democracy is given by the Ku Klux Klan, an organization large in numbers and widely spread over the country, committed to the principle of taking matters out of the Government's hands into its own hands and settling them according to its own standards.

And, despite the contradiction it will undoubtedly cause, the primary system of American politics plays directly into this trend to a democracy. The primaries notoriously do not represent majorities, but the minorities which by them insert and plant their radical and disruptive views. Some of those who will make the present Senate the most vociferous on record were nominated by less than thirty per cent. of their party vote at the primaries. When President Harding, in a letter to John A. Stewart, expressed the opinion that the primary system tended to make Senators and Representatives less officers of the Government than representatives of their own constituencies, he touched one of the main channels for a democracy to supplant the republic.

It is the mental attitude in all this matter which is most significant. No one thinks for a moment of disregarding the people. The rule under a republic is always with the people. But how shall the people rule—directly? "Yes," insists a democracy. "No," says a republic. Today the strong trend is away from the indirect to the direct rule of the people; that is, from the republic formed by the Constitution to the very democracy it sought to make impossible.

When one realizes that the representative principle has been challenged in twenty-two States of the Union by the initiative and referendum; that the independence of the judiciary is menaced by many provisions for the recall of both judges and judicial decisions and the final impairment of the power of the Supreme Court; when he realizes the infinitely more portentous tendency to shift the power of the Government to organized classes so that organized classes can force their will upon the Government not only through the ballot but through control over the very necessaries of life; when one realizes the many agencies for the baneful propaganda of the Third International, of the Bolshevist tenet of the rule of the majority acting directly upon public matters; when one realizes that there are published in this country five hundred and sixty-seven radical newspapers printed in twenty-six different languages, of which three hundred and fifty-two are printed in foreign countries and the joint circulation of which in this country is not less than one million a day; that over $400,000 was sent from

Moscow on one year to be devoted to aligning the Negro population with the Russian Third International; that there is every year in Moscow a Congress with a school for giving detailed instruction to the discontented from each country how to aggravate the peculiar discontent in their respective localities; when, I say, one realizes all this, one can not but feel how potent and persistent is the determination and the effort to supplant in America the republic by a democracy. It is greatly to be regretted that so repeated and public insistency is laid upon America being a democracy. (America is not, may she never be, anything but what the framers of her Constitution intended, a republic.)

In his great and exhaustive work on Political and Constitutional Law, John W. Burgess, after analyzing minutely the forms of government of the four leading nations, makes the following deductions: "I do not believe it utopian to predict that the republican form will live after all others have perished.... It is hazardous venture to prophesy what the form of the future will be. It seems to me, however, that form will be a republic.... It seems to me evident that the destiny of history is clearly pointing to the United States as the great world organ for the modern solution of the problem of government as well as of liberty."

John Brittan Clark.

FIVE YEARS OF PROHIBITION AND ITS RESULTS

In the June-July-August number of this REVIEW *were printed ten articles of the highest authority written from the point of view of those opposed to the present system of National Prohibition. In the current number are printed corresponding articles of equal authority, written from the point of view of those who approve and support that system. Both sets of articles were written and received by* THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *at the same time, so that neither was prepared with any knowledge of the contents of the other, or with any reference to it.*—THE EDITORS.

IS THERE PROHIBITION? AND TO WHAT EXTENT?

BY WAYNE B. WHEELER, LL.D

General Counsel, Anti-Saloon League of America

THE fact of Prohibition—the actual forbidding—is in the Constitution and the National Prohibition Act. Its success—the observance of the law by good citizens and the enforcement of the law against bad citizens, with accompanying social results—is evidently the question for discussion.

We determine progress by measuring distance from the starting point rather than from the goal. The extent of Prohibition's success is evidenced by the revolutions it has caused in private and public life, in social and economic fields, in the realm of crime, poverty, disease and insanity. These, with kindred social indicators, are the sole trustworthy witnesses we may summon to join the history of license days in testimony to the achievements of this new national policy.

If we had no Prohibition, conditions today would probably be as they were before the Eighteenth Amendment, with the natural increases incident to population growth and the unwholesome stimulation of immorality and crime that usually comes as the

aftermath of a war. Our memories are rather short. Prohibition has accomplished so much that we expect it to build Rome in a day. It has cleaned up so much of the moral and social wreckage of a century in which Booze was King that we are shocked today to find, hidden away furtively in the corner, some of the débris from the old Belshazzar's Feast.

Here is the situation that existed when Prohibition began to dawn and which made it imperative, and the contrasted situation today:

THEN	NOW
177,790 licensed liquor saloons, most of them selling after legal hours and to minors and drunken persons, also 100,000 speakeasies.	No licensed saloon. Speakeasies exist, as filthy and criminal as in license days.
1247 breweries making 2,000,000,000 gallons of beer a year.	483 cereal beverage plants today produce 151,606,909 gallons with less than one-half per cent. alcohol. No breweries operating lawfully.
507 distilleries producing 286,085,463 tax gallons of distilled spirits in 1917.	Few break the law today where courts use padlock power. No distilleries legally operating. Total British whiskey export to Canada and West Indies, 1924, 1,429,274 gallons, a little of which was not drunk by Canadians but was smuggled into the United States.
Drinking made cheap, easy and inviting.	Drinking made costly, difficult and dangerous.
Alcoholic death rate of 5.8 per 100,000 yearly.	An alcoholic death rate of 1.1 to 3.2 per 100,000 yearly.
An average annual death rate of 13.92 per 1,000.	An average annual death rate of 12.37 per 1,000.
1,250,000 drunkards arrested yearly, although only 20 per cent. of public drunkards arrested.	Over 350,000 average annual decrease in drunkenness arrests since War Prohibition, although nearly all drunkards are now arrested.
Crowded county jails.	200,000 fewer county jail commitments per year. Many jails empty or for sale.
Rising penal ratio.	Drop of 5.8 in penal ratio per 100,000 according to Federal Census (last criminal census) 1922.

Charity societies, Salvation Army, churches, almshouses, etc., spent millions yearly for drink-caused poverty.	Decrease of 74 per cent. in drink-caused poverty; Federal census shows lowest pauperism ratio in history.
275 drink cures, all busy.	27 drink cures, most of which handle alcoholic cases only as a "side line."
Alcoholic insanity increasing.	Alcoholic insanity decreased two-thirds.
Delirium tremens wards full.	Few delirium tremens wards exist.
Saloons on valuable business sites decrease neighborhood realty values.	Realty value of former saloon sites trebled; neighborhood values more than doubled.
Slums for poorly paid workers.	Fifty-one per cent. of home building, for workers in 1924; slums practically gone.
Red-light districts in license towns.	The brothel has practically vanished.
Venereal disease menaces national life.	Venereal disease vanishing.
Protection of law given to debasing traffic.	Drink traffic outlawed.
Brewery corruption pervades politics, boycotts business and threatens courts.	Corruption less in politics and business but still reaching officials although in a less degree.
Many times the amount received from liquor licenses spent to care for drink-caused crime, pauperism and insanity.	Liquor criminals through fines pay cost of own detection, prosecution and imprisonment.
Industrial production checked by blue Mondays, drink-caused accidents and inefficient drinking workers.	Industrial production speeded up, accidents lessened, efficiency increased.
Saloons divert over $2,000,000,000 annually from legitimate trade.	Retail trade, savings and insurance profit from saloon closing.
Homes wrecked and home building checked when saloon took margin of earnings between actual existence needs and total wages.	Home building increased 152 per cent. since Prohibition, while purchases of small homes have trebled. Building and Loan assets more than doubled in five dry years.

That is only a sample of the catalogue one might continue, using the deadly parallel, comparing conditions since Prohibition with those before. They are a fair answer to the query: Does Pro-

hibition prohibit? Of course, Prohibition does not completely stop the making and using of intoxicants. No prohibition law accomplishes its purpose so completely. It reduces the evil. This is the test for measuring the success of any law. There must be a measurable degree of success to have accomplished the results already secured.

Three stock arguments are offered by the brewery agents today in reply to these facts: Venality of enforcement agents; increasing arrests; drinking of youth. Formerly the control by the brewery interests threatened the life of the republic and made necessary a Senate investigation (1918) revealing corrupt practices, unparalleled by any other group in our history. The attempted subsidization of the press, the boycotting of business men who favored Prohibition, the raising of a million yearly in Pennsylvania to elect wet United States Senators, Representatives and State legislators, the customary trade tax of three cents per gallon on beer for a slush fund for politics, was just part of the brewery policy. This same influence today is corrupting public officials, violating the law in nearly every State in the Union and opposing the passage of enforcement laws. The record is the same in kind but less in degree since Prohibition outlawed this lawless business.

Crime caused by liquor has decreased throughout the country, including crimes of violence. The Federal Census of Prisoners for 1922 shows a decrease of 5.8 per 100,000 in the comparable ratios of penal population since 1917. In Indiana, the total commitments to jails and State farm in 1924 were six thousand fewer than in 1915, the last wet year in that State while prison commitments fell from 40,075 in 1916 to 31,408 in 1924. In Massachusetts seven of the twenty-one jails have been closed and two sold, because of the decrease in crime, while the number in the prisons of that State dropped from 5,239 in 1917 to 4,523 in 1924. In Connecticut jail admissions numbered 15,552 in 1917 and only 9,340 in 1924. The average yearly commitments in New Hampshire under license were 2,702.5. In 1924 they totalled 1,357. In New York State, the penal population fell from 15,343 in 1906 to 13,706 in 1924. United States District Attorney Edwin A. Olsen, of Chicago, who has made an enviable

record for successfully prosecuting criminals in the courts, attributes a crime increase in Chicago to a breakdown of State law enforcement machinery. He finds that crimes against the Federal Government in that district have decreased more than a third during the past year. His office has obtained more than 2,000 convictions in liquor cases in the past two years. State's Attorney Robert E. Crowe of Chicago has denied making the statement recently attributed to him, that there is 20 per cent. more crime in the country today than five years ago.

The total number of arrests throughout the country has increased in 1924 because of increased violation of the automobile and traffic laws and for offenses against sanitary, school and other municipal ordinances. In many communities these minor offenses number 90 per cent. or more of the total arrests. But they do not mean a crime wave. Sober men are less quarrelsome and less likely to be driven to crime by desperate need than drinking men.

Youth, once recruited by the hundreds of thousands by the saloon, is an occasional instead of a regular drinker. The cost and quality of post-Volsteadian drinks does not create a habit as did the licensed intoxicants. The American youth problem is less serious than that in other countries. France, the land of the vine and of the heaviest alcohol consumption, and England, the home of beer, face the same question. English boys and girls throng dance clubs at all hours of the night with flasks on their hips, doing the very things the wets say young America is doing. The daily papers, notably *The London Morning Post*, have been full of letters on this theme, blaming youth's excesses on the housing situation, the movie and a host of other things, but Prohibition cannot be made the scapegoat there.

The attitude of the liquor trade toward youth is set forth in *The Brewer's Journal*, of England, February 15, 1922, thus:

> Yearly tens of thousands of alcoholic drinkers die. With the rising generation and whether or not they take to alcohol rests the future of the Trade commercially, politically and economically.

The legalized exploitation of youth has been rejected by this nation, whose attitude was clearly expressed by President Coolidge in his message to Congress, December 6, 1923:

There is an inescapable personal responsibility for the development of character, of industry, of thrift and selfcontrol. These do not come from the government, but from the people themselves. But the government can and should always be expressive of the steadfast determination, always vigilant, to maintain conditions under which these virtues are most likely to develop and secure recognition and reward. This is the American Policy.

It is in accordance with this principle that we have enacted laws for the protection of the public health and have adopted prohibition in narcotic drugs and intoxicating liquors.

The bootlegger and moonshiner are our inheritance from the license days. The names they bear, the illegal trade they follow, the appetites they feed, the crimes they commit, are the product of the era when the liquor interests were in power and when drinking was common instead of rare, as today. They received no more attention then, than a mosquito bite next to a carbuncle. Now they are getting the attention because the greater evil is gone. Today we are arresting and imprisoning instead of ignoring these criminals. Convictions for violations of the Prohibition law numbered 37,558 in the last fiscal year in the Federal courts alone. The jail sentences imposed totalled over 3,187 years.

The cost of Prohibition enforcement is practically nominal. Fines and penalties paid into the Federal treasury by convicted liquor criminals last fiscal year amounted to $6,538,115.24. The total amount expended in administering the National Prohibition Act was $7,509,146.27. The greater number of cases are brought by the Federal agents before the State courts because of the congestion of Federal court dockets. Fines imposed by these courts do not go to the Federal treasury.

When the May offensive on land and sea was begun by the Coast Guard, Rum Row was broken. A few days of watchful waiting prevented the landing of the illegal cargoes. A campaign of terrorism against the officers and men of the Guard failed to shake the morale of the service. When the full complement of 200 destroyers, 100 fast patrol boats, 100 fast launches and over 4,000 men is given the Guard, the task of keeping rum pirates from our shores will be still more effectively accomplished. The next enforcement problem is redistilled industrial alcohol, the source of most of the illicit booze sold today.

Prohibition was demanded and is today supported by the

overwhelming majority of the American people, who also obey these laws. A small minority, generally motivated by appetite or the desire to make money from the appetite of the liquor-addict, oppose. Election returns, showing increased numbers of dry candidates elected, and the popular vote in referenda on enforcement of the law, reveal the strength of the dry public sentiment. The law is not being enforced against the American people. It is being obeyed by the American people and enforced against the un-American, the alien, the lawless and the vicious minority. That minority today prevents the decrease in crime from being even greater.

Despite imperfections—and they are only a decimal of those attributed to it by those who are seeking to bring about the return of the brewer to wealth and political power—Prohibition is far superior to any of the systems of liquor control which have been devised. The uncontrollable character of the traffic compelled its outlawry after every alternative, except abject surrender, had been tried. Prohibition is effective to the degree in which the people of a community have organized the expression of their sentiment on this question. When such organization has failed, the united forces of the foes of the Eighteenth Amendment have prevented the enforcement of the law, in part.

The American republic has solemnly placed itself on record as prohibiting the greatest enemy of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. There are not enough society cream-puffs, political grafters, underworld gun-men or social morons in the land to prevent the fulfilment of that prohibition.

WAYNE B. WHEELER.

PROHIBITION AND RESPECT FOR LAW

BY JAMES J. BRITT

Chief Counsel of the Prohibition Unit

FIVE years ago, backed by Constitutional sanctions, Prohibition became the law of the land. No more intoxicating liquors for beverage use were to be made or sold to the end that none be

drunk. A social change so fundamental and far-reaching had rarely been proposed. Customs deeply rooted in the lives of men since history began had now become unlawful. That it was done advisedly, after two generations of open discussion, and in the ways provided by the organic law itself, only cavilers will gainsay.

Now, after five years, we are asked what is the effect of Prohibition upon that respect for law in general upon which civilization depends. Let us first inquire whether Prohibition is a sound national policy, and whether we have made reasonable progress toward its enforcement, that we may the better determine whether, in our efforts toward that end, we have undermined the sanctions of other laws. If, in accomplishing a great good, some injury results, it may well be borne.

It is our American way to embody our vital social policies in constitutions and laws and hold them to be good or bad in proportion as they protect our lives, promote our interests, and restrain the moral weaknesses of our natures, and by these tokens Prohibition must stand or fall. It is one of those self-imposed restraints which Edmund Burke held as among the most valuable rights of freemen. In our self-governing community their necessity is the more imperative, and we have been quick to see their value and ready to assume their obligations. We are an introspective, self-chastening people, given to diagnose our social maladies by severe moral tests, and, heedless of pain, to operate upon our own ills. Thus we destroyed human slavery, broke up State lotteries, applied the rod of correction to trusts and monopolies, and made interstate traffic in women a crime.

And, after more than fifty years of active skirmishing, we came to deadly grips with the saloon. The Church, the Anti-Saloon League, the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and other organizations, long interested, became deadly in earnest and moved rapidly to the attack. They applied to the liquor evil those acid tests which challenge social standards to justify themselves or be destroyed. Women and children joined in the fray, and everywhere the lines of battle were drawn. We saw billions spent for that which did nothing for body or soul, but endangered both and formed a recruiting station for jails and almshouses, with

an abundant harvest of widows and orphans. The battle thickened. The movement spread like wildfire. Towns and cities rapidly deserted the liquor camp, thirty-three States wheeled in line, the pillars of the saloon fell away, and Prohibition was here. Nobody could make a case for liquor. It had failed in every test, and could lay no legitimate claim upon anything or anybody. The theory of its necessity for medicine had been exploded, and its evil effects had become commonplace. A new industrial day had made it taboo. Railways would no longer employ drinking workmen. In business places signs were put out that no drinkers were wanted.

Nor would the plea of personal liberty or sumptuary law avail. With some a sincere protest, yet the cry of personal liberty was mainly the appeal of appetite or of lust for gain. There could be no personal liberty to injure others, and that which protected the community was not a sumptuary, but a social, regulation. The moral assizes of the nation held intoxicating liquors an alien enemy, wrote their judgment in the Constitution, and Prohibition became a national creed. The people thought it a sound policy then, and, despite disappointments, they believe it a sound policy now, and a plebiscite tomorrow would no doubt confirm their judgment by a five to one vote.

How much progress has been made in enforcement, we do not know, but that progress has been made, we know. Too much was expected, and results are not rightly appraised. That there is unlawful liquor and disgraceful drinking, none can deny, but conditions are better. There are no official surveys and we are left to individual judgment and the teachings of sense as to accomplishments, and although but little can be statistically proved, beneficial results are everywhere apparent. First of all, is the disappearance of the saloon. This is a gain of tremendous importance. The removal of an institution so anti-social and degrading is of incalculable worth to the nation, and particularly to its youth. In some places there are organizations of children under ten years of age who never saw a saloon. What a glorious heritage for youth!

In many sections there is practically complete enforcement, as compared with average general law enforcement, and throughout

the nation there is, I believe, an average of 70 per cent. enforcement, with everywhere a notable decrease in drunkenness. Rarely now are drunken men seen in public places. Recall a large outdoor public meeting of ten or fifteen years ago, and you will see scores, even hundreds, of drunken men, while today it is a rare thing to see one. In a city of 50,000, prior to Prohibition, from thirty to forty drunken men might be seen on a Saturday afternoon, while today months pass and not one is seen. In industrial centers the change is even greater. Monday morning failure to report for work because of Saturday night's drunk is almost a thing of the past.

For ten years before Prohibition, 130,000,000 gallons of intoxicating liquors were withdrawn annually, mainly for beverage purposes, while last year 2,000,000 gallons were withdrawn, and if 3,000,000 were unlawfully withdrawn we have only a total of less than one twenty-fifth of that formerly consumed, while the price has advanced in most places from one dollar to ten dollars per quart, a price prohibitive to many. The laboring man emptied his pay envelope at the saloon and left his wife and children hungry, but he now has no saloon at which to loiter, and even if his inclinations have not changed, he cannot afford the price. Overshadowing all is the fact that the national habit is leading away from drink. It is rapidly becoming neither fashionable nor respectable. He who was once called a milksop because he would not drink in company, is becoming a cad or a vulgarian because he does. The fruit of Prohibition is abstinence; of abstinence, temperance.

Upon the whole, the progress made has justified the hopes of all familiar with the history of great reforms. At the beginning many thought it would take a generation to effect the end. We are dealing with human aptitudes deeply ingrained and long abiding. It took more than three hundred years to lead the people of Israel from the practice of idolatry, and more than forty years for the American people to stop the slave trade after Congress had made it unlawful. In the light of human experience, we should not expect complete Prohibition for some time yet, but that it will come, and be a part of the nation's order of life, let none doubt.

Nor has Prohibition injuriously affected respect for law in general. The charge is a gratuitous assumption made for anti-

Prohibition propaganda. There is no logical connection between the alleged cause and effect.

The writer asked that keen observer, Secretary Mellon, whether, in his opinion, Prohibition is responsible for the prevailing disregard for law, to which he replied: "I think not. I believe it to be due, at least in part, to the general let-down and disorganization following the War. Of course, the Prohibition law has suffered in the general breakdown in common with other laws." Unbiased opinion everywhere supports this view.

That there is a general increase of lawlessness, all know, but it has no connection with the Prohibition Amendment other than as all laws are involved. It is due to the general lowering of morale following a war in which the moral props of centuries were removed. In very truth Satan was loosed for a season, nor has his recapture been too vigorously undertaken. America, with the rest of the world, was tremendously shaken, and has not yet regained its former steadiness. The let-down is universal. A distinguished European publicist recently declared that since the war there had been a three-fold increase of crime on the Continent of Europe, with a like increase of cost of enforcement. Since all European countries are non-Prohibition, this can hardly be attributed to the Eighteenth Amendment.

Much of the misunderstanding arises from the fact that it is practically impossible for Prohibition to get a fair report. Nothing in all American history has been so misrepresentative as the attitude of the press. With a few honorable exceptions, it is impossible to obtain a correct news account or favorable comment on anything relating to the subject. It is the maxim of Amos Cummings over again, that if a dog bites a man it is not news, but if a man bites a dog it is the liveliest of news. Obedience to law, the sober conduct of the great masses, their quiet pursuit of industry, morality, and religion, furnish no headlines. A Prohibition orator addressed a suburban crowd of five hundred, among whom was a newspaper reporter. At the close all were asked to pledge themselves to law enforcement, and all rose. The reporter did not mention the meeting. The next night, at a like meeting, in the presence of the reporter, the speaker was heckled by an anti-Prohibitionist, and a humorous colloquy followed. The speaker

resumed his address and the incident was closed, but next morning the reporter had a four headline story with the conclusion that the speaker had been badly worsted and a near-riot barely averted.

There is an increase of murder, manslaughter, burglary, theft, false pretense, and other crimes, but is there anything in the Prohibition Amendment or statutes either countenancing or encouraging these crimes? It is not impossible that cheats, whose business is ill-gotten gain, seeing a larger opportunity in bootlegging, may have shifted from one crime to another, but Prohibition did not make them criminals; they were already criminals, and merely revealing their cloven hoofs in a different way.

There has, of course, been increased work for judges, prosecuting attorneys, and police officers, but this is a part of their day's work, at the behest of the nation, a worthy task in the common interest, and one to be joyfully performed.

At the Argonne, as a body of American troops were marching by on their way to battle, a French mother, who had lost her three sons cried out: "There go the Americans! There is victory where they go. They have never known defeat." Happily this is as true of our moral battles as of our military conflicts. In Prohibition there will be no turning back. The course of the nation is fixed. The Eighteenth Amendment will be honored, not in the breach, but in the keeping.

JAMES J. BRITT.

PROHIBITION AND CRIME

BY RICHARD J. HOPKINS

Justice, Supreme Court of Kansas

THE sovereignty of this country was ably portrayed in its matchless Constitution, grounded upon the consent of the governed. The adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment followed the logical sequence of previous Amendments for the common weal or general welfare. Its adoption, like the Amendment prohibiting slavery, was the culmination of more than fifty years

of continuous effort in the face of alert, persistent and powerful opposition. The Prohibition Amendment was vitalized by the enactment of the Volstead law.

The liquor traffic has been the dominant cause of crime, misery and pauperism. Intoxicants, directly or indirectly, have sent more people to the jails, penitentiaries and insane asylums than any other cause. A large percentage of the crimes charged against persons arraigned in the courts is properly attributed to the use of intoxicating liquors. Such cases range all the way from the more serious crime of murder, committed by the individual in a drunken frenzy, to those of non-support, or to the simple charge of intoxication. The highest courts of the land have long taken judicial notice of these facts. Judicial notice means that courts consider, without evidence, those matters of public concern which are known to all well informed persons.

The relation of intoxicating liquor to crime was recognized by the Supreme Court of the United States as far back as 1847. In the *License Cases* (5 How. 504, 12 Law Ed. 256, 592), then under consideration, it was said by Mr. Justice Grier:

> It is not necessary for the sake of justifying the State legislation now under consideration to array the appalling statistics of misery, pauperism and crime which have their origin in the use or abuse of ardent spirits.

In *Mugler v. Kansas* (123 U. S. 623), Mr. Justice Harlan, writing the opinion for the court, said:

> We cannot shut out of view the fact, within the knowledge of all, that the public health, the public morals, and the public safety, may be endangered by the general use of intoxicating drinks; nor the fact established by statistics accessible to every one, that the idleness, disorder, pauperism and crime existing in the country, are, in some degree, at least, traceable to this evil.

In *Crowley v. Christensen* (137 U. S. 86), it was said:

> By the general concurrence of opinion of every civilized and Christian community, there are few sources of crime and misery to society equal to the dram-shop. . . . The statistics of every state show a greater amount of crime and misery attributable to the use of ardent spirits obtained at these retail liquor saloons than to any other source. . . . There is no inherent right in a citizen to sell intoxicating liquors by retail. It is not a privilege of a citizen of the State or of a citizen of the United States.

The Supreme Court of Ohio, in *Adler v. Whitbeck* (44 O. S. 539),

said that the liquor traffic is "the acknowledged source of much of the crime and pauperism of the State."

The Supreme Court of Illinois in *Schwuchow v. Chicago* (68 Ill. 444), characterized the liquor traffic in these words:

> We presume no one would have the hardihood to contend that the retail sale of intoxicating drink does not tend, in a large degree, to demoralize the community, to foster vice, produce crime and beggary, want and misery.

The Supreme Court of Kansas, in *Durien v. State* (70 Kan. 1, 80 Pac. 987), in an opinion by Justice Burch, said:

> Intoxicating liquor is the prolific cause of disease, misery, pauperism, vice and crime. Its power to weaken, corrupt, debauch and slay human character and human life is not destroyed or impaired because it may be susceptible of some innocent uses, or may be used with propriety on some occasions. The health, morals, peace and safety of the community at large are still threatened.

Similar opinions showing the effect of the liquor traffic could be multiplied almost without end. They are grounded in the truth as intelligent men know the truth. They express the concurrence of opinion of every civilized and Christian community. They brand the liquor traffic as a cause of crime and misery to society. Sound reasoning leads to the inevitable conclusion that if the liquor traffic is a cause of crime, then when that cause is eliminated the evils which follow in its wake will naturally and necessarily be abated. It should require no extended argument to show that when there was manufactured and consumed nearly 2,000,000,000 gallons of beer and 150,000,000 gallons of whiskey in our country annually, people got drunk.

The first visible effect of intoxication is the lack of judgment and self-control which the brain exercises over the body. This dethronement of judgment and reason is what makes an intoxicated man think his best friend is his enemy, pick a quarrel with him and shoot him for some imaginary cause. It is for this reason that drinking men who love their families come home and commit the unspeakable crimes of murder, or assault, and sometimes maim their children or their wives for life. When the saloons were abolished and the use of liquor was reduced to the minimum, drunkenness and the arrests for drunkenness decreased in like proportion. Even in the more populous cities where the sentiment for Prohibition has not been as strong as in other parts

of the country, the statistics since National Prohibition show a marked reduction in crime, especially in crimes of violence arising from uncontrolled anger, ill-will or other similar depraved emotion.

The committee on law enforcement reporting to the American Bar Association at its annual meeting in 1923, stated that—

> While Prohibition has added a heavy load to the enforcement of law and has led to flagrant violations of a certain character, yet it has more than offset this result by contributing largely to a reduction in the commission of other crimes. . . . Arrests for public intoxication in New York City for the years 1917, 1918, and 1919, totaled 26,496, . . . Collective arrests for the three years of Prohibition, 1920, 1921 and 1922 were 20,749—a decrease of 20 per cent. If a longer pre-Prohibition period were taken in comparison the percentage of reduction would be much greater. The total arrests for public intoxication in 65 of the larger cities in 1918 was 214,698, and in the same cities the number in 1920, the first Prohibition year, was 106,562. (*Reports American Bar Association*, 1923, p. 417.)

Available figures reveal that arrests for all causes in the State of Massachusetts were reduced 18.3 per cent. during the first four years under the Volstead act. Even Rhode Island, which failed to ratify the Eighteenth Amendment, has had honors thrust upon her by the abolishment of her State workhouse. These reports could be duplicated from many of the States.

The extent to which crimes relating to liquor are reduced depends naturally upon the enforcement of the law. In States where the law is well enforced crimes are reduced to the minimum. The question for solution is whether the government has the courage to "carry on"—whether the people will insist that the officials enforce a law adopted by the orderly processes of government. Crime will be greatly lessened in States like New York and Maryland when those States do their duty and enact laws in accordance with the obligations they have to support the Constitution. It can be reduced to a minimum everywhere when courts impose adequate penalties, when criminals know that punishment is sure and the penalty commensurate with the offense.

Every citizen can help reduce crimes relating to liquor by setting the example of voluntary obedience to law. There are comparatively few criminals in the United States, probably not

more than one per cent. The ninety-nine per cent. of the people who believe in the enforcement of law can suppress crime. To do so, they must select men for office who believe in the law and its enforcement. No business concern would place at its head a man who did not believe in the business, even though he stated that he would honestly try to earn his salary and make it a success. Men opposed to a law are not proper selections as officers to enforce it. They are apt to take the position that the law is a failure and cannot be enforced. They are too prone to surrender upon the appearance of difficulty. They thus encourage those who are violating the law. They discourage honest officials who are endeavoring to do their duty. They embolden the minority who are seeking an excuse or defense for their criminality.

The liquor traffic produced the evidence, wrote its own indictment and convicted itself of being the arch enemy of the human race. Its adherents are impelled to advocate its return, primarily, for one or more obvious reasons: First, because they are financially interested; Second, because ignorant of or callously indifferent to its effects on the general welfare; or, Third, because so morally depraved they satisfy their appetites in spite of liquor's demoralizing and degenerating influence.

Liquor can never "come back." Those who have hopes or misgivings of the ultimate outcome of the struggle should consider the history of Kansas. Kansas is forty-five years removed from the thought of legalizing the saloon. Liquor is an outlaw within her borders. She does not want and would not tolerate modification. Conviction of violators is easier than in the past, because public sentiment has been crystallized; her people realize that intoxicating liquor is a commercial and social detriment to any community. Kansas officials and private citizens are agreed that Prohibition is the State's best business asset.

RICHARD J. HOPKINS.

Topeka, Kansas.

PROHIBITION AS SEEN BY A BUSINESS MAN

BY RICHARD H. SCOTT

PROHIBITION can be seen by a business man; it looks good to him. He is glad that he has placed a standing order for increased deliveries for the future and intends keeping a careful watch to make sure that the quality of this necessary raw material of prosperity does not deterioriate. We must revise the old saying "Business is business" to read "Prohibition is business". The better the observance of Prohibition, the better business we have. There is no fanaticism about a balance sheet. No prejudices sway a cost chart. We can estimate the quantity and the quality of Prohibition almost as accurately today as any other of the significant factors in business.

Prohibition arrived at the exact time in our history when it was most needed. From the peak of war time production given over largely to the manufacture of instruments of destruction, we had to return to peace time conditions and constructive production. Wages were high. The nation had been trained to "save food" and save almost everything else normally consumed. Markets were disarranged. No one knew the probable consumption of any product. The war debt loomed as a menace to capital and wages. We had every condition necessary for a first class panic. We were not very far from having it, either. We knew what had happened after the Civil War when business was so smashed that it was 1879 before we resumed gold payments. This war had been a bigger one. Would it take longer to get back to normalcy? Most of the other participants are not back yet. It was in May that Great Britain returned to the gold standard. But America passed through this threatening period of readjustment with the minimum of business disturbance. There were hard times but no bread lines. Savings bank deposits nationally increased in the years when unemployment was highest. Prohibition had entered as a stabilizing force. It was the gyroscope of business. It held us steady under the most severe strain our business fabric has known.

The business man sees Prohibition's results, not in terms of moral issues or personal appetites, but in the dual terms of business: production and distribution. Especially noteworthy have been the effects upon production. The efficiency of the average worker was increased. Factories were more nearly able to work up to the reasonable expectation of their machine power. Instead of dulled minds, unsteady muscles and jumping nerves after the holiday of Saturday afternoon and Sunday, the workers began the week on Monday with full power. From being one of the poorest production days of the week, Monday became as good a day as any on the calendar. The slackened pace formerly noted after the noonday visit to the saloon for a glass of beer, vanished. The efficiency of the factory force was increased and steadied.

Fewer machines were idle because of the absence of workers through illness due to drink. The labor turnover, a costly factor in manufacture, dropped and has remained comparatively low. For almost the first time, production engineers were able to estimate with accuracy the output and the production costs of any unit of a plant.

The average cost of industrial accidents is about $3,500, according to the recently published estimates based on Illinois experience. Where Prohibition was genuine, these accidents decreased greatly, lowering production costs by millions of dollars.

These factors in the business problem: increased efficiency per worker, continuity of machine output due to fewer absences of workers, lowered labor turnover and fewer accidents, would have been sufficient to change the red ink figures of loss to a substantial profit so far as production is concerned. In each of these factors, Prohibition turned the tide.

Distribution is the other element in business. Products must be sold. Prohibition created new markets for our products. New standards of living were set nineteen per cent. higher than when Prohibition arrived, according to Secretary Hoover. Instead of a pail of beer, the worker bought oil and gasoline. Better homes, better furniture, better clothes, more amusement were demanded. The wage check that once went into the bartender's till began to travel to the local merchant. The increased production made possible by sober workers was consumed steadily by a sober na-

tion. We made and bought more goods than we had believed this country could absorb. In the automobile business we have several times passed the "saturation point" set by very careful business students. Every economic theory would seem to justify the belief that we were over-producing in many lines and were due to pass through a period of depression until we absorbed the surplus of products. All signs fail in dry weather, however. The saloon is closed. The bootlegger is making a lot of noise but not doing enough business to interfere with trade. The great mass of the people are sober, making money, buying luxuries as well as necessaries of life, banking undreamed sums and keeping business steadily on the high plane of prosperity in spite of all the prophets of disaster.

The credit business done in the past five years has been one of the most significant and interesting developments to a business man. Automobiles, houses, clothes, anything and everything can be bought on credit. It is the essential fabric of business. No other era or country ever saw the parallel of the present American extension of credit to practically everybody who desires it. Men who could not have "hung up" the bartender for a drink, in the old days, are now considered good risks for a motor car. To our coinage motto, "In God we trust," we have added the new one, seen in thousands of advertisements and on multitudes of stores, "Your credit is good here". Prohibition raised the credit rating of practically every human being in America. Defalcations are comparatively few. Families are able to pay their current bills and meet their installments because the liquor bill is gone. Wage-earners receive an income as steady and calculable as salaried men. Any credit man knows that a sober man is a better risk than a drinker. A sober man, too, will want things the drinker will not demand. A nation has to walk very steady to carry the lofty structure of general credit it has erected. It would not take much drink to bring that whole structure down in ruins.

As one concerned with the automobile industry, I have found that Prohibition and the automobile are as closely related as the auto and gasoline. A drinking America could not have bought 2,427,000 motor vehicles purchased in 1924. American auto

manufacturers expect to make and sell 3,500,000 new cars in 1925. Of these 2,000,000 will be replacements, the used cars being sold to customers lower in buying scale, many of whom would not have even hoped to own a car in the license era. In 1920, the birth-year of Prohibition, the average outstanding note on an automobile was $377. Today it is $252. There is more money in the pockets of the average man since the bartender's cash register was silenced.

The significance of Prohibition as an essential to the auto industry is emphasized by the highway accident rate. In one year, 22,600 were killed and 685,000 injured, in this country. Of these accidents, 80 per cent were attributed to motor vehicles. The number of drivers' licenses revoked for intoxication suggests where the blame for some of these accidents must be placed. With open saloons, selling intoxicants to all comers, we would have to multiply this terrific total to an unbelievable figure. The drinker, whether driver or pedestrian, is a menace to the public as well as to himself. For the sake of the safety of the people, as well as for the continuance of the prosperity of the auto trade, with which is bound up the prosperity of the nation, Prohibition must continue and must be enforced. Nothing but Prohibition enforced can make the automobile safe for America.

I am not blind to the fact that the law is being broken. There is no news in that. Liquor laws were being broken when I was born. But there is news, financial news, stock-market ticker news, in the fact that the law is being observed and enforced. As observance and enforcement grow, business will continue to improve. Accepting at its face value the swollen propaganda of the wets about law violations, the bank clearings, commerce reports and business indicators generally are evidence that Prohibition, even when diluted by moonshine, is far superior to licensed liquor. That is the business man's view of Prohibition.

RICHARD H. SCOTT.

PROHIBITION FROM THE WORKINGMAN'S STANDPOINT

BY JOHN G. COOPER

Member of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers

PROHIBITION is making a capitalist of the worker, creating a general ownership of the means of production and solving a strife that once seemed perpetual. Greater gains have been made by labor since the adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment, with fewer strikes, than in any other equal period of time. When the saloon closed, the "poor man's club" may have vanished, but we are replacing it today with comfortable homes, fine labor temples and a chain of strong labor banks. There are some who want to go back to the old days when the beer saloon was the center of a slum neighborhood where labor lived, but they are not representative of labor's best interests and they are becoming fewer yearly.

Organized labor has played a conspicuous part in the Prohibition movement. The Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers was fighting the drink evil a decade before the churches began their organized fight for Prohibition. It was not the railroad companies that insisted upon the total abstinence of the railroad workers but those workers themselves. When Henry Ford, followed by many employers, declared that his employees could not drink, he was just following the railroad workers' policy that there was neither safety nor profit in working with a drinking man. For many years the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers has had this law upon its books:

> The use of intoxicating liquors, either on or off duty, is prohibited. It shall be the duty of each division or lodge to investigate any violation of this rule and if any member is found guilty he shall be expelled. Any division or lodge failing to enforce this law shall have its charter suspended by the Grand Chief Engineer.

That law of the organization was rigidly and effectively enforced. Through it, we built up a splendid organization of capable men with a priceless reputation for efficiency, carefulness and courage. The low rate of death by railroad accident could never

have been established if a beer-dulled mind was controlling the throttle on our fast engines.

The Locomotive Engineers, by a unanimous vote, declared in favor of nation-wide Prohibition in 1918, when the resolution of Congress submitting to the States the Eighteenth Amendment, was before the various legislatures.

According to statistics gathered by the Federal Council of Churches, approximately one-half of all the national and international unions affiliated with the American Federation of Labor have taken legislative action against liquor. Of the 108 unions thus affiliated forty-four have definitely taken action against the use of intoxicants, forty-two have taken no action and reports from the remaining twenty-two have not been received. The forty-four organizations which have voted against the use of intoxicants have approximately 2,015,000 members. The forty-two organizations which have not acted have 727,900 members while those not reporting have 117,500 members. This is merely a common-sense recognition that liquor is labor's worst enemy.

Before Prohibition, labor union meetings were usually held in a rather bare room on an upper floor of a building whose ground floor sheltered a saloon. The rent was low—if any rent at all was charged. The receipts at the bar from those attending the meeting converted into a profit any possible loss in rent. Today—labor temples have been erected and many others are either being planned or are in course of construction. There is a double meaning to this. First, labor is learning that it needs no more to depend on the saloon for free housing than for free lunch. Both were costly. Second, labor, unconsciously perhaps, is affected by its more dignified surroundings. The inferiority complex is gone. The very setting of his meetings gives the union member a sense of solidity, dignity and permanence. The neighborhood of the old saloon affected the morale of the labor union meeting upstairs just as it affected the realty value of the adjoining property.

When men began buying groceries, clothes, houses, autos, etc., instead of beer and booze, it meant more work for the workers who produced those things. The slogan invented by the brewery press-agents when they staged their fizzle parades in protest against the Eighteenth Amendment: "No Beer; No Work",

should have read, "No Beer; More Work." That's what happened. The American worker does not have to limit production or resort to sabotage to ensure continued employment. A sober nation will want everything its workers can produce. Slack seasons are rare today and are limited to a few industries. Once they were common in nearly every trade except the brewery group. For the first time in our industrial history, the American worker is able to plan a year's budget with the comparative assurance that he will have steady work.

Prohibition has made the settlement of the perennial capital-labor disputes easier. It is not so easy to get a strike vote through a sober meeting. Alcohol is a mighty inflamable substance. Put it in the mind of a worker with a grievance and something is going to burn. Too often it was the worker who got burned. Strikes are costly. They are the ultimate weapon of labor, just as war is the ultimate weapon of nations, but today we arbitrate instead of striking and we are making steady advances toward industrial justice. The chip fell from labor's shoulder when the beer pail dropped from labor's hand. Sound logical argument has supplanted the sentimental argument of the "downtrodden workingman." Credit Prohibition with a large share in that.

When labor does strike today—unless the strike is of the "unauthorized" variety—something happens. Cool heads direct the strategy. With the saloons closed, rioting and violence became rare. That killed the old excuse for calling out the militia to crush the strike. Booze caused and lost more strikes in the past than any dozen other factors. Those days are gone.

Because labor is sober now, the worker is able to finance himself and family when strikes do occur, unavoidably. There is usually money in the savings bank. Strikes cannot be starved out, any more. Labor is becoming Capital, since Prohibition taught it to deposit its check at the bank instead of cashing it at the corner saloon. There are two important banking developments in this century. One is the establishment of the Federal Reserve Bank System. The other is the development of the Labor Banks. Richard Boeckel, the labor economist, estimates the saving to American workers, through Prohibition, at a billion

dollars per year. It was probably more. Much of that saving went into better homes and improved living conditions but there was a substantial balance left for deposit in the new Labor Banks. Hundreds of millions of dollars are on deposit in these banks, which make investments on their own account and advise their depositors concerning the use of their money. Through this new accumulation of capital, labor is entering a field once thought the property of the enemy. The Brotherhood Securities Corporation of New York, organized by the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, is the newest departure in the Labor Banks programme. This is the holding company, through which new banks are financed in the East. It is also a regular investment house for Labor. The Brotherhood has two other similar holding companies, one in Cleveland and one on the Pacific Coast. It is not more than five or six years since the Brotherhood opened its first bank in Cleveland. Today the banks that have grown from this beginning are a financial power.

The financing of a $3,500,000 bond issue of the International and Great Northern by the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers Coöperative National Bank of Cleveland and the National City Company of New York was the first great organized underwriting done by labor. But the workers of the country have been doing, individually, the same thing since they quit buying beer and began buying bonds. The development of the small investor and the demand for "baby bonds" is the natural outcome of the Prohibition policy.

Labor has learned that there is neither profit nor pleasure in getting drunk. It gets more "kick" out of an auto and a decent home than it ever did out of the corner saloon. The bootlegger does not find many of his customers in this social group. The rank and file have learned that drink doesn't pay. Men might "drown their sorrows in the flowing bowl" but labor hasn't as many sorrows as joys today and no one wants to drown joy. The older element, conservative and slow to change, may still grumble about a man's right to have a glass of beer when he wants it. The old brewery trades may still orate and agitate in the hope of getting their easy jobs back again. But Labor, as a whole, is back of the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act, and Labor's

wife joins with Labor in whole-hearted opposition to any attempt to weaken the enforcing laws. That is why each election sees heavier votes cast for dry measures and dry men than the preceding election. Labor is "sitting pretty" just now, with high hopes for the future and with an increasing conviction that drinking never was what it was cracked up to be, anyhow.

JOHN G. COOPER.

PROHIBITION AND THE MEDICAL FRATERNITY

BY HOWARD A. KELLY, M. D.

Professor, Johns Hopkins University

PROHIBITION interests the physician more than any class of men in the country, not excepting the countless business men who today owe their increased prosperity to the closing of the saloons. The Eighteenth Amendment is undoubtedly the greatest community health measure ever enacted by any nation, prolonging life and smiting the causes of numerous diseases at the insignificant cost of an unnecessary and obnoxious thing inimical to civilization dubbed by demagogues "personal liberty."

In its highest aims, scientific medicine is far more concerned with prophylaxis, the prevention of diseases, than with therapeutics, for by the removal of the causes, the lives of countless millions are often saved, just as it is more sensible and better to prevent your house from catching fire than to keep a fire company busy putting fires out. When medical science discovered that typhoid fever was caused by the ingestion of fecal discharges of infected persons, it became at once preventable just in so far as politicians allow sanitary laws to be made effective and to that degree has typhoid been eliminated. Compulsory vaccination has driven into the distant background that fearful scourge smallpox. Laws compelling personal cleanliness banish the body lice and with them the frightful ravages of typhus which has slain its hundreds of millions, almost exterminating nations. The physician feels that because of the necessary utter ignorance of

our people touching these vital matters, our legislators must coöperate in making our discoveries effective at any or all necessary sacrifices of things not vital. With such ends in view we insist that the highest liberty is always only attainable by giving up those impulses, those "liberties" we enjoyed in a savage state. The veto placed upon intoxicating beverages is of all bans the best entitled to a place in this list of restrictions and prohibitions which have poured out their blessings upon mankind. Alcohol as our race has used it is but a brother to the typhoid and smallpox germs and the louse of typhus as well as to all the other nasty promoters of the fatal diseases which yearly decimate large communities.

When I was but a youngster in medicine in the late 'eighties, and for generations before my day, it was the unreasoning fashion of my profession to prescribe some sort of an alcoholic drink as "a tonic" in convalescence, and this evil habit to some extent still lingers as our worst inheritance from our respected fathers; the good done about equalled that of pink pills for pale people, while the harm done in implanting and fostering a deadly habit was incalculable. Our own day is proud of its eminent experimental physiologists whose researches justify the declaration that alcohol is rarely if ever of any use, that it is not a remedy for disease, that it is a nerve depressant, and, above all, that it is the basic factor in many serious diseases. The large majority of our best physicians have abandoned its use, and tens of thousands do not take the trouble to secure a permit to prescribe it.

The number of deaths registered in the past as due to alcoholism is by no means an accurate index of the full benefits accruing from prohibition as a health measure, for in many instances only secondary causes of death have been cited in order to save the family or to protect a reputation,—the age-long response to the maxim "*de mortuis nil nisi bonum*"; it is common knowledge that the high computed ratio of alcohol victims in the license period was far from inclusive. But even so, note the remarkable reported decrease; from 5.9 in 1913 it fell to 4.4 in 1915, per 100,000 persons, the lowest mark in the license period, rising to 5.8 in 1916. Since Prohibition, the death rate has averaged a little over two per 100,000 and fell as low as one per 100,000 in 1920!

With laxity of enforcement, it jumped to 3.2 in 1923; what sturdier argument do we need? Reliable and unbiased statistics of a long array of American and British life insurance societies also declare an unexpected, astounding, and unprecedented diminution in the death rate under a Prohibition even half heartedly administered as it is in some of our States, or as in my own poor Maryland where with many wet officials there is no effective State coöperation at all.

A still more valuable index of the signal benefits of Prohibition is to be found in the general health of the nation, which has never been better. The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company recently declared that "The health of the people of the United States and Canada was, in all probability, better in 1924 than ever before. This is the first year in which every important cause of death has registered a decrease from the year before."

Assailants of Prohibition often imagine a conspiracy in the country districts as opposed to the cities: let us compare their relative life expectancies. In spite of the far better and more prompt medical supervision in our cities, the vast statistics of the Metropolitan Life show that "Life is longer and health is better for those who live in the country and the smaller towns than for the city dwellers. The rural boy at birth has a life expectancy of seven and three-fourths years more than his urban brother, and the country girl may expect to live six years longer than the city girl." The praiseworthy abstinence of our rural communities is signally reflected in such data.

The alcoholic is the common victim of a host of chronic fatal diseases of the liver, heart, blood vessels, kidneys, stomach, and intestines. His bibulous habits and depraved associations also serve to gender the universal deadly syphilis and gonorrhœa, for no small part of the profits of prostitution have always come from the liquors forced upon the "guest" and consumed on the premises, obfuscating his judgment and rendering him indifferent to risks.

Alcohol's social ravages daily knock at the doctor's door and beg for free treatment; they are extreme poverty with attendant unsanitary housing; insufficient, thread-bare, patched clothing, malnutrition, and all that such wretchedness implies—potent

factors offering a nidus for tuberculosis and a long gamut of acute and chronic diseases. It is the surgeon rather than the attorney or the judge on the bench who visualizes the potency of alcohol as the factor in crime, in the bloody fights, the shooting and stabbing affrays, and the frequent suicides from depression, despair, and perverted mentality.

Machine and railroad accidents and all forms of injury are greatly increased under an alcoholic régime; the automobile accidents due to liquor alone justify national Prohibition; only a frightful battle has so many casualties. Any man who takes even a little drink impairs his judgment, and even though he may appear normal to a friend he is definitely intoxicated (alcohol poisoned) when his brain cells controlling reflex actions and quick perception with immediate responses are affected, greatly enhancing his liability to accident as he handles a powerful machine in a crowd or takes a chance in crossing a track. Our judges are woefully blind and blameworthy in not recognizing the dire effects of "just one drink".

Psychiatrists of a generation ago credited to alcohol and syphilis the largest number of the victims of those asylums which ever beleaguer our large cities and are so conspicuous on the landscape from the train.

Most reputable physicians object to excepting our profession from the beneficent law establishing universal prohibition and resent the permission to dispense liquors as an occasion of the lowering of a noble and dignified body to the level of the bootleggers. They hold that even if the prescription of liquor does some occasional good, that modicum of benefit is many thousand fold outweighed by the enormous harm done from keeping open this avenue for the easy violation of the law. That better part of our profession which takes greatly to heart the present great moral problems threatening the very life of so many nations views with no little alarm any parleying whatever, or the slightest compromise with the liquor fraternity, which obviously continually plots to wreck our government for its own miserable profit—we extend this strong feeling also to the predatory rich allies of the liquor men, and the indifferent of all classes.

We insist with every energy at our command that the State has

the inalienable right to restrict any action whatever, whether it concerns our eating or drinking or other personal habits, in order to promote the public welfare. If the government (*nemine contradicente*) controls our use of opium and of cocaine, then why not by parity of reasoning, alcohol? Communities have frequently been forbidden to drink from suspicious wells and such wells have repeatedly been closed to the great inconvenience of their near-by patrons, and yet no doctor has appeared to insist on reopening such a well to exploit his personal liberty.

We believe that this "due regulation" of our conduct for the benefit of the social body is clearly implied in the very word "government", and so as citizens who esteem the public welfare as an obligation higher than our personal tastes we cheerfully render due obedience to all laws.

Has not a great man said some two thousand years ago: "Looking every one not only to his own things but also to the things of others", and "If meat make my brother offend I will eat no meat while the world stands"?

HOWARD A. KELLY.

PROHIBITION AND LAW ENFORCEMENT

BY GIFFORD PINCHOT

Governor of Pennsylvania

ROUGHLY, there are three points of view from which to judge of the progress of law enforcement. One is that of the bootleggers and liquor politicians who understand fully that the Eighteenth Amendment is a permanent part of our Constitution, that the laws under it can be and some day will be effectively enforced, but who in the meantime are making their profit out of law violation. Their point of view has the same right to be considered as that of similar criminals engaged in the white slave traffic and their political backers, and no more.

Second, a numerically insignificant but often socially conspicuous group of people, mostly rich, who hold that their personal habits are more sacred than the Constitution of the United States,

and whose conversation was almost exclusively, and still is very largely, confined to the alleged tyranny and unenforceability of the Eighteenth Amendment. Neither the noise they make nor the amount of attention it attracts represent any proportionate influence on public affairs. "Sound and fury, signifying nothing."

Third, the great body of right thinking, law abiding people of the United States who believe in God, believe in the Constitution, and believe in law enforcement and are becoming more and more determined to get it. That means at least nine-tenths of us. From the point of view of these people the Eighteenth Amendment is here to stay. The power to keep it is in their hands.

For more than two years I have been in daily contact with the problem of law enforcement in one of the wettest States in the Union. The dominant political powers in Pennsylvania have been for years, and still are, in active alliance with the liquor interests. The largest cities of the Commonwealth are less wet than they used to be but still are dripping wet. At the time when the Eighteenth Amendment was adopted, Pennsylvania had in storage, with a single exception, more whiskey than any other State, and since that time Pennsylvania has produced more denatured alcohol, the raw material of far the larger part of the liquor now sold, than all the other States of the Union combined, omitting two.

Pennsylvania also had more operating breweries than any other State in the Union. Saloons were licensed by the State, although it was common knowledge that they could not keep open unless they broke the law. There had never been a single conviction of a big liquor violator in the State, and not one permanent injunction against any place violating the Eighteenth Amendment had ever been granted. That was the situation in January, 1923.

Today the saloons are outlawed. Great numbers of them have gone permanently out of business. Injunctions have been granted against very many saloons in the largest cities of the State where the law was most flagrantly violated. Breweries also have been closed by injunction until there are today less than half as many in operation as there were two years ago.

The attitude of the courts has changed. Bootleggers are being

sentenced for long terms where nominal fines were the order before. Illegal saloons in a number of counties have been padlocked for periods of three months to one year, and the use of the injunction is making rapid and most effective progress. In Pennsylvania the attack on law breakers is becoming really effective, of which statement General Butler's superb campaign against them in Philadelphia is a striking proof.

The stricter attitude of the judges represents one of the greatest forward steps. It was well illustrated within the past few weeks when the President *pro tempore* of the Pennsylvania Senate, who is a member of the wet Philadelphia machine and an attorney for bootleggers, in open court undertook to abuse and ridicule laws passed in support of the Eighteenth Amendment. The judge gave him ten minutes to apologize to the court and the jury, and announced from the bench that he would send him to jail for contempt if he refused. The apology was made, with seven minutes to spare.

If the Eighteenth Amendment were a failure, which it is not, Pennsylvania would be the natural place for it to fail. In Pennsylvania it is not a failure but a success. If progress can be made in Pennsylvania it can be made in any State, for the handicaps are many. For example, the Chief Executive of this Commonwealth has no authority, as many Governors have, to remove mayors, sheriffs, or other officials for failure to do their duty. He cannot call special grand juries to investigate lawless conditions, nor appoint special terms of court to hear the cases. He cannot delegate the Attorney-General or one of his deputies to conduct such grand juries, nor to try the cases for which they find indictments. He has no appropriation for law enforcement, but is limited to the use of the State Police, a body of less than two hundred and fifty men in a State of ten millions, already fully occupied with other duties, and able to give a small percentage of their time to the enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment only by working harder and longer than they did before.

Heavy is the responsibility of the men in public office who have deliberately refused to enforce the law when the way to enforce it was open, when the means were available and nothing but their will to enforce it was lacking. At their door lies the vast majority

of the crimes of bootlegging, of the innumerable other crimes to which bootlegging has given rise, of the poverty, disease, and death which have wrecked innumerable lives and the home life of innumerable families all over this country. I do not say that purpose and energy on their part would have avoided all of it. I do say that in the last analysis the responsibility for the death and degradation of countless men, and the needless poverty and misery of innumerable women and children, lies squarely upon them. Whether or not the law can be enforced may be a matter of opinion, but these men never tried.

My two years' contact with law enforcement has convinced me beyond question:

First. That the Eighteenth Amendment is growing steadily stronger in the confidence and approval of the American people.

Second. That it has already conferred benefits of the largest value and most profound importance upon our people.

Third. That in spite of the activity of the bootleggers and the amount of space their operations occupy in the public press, the total drinking of alcohol in this country is insignificant in amount compared to what it was when the Eighteenth Amendment was adopted.

Fourth. That the talk of modifying the Volstead Law is mere waste of breath. The proposal to do so could not even lead to serious discussion until the law is actually enforced, and when that time comes what little demand there is for modifying it will have disappeared.

Fifth. That the law can be enforced, that it will be enforced, that enforcement is gaining on violation, and that when the Federal Government demonstrates that it intends to enforce the law, which it has never done yet, the problem of law enforcement up to the point of average efficiency will disappear.

The Eighteenth Amendment brings to our people solid advantages which are more and more apparent and more and more fully recognized. That is why it is here to stay.

GIFFORD PINCHOT.

A MORAL AND ETHICAL ARGUMENT FOR PROHIBITION

BY REV. WALTER A. MORGAN

Chairman, Law Enforcement Commission of the Congregational Churches of the United States

THE moral value of Prohibition is twofold. In the first place the moral quality of the national will that made it a fact is of great moment. In the second place the actual results achieved since the Eighteenth Amendment became an American law are beginning to reveal moral and ethical values.

Public opinion, in the last analysis, is the master of men and events. Law grows out of public opinion and is a conservator of public opinion. Humanity makes progress only as it codifies its moral sentiment into laws. There is today an increasing sentiment among growing numbers of people for the abolition of war. International laws are being codified and much work is being done towards the end of creating new laws that make war still more difficult. The real moral worth of the peace movement is to be gauged not alone by what has been accomplished but by the urge of the people that some effective way be found for the peaceful settlement of international disputes. The ultimate law, or laws, that bring justice without arms will come because of the pressure of the people and the wisdom of the leaders. When they unite upon a method results will follow. The Eighteenth Amendment came because of the moral quality of the will of the voters in America, plus a concrete plan to bring about Prohibition. There are three things to be said about laws in general and the Prohibition law in particular.

In the first place, laws are necessary for a social life. The people need them to live. Moses codified laws that had been developing for centuries. The ordering of the Decalogue was to give divine sanction to what already had proved to be essential to the life of the Hebrews. Our American laws are safeguards of our individual and national lives. When the issue is between chaos and order the instinct of man will find confidence in law.

In the second place, laws are a gauge of the moral tone of the people. A law against stealing is a sign that the people will not

tolerate theft. A statute forbidding dangerous driving of automobiles is a notice that the public holds the general safety in high regard. The legislation prohibiting legalized vice is a symptom of the moral quality of the community. Every law in America is the expression of the demand made by the majority of the people. Every sane man wants his family to live in a community where his children are protected by the strong will that says to those who would endanger health and morals, "Thou shalt not." The "Thou shalt not" arises as the expression of the ethical requirements of men and women.

The third thing about law is this: no law is popular with all the people. If the moment a national desire became a law it would thus automatically become operative upon all the people all the time, there would be but small need of police and courts. But such is far from the case. Those whose wills are contrary to the law are tempted to act their own will and defy the law. Murder is not uncommon among us and double locks upon our doors make it but more difficult for thieves to enter and steal. The police courts of our cities are busy punishing offenders. Owners of automobiles often reveal a general tendency to evade the law. The Eighteenth Amendment is not alone in standing across the way of an active minority of the people. Its prominence before the public attention is because of the strength of the minority and the economic significance of the trade in liquor.

The first moral significance of the particular Eighteenth Amendment, it needs to be repeated, lies in the fact that it registers the will of the great majority of the American people. It sets the standard of a dry nation. To permit one's thinking to become befogged over the matter of enforcement is to refuse to think straight or hard. All men admit that the Eighteenth Amendment is not enforced always and everywhere. Where on American soil is any law always enforced? How many uncaught and unpunished murderers are there today living in Chicago and New York?

The moral quality of the will that voted the nation dry had its origin in a moral and social source. It was an honest desire to protect human life. This wish was made concrete and appealing through the lives of women and children. The moral tone of any

people rises or falls in accordance with its attitude towards mothers and their young. As the race has evolved womanhood and childhood have come to occupy more commanding positions. Today in the United States the moral sense of the people puts them first. What is good for them should become a law. So the voters were led to believe and so they acted. Men and women merely said, "The liquor business is a menace to our women and children. Let us get rid of it."

Then again, there was the appeal of the future. America repeated, "The future will give us more of life's real values if we can be freed from the influence of liquor." The race emerges from savagery through taking thought for the future. The moral quality of life is deepened as today is made to serve tomorrow. The Hottentot lives in the sunshine of the warm day with no regard for the cold that may come when the sun sets. The barbarian drives his herds from place to place for fertile pastures. The civilized man builds barns and houses against the winter. The statesman and prophet plan for generations to come. There was something prophetic in the American soul that saw the future as more humane if freed from the institution that takes sanity from men and brings no equivalent good. Down deep in the hearts of the American people is the appreciation of human values that made the Eighteenth Amendment first a goal and then a fact.

And now that the law is a part of the Constitution, has it any social and ethical results of value? Before they are suggested there are two observations that are worthy of note. The first is the briefness of time that has elapsed since the passing of the law. Five years, surely, are not enough to test any change. Human nature changes slowly. Moses lived a long time ago, yet a few Jews and Christians steal and lie. Can five years change a national custom? Are ways of thinking revolutionized in sixty months? Are habits and appetites reborn over night? Will a majority vote take away the desire for red wine? Beyond the briefness of time in which the test has been made stands like a firm but diminishing wall the will of the minority. They want their way and the law is broken. The fortunes that are invested in blockade runners are fabulous. The efforts put forth by many

to get their liquor are stupendous. The pressure brought to bear upon public officials is all but overwhelming. And yet, in five years, and against great odds, results have been achieved that are but prophetic of the years ahead.

The ethical and social values of a law five years old are to be found not only in results but in tendencies. Statistics have their value, but this is not the place for them. No one knows the social status of multitudes better than Evangeline Booth. She writes: "From a social standpoint the change amounts to a revolution. Money spent on liquor now goes, at least a substantial part of it, for gasoline. Formerly it but purchased deprivation and often cruelty for the family. Now it procures healthful recreation and the cementing of family ties." From a faithful perusal of reports from institutions and organizations from all parts of America the following results can be verified.

The law was aimed at drunkenness and its effectiveness is proved by the great decrease in arrests for drunkenness since it became operative. The writer has before him as he writes reports from many cities, counties and states from all sections of America. He is bound to come to the following conclusions. Salvation Army leaders, social workers, district nurses, Prohibition officers, child welfare organizations and others who are in close observance of social conditions, have repeatedly declared that no other law has worked so great a revolution in social welfare as has Prohibition. Every report teems with evidences of decreasing juvenile depravity except in a few wet centers, lessened infant mortality, increased school attendance, poverty caused by drink almost eliminated, home life among the poor improved and clothes and food more abundant. As far as child life is concerned another quotation from Evangeline Booth is descriptive of a fact: "Prohibition means that in the future we shall have less to do with the grave and more to do with the cradle." Nearly one hundred million dollars of funds once spent to cure the harm done by the saloon is now expended in fresh air work, free dental clinics, prematernity care, district nursing, hospitalization and other forms of work. Can more be expected when opposition is great and the law is only five years old?

The reports that reveal the tendency in the jails, the poor-

houses and the institutions of correction are illuminating. There has been a marked decrease in the deaths from alcoholism. In many instances jails have been closed and county homes have become almost obsolete. The number of families that require help because of drunken parents has shown a remarkable falling off. One hospital of thirteen hundred beds reports, "We had just completed a delirium tremens ward, but it never is used. Accident cases have decreased one-third." The increased savings in banks is known to everyone who reads. And so one might continue, but it is not necessary. The value of a social movement is revealed by its tendency in human relationships. The tendency is a social trend towards freedom from the evils of drink and into fuller life for all concerned.

If the moral quality of an act is in the motive, then the Eighteenth Amendment has the quality of an honest effort to enhance human values. If concrete results achieved against tremendous opposition and in five years reveal the ethical and social results of a law, then this particular law has made the future safer for everybody. In America, at least, the will of the people increases in its determination to go the way that promises most for the coming generation. The moral significance of the whole matter is just in this social will and its concrete results under law.

WALTER A. MORGAN.

PROHIBITION AND THE YOUNGER GENERATION

BY CORNELIA JAMES CANNON

WHENEVER the older generation foregathers to discuss the younger generation tales are told to make the blood run cold. But whether youthful defiance of Prohibition adds an appreciable amount of material to the indictment is yet to be proved. Undoubtedly Tut-Ankh-Amen and his contemporaries spoke with severity and astonished disapproval of the doings of the young Hatshepsus and Saa-nekhts of their day. General adult criticism of the young must be definitely separated from a consideration of

the reaction of this particular generation to the Eighteenth Amendment.

Prohibition has certainly added the charm of actual law-breaking to the primitive tang of tasting the forbidden, a temptation as old as the Garden of Eden. It has not thereby necessarily increased the total consumption of alcohol nor augmented the poignancy of temptation to the majority of the population, young and old.

Cheating at examinations has been ruled against since examinations were invented. But cheating has persisted, nevertheless, and at times in school and colleges, under favoring conditions, has assumed quite alarming proportions. The amount and frequency of its occurrence has borne no relation to the prohibition of the practice, since that had always existed. But it has borne a direct relation to the rigor of enforcement. Where supervision has been lax, cheating in some schools has become so common that a student who went into an examination with white cuffs ran risk of being considered a moral prude. Where the proctoring has been competent, the technique of cheating has become one of the lost arts, symbolic of a decadent or a weakling schoolroom civilization.

Young people in certain social groups undeniably drink alcohol, and often to excess, unless, indeed, any consumption of alcohol, except under a doctor's orders, is not, in a Prohibition community, drinking to excess. But it must be remembered that individuals, here and there, of all ages and in all social groups, have broken every rule of God or man.

The question is not whether youth breaks and defies the laws, but whether conditions as regards drinking of alcohol under Prohibition are worse than they were before the Eighteenth Amendment went into effect.

Let us of the older generation be frank in canvassing the memories of our own youth. Did we not all know hostesses who served champagne at dances to their young guests for fear the men would otherwise refuse to come? Was there any dearth of young men going hopelessly down hill because of looking too long upon the wine when it was red?

A man, closely associated for sixty years with one of our large

universities, first as student and then as trustee, finds the young men of the present generation incomparably superior to earlier generations in their whole attitude toward alcohol. In his days at college there was never a morning when the college yard did not show one or two students under the influence of alcohol, whose condition was unreprobated by their contemporaries. Students get drunk today, but the proportion is by comparison negligible. In addition with a new seriousness and wholesomeness the modern student body is developing an interest in other forms of pleasure which are destined in time to swing the rebels and weaklings into line. When youth itself voices distaste, the tide has turned, and here and there, throughout our educational institutions, the word, not of criticism, but of disgust for the carrier of the flask, is beginning to be heard.

The generation of children growing up, who have never seen a saloon, to whom the once common sight of the Saturday night bacchanalian orgie near the drinking resorts is not the ordinary tolerated incident of the week, is the generation most profoundly affected by Prohibition. These children are coming to maturity in a world becoming emancipated from the degradations and vulgarities which are inevitably associated with free access to alcohol. The flaunting defiance of the law against alcohol in our large cities cannot be dissociated from the defiance of all other law in those crowded, inchoate centers, and should not blind us to the decencies and conformities in our smaller communities where the Eighteenth Amendment brings additional strength to an enforcing public opinion.

There is a suspicion in many minds that the abuse of alcohol has passed from a lower to a higher stratum of society, and that it is the educated, privileged groups among the young on whom Prohibition is working a deleterious effect. In a measure this cannot fail to be true, not necessarily because the so-called higher stratum is more lawless and the lower less, but because the group with the largest funds can most effectively defy the law. In so far as higher and lower are measures of income, it is safe to say that the worst lawbreakers of this kind among the young are those with the most elastic pocketbooks.

As far as the young women are concerned there are certainly

groups, both among girls who are brought into juvenile courts and those who are expelled from college, who are using alcohol as the same type of girl did not do a generation ago. But is this due to the existence of the Eighteenth Amendment, or to the extraordinary extension of opportunity open to the young women of today?

The girl of this decade is being brought before the bar of public disapproval by the horrified adult, and is making out a pretty good case against her prosecutor.

She says in effect, "You are letting me undertake work never before done by women. You are allowing me to be exposed at an early age to conditions and temptations to which women have never been subjected in the history of the world. I am in factories, stores, offices in the day time, and in theaters, at public dance halls, and on the streets at night, with no protection save such as society affords to all its members. You allow me to return to my home from my work or my play at all hours of the twenty-four unguarded. I am fending for myself in a world strange and alluring to me. I try all things, good and bad alike. You do not take responsibility for me. I will take it for myself, and you shall not blame me for the disasters I bring upon you or myself."

What, after all, has the older generation done save abdicate its position of authority and obligation toward the younger generation in relation to Prohibition as in relation to everything else? In so far as Prohibition has failed to do for the young what was hoped of it, the blame rests with the older generation. If we leave gunpowder around, can we punish children for blowing off their fingers? If we ourselves fail to have conviction enough to impress our standards upon our boys and girls, shall we hold them guilty?

The whole question of the effect of Prohibition upon the young is a question as to how adequately we safeguard and protect our children. Can we deny that we have largely left them to find their way in the wilderness of temptation we have allowed to grow up about them? Prohibition has succeded with our young people in proportion as it has succeeded with us—no more and no less. If we can gather hope for the future, it will not come from deploring present conditions nor from commiserating ourselves, but

from the contemplation of the development in our midst of vigorous, independent youth, which bears promise of courage enough to make its own judgments and genuinely establish standards, which we have indicated by a graceful gesture in the form of a law but have been too cowardly and too supine to enforce.

Our hope lies in the honesty of the younger generation and the clearsightedness with which they watch our blundering and our fumbling. They will never allow their children to do the things we have allowed them to do, and, from the bitter knowledge gained through our weakness and indecision, will be able to throw round the next generation a protection which we have failed to give them.

CORNELIA JAMES CANNON.

PROHIBITION AND PROSPERITY

BY THOMAS N. CARVER

Professor in Harvard University

THERE are many factors in the prosperity of any country or of any class. It would be useless to argue that Prohibition has been the only or the chief factor in the prosperity of this country or of our laboring population. That it has been one of the factors is a reasonable inference from such facts as we have, by any process of reasoning which we would apply to a similar problem.

When it comes to a pinch, practically every one admits that Prohibition or severe restriction of liquor consumption is necessary to secure the maximum economy of man power. Such a pinch came in the World War. Not only this country, but England, Germany and Austria as well found it necessary greatly to reduce the consumption of liquor. That was a time when every unit of man power counted; when no country could afford to waste any of it. No one doubted that drunkenness, at such a time, was a waste of man power that might produce tragic results. In these times of peace, the waste of man power is not so dangerous, nor are its results likely to be so cataclysmic, but it is pertinent to

ask whether, in the long run, they may not be as definite. Since the prosperity of a country depends upon the economizing of its man power, that prosperity must be at least retarded by wasting it.

In the long process of economic competition, the country that economizes its man power through sobriety—even enforced sobriety—may gain as definite an advantage, as in the acute struggle of a great war, over a rival that wastes its man power in drunkenness. The advantage of conserving food may eventually be almost as important in time of peace as it proved to be in time of war.

The money that used to be spent on drink, estimated at $2,000,000,000 annually, did not evaporate as soon as Prohibition was adopted. It continues to be spent, some of it, to be sure, for bootleg liquor. The poorer classes, or the classes that were formerly poor, are not the ones who are spending their money on bootleg liquor; it costs too much. Those who do, do not get so much liquor for their money and are at least so much better off. These observations probably have something to do with the fact that those who once formed our poorer classes are now so much more prosperous than they used to be. To be sure, the restriction of immigration is giving them higher wages than they would be getting if, at the close of the World War, we had opened our doors to the millions of wage workers who wanted to come. But even with our present wage scale, partly offset by our high cost of living, it is difficult to imagine our working people spending so much on other things as they are now spending if the saloon got as much of their money as it used to get, and if they were as frequently incapacitated by drunkenness as they used to be.

One need not stress the number of automobiles and talking machines; they had been increasing before National Prohibition. Even radio sets make such an appeal that the sales would have been considerable. There were always people who did not waste their money on drink. However, some of the money that formerly went for liquor probably goes for some of these things. Social workers state that the ratio of baby carriages to babies is noticeably higher than it used to be in the poorer quarters.

There is an astonishing amount of building reported, especially of small houses and apartments, but no great increase in the number of palatial residences or expensive apartments.

The most significant figures of all, however, relate to the extent to which laborers are entering the capitalist class. Savings deposits multiplied two and a half times from 1914 to 1924, while the number of depositors increased more than three and a half times. The amount of new industrial insurance per month increased from $61,484,000 to $292,094,000 between 1917 and 1924. The investment of wage workers in the shares of corporations is increasing so rapidly that all statistics are out of date before they can be published. Limited space permits mention of only a few of the more outstanding examples of employee ownership, which may be cited as evidence of the tremendous growth of this movement.[1]

In January, 1925, more than 65,000 employees of the Bell Telephone System were stockholders of record in the company, and more than 100,000 are acquiring stock. On December 31, 1923, the Southwestern Bell Telephone Company reported that more than 5,900 employees were subscribing for 17,496 shares of its stock. In March, 1924, out of a total of 159,000 stockholders of the United States Steel Corporation, 50,020 were employees. The Bethlehem Steel Company, at the beginning of 1925, reports that 14,000 employees have made application for stock under its purchase plan.

The Standard Gas and Electric Company states (1925) that seventy-five per cent. of its employees are stockholders; the Northern States Power Company that eighty per cent. of its employees are owners. Of the total 123,751 owners of Armour and Company and Swift and Company, 55,000, or nearly half, are reported to be employees. Mr. Richard Boeckel in *Labor's Money* cites the following cases:

Ninety-four thousand employees of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company own stock in that company. Employees of the E. I. du Pont de Nemours Company own 14,484 shares of its stock with a total par value of $1,448,400. Six thousand employees of the General Motors Corporation, one out of every

[1] See article by Ex-Secretary David F. Houston in *The World's Work*, January, 1925.

12 employed, hold 270,000 shares of its common stock, valued at more than $4,000,000. Employees of Sears, Roebuck and Company own 133,300 shares in that enterprise. Seventy per cent. of the workers employed by the International Harvester Company hold common stock in the company, the aggregate value of their holdings exceeding $5,000,000. Practically every workman employed by the Procter and Gamble Company is a shareholder in that company. Ninety per cent. of the employees of the Firestone Tire and Rubber Company are stockholders. Every third man in the employ of the Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company holds one or more shares of stock.

A striking example of the popularity of investment in public utility corporations—which is general throughout the country—is the Philadelphia Rapid Transit Company, whose employees, at the beginning of 1924, had purchased 120,000 shares of its stock, with a market value of $4,200,000, which was one-fifth of the entire issue.

As for the railroads, more than 41,000 employees of the New York Central lines, representing one-fourth of the total number of employees, became stockholders in that company in February of this year. Two months later, 4,889 employees of the New York, New Haven and Hartford road subscribed to bonds in the company to the amount of $857,000.

To cap the climax we have the growth of labor banks to help take care of labor's money. The first labor bank in the United States was established in Washington, D. C., in 1920, and six months later, the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers opened a bank in Cleveland. That organization has been most active in the field of labor banking and has more banks than any other single organization. Its late president, Mr. Warren S. Stone, in *The World's Work* for November, 1924, states that of the thirty-three labor banks then in existence in this country, ten were owned by the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers.

The numbers of these labor banks is increasing at a rapid rate. They seem, moreover, to be established on sound banking principles and to have the esteem and support of well-known banking institutions. As for their resources, Mr. Stone makes this significant statement: "From the time the Cleveland bank

was started, we have averaged about a million a month in deposits. This is only one bank. The saving power of American workingmen is so great that, if they would save and carefully invest their savings, in ten years they could be one of the dominating financial powers of the world.''

Any one who attempts to explain all these amazing signs of prosperity among our working classes without mentioning Prohibition seems to me as extreme as the one who would explain them on the ground of Prohibition alone. I can not explain them except by bringing in Prohibition as a contributing factor.

THOMAS N. CARVER.

THE SITUATION WE ARE IN AND THE WAY OUT

BY HORACE D. TAFT

Headmaster of the Taft School

I AM one of those who were opposed to Prohibition.

I believe enormous good has followed the adoption of Prohibition. It has resulted in enormous benefits for the whole country. A man who will consider the overwhelming evidence to this effect may also get some understanding of the fixed opinion of a large part of the American people in favor of Prohibition. He will find the results in a great increase in savings, in the marked improvement of the appearance of the school children from the homes of the poor, in the strong conviction on the part of great employers of labor as to the benefit derived by their workmen, in a great lessening in most of the country of the diseases arising from alcoholism and of the large class of petty crimes connected with the same.

On the other hand, an enormous amount of evil has followed the adoption of this policy. There is no debate on this. The drys admit it and blame the wets for it. The wets not only admit it, but exaggerate it, and blame Prohibition for it. We all know the main features of the picture. We know of the floods of bootleg liquor coming in over the Canadian border and over our coast

line. We know of breweries that are making real beer and transporting it in large quantities; we know of the home brew and the drinking of poisonous stuff. But, and this is the main point, we know that all of this infamous traffic means wholesale corruption. In the great wet section of the country this corruption has honeycombed the police and detective services and the national enforcement service, and has reached many of the prosecuting officers and, in some cases, the Bench itself.

Now I submit that this question is so vital that it calls on every patriotic man or woman in the country to give his best thought to it that he may think a way out, and, having done so, to follow that way to the end with any sacrifice of personal enjoyment, or, what is harder, of opinions or prejudices. And let me repeat here that I was not a Prohibitionist. I was heartily opposed to the policy. I do not now think that it was a wise way to handle the problem.

What ways out have been proposed?

First, repeal the Amendment. I affirm that no man can think clearly on the subject who dreams of such a repeal. In the first place, though many of us know the constitutional requirements, few seem to realize them. Up in my little village some people talk as though a rousing majority in a Watertown town meeting would repeal the Amendment. What is it that the Constitution requires? First, a two-thirds vote in one house of Congress, an enormous majority, then a two-thirds vote in the other house, then the ratification of the repeal by three-fourths of the States. Twenty-six of the States, or two more than half, adopted Prohibition for themselves before Congress touched the matter, and they are drier today than they were then. But the question hardly needs argument. Most of the wets admit that repeal is impossible.

Let me repeat that you cannot discuss the question with the slightest intelligence until you have absolutely made up your mind that Prohibition has come to stay. This fact rules out nine-tenths of the remarks or arguments which are intended as an excuse for drinking or as a suggestion of a way out. Of what use to cite the example of some Canadian Province, to discuss the beauties of Government monopoly, to discuss the question

whether the Amendment was "put over", to discuss the advantages of an impossible referendum, if the Amendment is here to stay? We are hunting for a way out and none lies here.

What is the next way? Let us change the Volstead Act so as to permit the manufacture and sale of beer and light wines. The great difficulty is that we live in a hopelessly wet section and unless we study broadly the public opinion of the whole country we have no idea of the situation. You might as well ask a man at the bottom of a well his opinion of the landscape as to ask a New York or New Jersey club man his opinion of the United States on this subject. The man in the well is in a wet section too. The truth is that there is no hope whatever of a beer and wine amendment, for not only is the public opinion of the Nation strong against it, but this public opinion tends to grow stronger.

But much more important than that, a beer and wine amendment would only make matters very much worse. The flood of hard liquor would still go on, the saloon would come back, the beer and wine would inevitably grow stronger, and the honest officials would be hopelessly handicapped. Understand that I am not discussing the question of the harm of drink. I am discussing the vital question of the corruption and demoralization. I can think of nothing so hopeless as our situation if we had a beer and wine amendment. It would be confusion worse confounded. How innocent must those good people be who think that the bootleg trade would be abated in any degree! We should combine all the evils of our present situation with those of the old days. Of course such an amendment would have to pass the courts anyhow. More confusion. The law would have to forbid the making of beer and wine of intoxicating strength. Does anybody care for beer or wine without a "kick" in it? What does a "kick" mean? One prosecutor in Hartford told me that in the old days the great majority of the cases of drunkenness which he had to prosecute came from beer. To a man whose mind is not set on indulging his appetite, but has his eyes fixed on the rotting of our moral fiber, the beer and wine amendment offers no way out. But whether this be true or not, there is absolutely nothing in the manifestations of public opinion to indicate the slightest possibility of such an amendment.

What is the next way? Let the law become a dead letter. Now there are on the statute books of the different States quite a number of laws that are a dead letter. The Sunday baseball law with us in Connecticut is one. So far as I know it does no harm. The police do not bother about it and are not corrupted by it. The situation is as though the law were not. But how can we possibly make a dead letter of a law when 60,000,000 people are determined that it shall be enforced, when all our politicians and platforms announce that the law is going to be enforced, and, what is more to the point, when a whole army of corrupt officials know that there are millions in the law for them? It is easy to conceive of a situation in which saloons should be open on every corner in every city and in every favorable situation in country towns, with hard liquor, beers, and wines served openly. It is impossible to conceive of such a situation, however, without the corruption of the entire body of officials. These are the men who will not allow the law to become a dead letter as long as it is on the statute book. In that deadly matter of official corruption the law remains one of vast power. The talk about a dead letter law is shallow. It does not touch the root of the trouble. It does not help us an inch out of this morass that we are in.

There we are. I think I have named every possible way out except one, that is, the straight, honest, open way, obey the law and enforce it. But you cannot enforce the law. Why not? Because you cannot enforce a law unless public sentiment is behind it.

Well, for one thing you can obey it. You can stop drinking absolutely and stop doing your share to make a market for the bootlegger. When you have done that you have done at least the first simple duty, the very least that can be asked of a good citizen. The direct responsibility of the drinker for the bootlegger, the responsibility for all the corruption and crime involved, must ever be kept in mind. One cannot dodge it by cursing Prohibition or the Prohibitionists. It is hard to exaggerate the folly of those who either refuse to recognize the dreadful results of the present situation or who, recognizing them, laughingly do their share to augment the evil.

But let us admit freely that a law cannot be reasonably well enforced without public sentiment behind it. There are two things

to say in this connection. In large parts of the country, even in the wet section, there is more public sentiment in favor of law enforcement than we dream of. I know that this is so in Connecticut, and the last election in Massachusetts shows that even in that State, which certainly cannot be considered dry, a tremendous proportion of the people are outraged by the flouting of the law and the corruption that is rampant. They are eager to know what to do. The chief difficulty in organizing them is finding something concrete for which they can rally. Even in New Jersey the dreadful revelations have brought a day of prayer and eventually must bring a reaction.

Then the women are not yet fully organized. In many parts of the country they had no vote on the Eighteenth Amendment. Of course, they will divide on the question, but taken as a body there is no doubt whatever that they are much more strongly in favor of enforcement than the men are.

The most important thing to keep in mind is that public sentiment is not a fixed quantity. It has changed on many subjects and on nothing more than on the liquor question. There has been a revolutionary change of opinion on this question in the last hundred years. Its continuation for a third of that time will bring a dry world. We must also remember that the remarkable growth of the temperance sentiment during the past century took place without any help from the law enforcement sentiment. Now hundreds of thousands of voters who were opposed to Prohibition or were lukewarm on it are in favor of strict enforcement of the law.

Occasionally one hears in the wet papers of a reaction against Prohibition in this country. This reaction has shown itself in peculiar ways. Each Congress elected since the policy was adopted has been drier than the one before. Except in New York, New Jersey, and possibly Maryland, each election gives the same evidence. Two years ago on a referendum Massachusetts voted by 120,000 majority against a State enforcement act. Last November, in spite of extraordinary efforts and the expenditure of enormous sums on the part of the wets, the people voted in favor of a State enforcement act by 4,000. If we can judge by the course of events in other States, a referendum two years hence

will bring a large enough majority on the dry side to discourage any further attempts to take the people's opinion on the subject.

We are asked whether we mean to deny a man's right to argue and agitate for the repeal of an unwise law or Constitutional Amendment. I have never heard this right questioned. But every man is responsible for the use of his own judgment. It is easy for a man of ordinary intelligence to follow these propositions one by one. It is his duty in such a crisis to do it. He is only to be blamed if through sheer obstinacy, through bitterness felt toward the Prohibitionists, through a wish to gratify his own appetite, through the moral cowardice that makes him afraid to be different from his friends at the dinner table or at the club, he refuses to follow his reason and make a pitifully small sacrifice in a public matter of vast importance.

Through the change in public sentiment reasonable observance and enforcement of Prohibition are coming in time. It certainly will take many years and they will be years of great moral and political danger. We cannot prevent the completion of the process, but we can shorten or lengthen this unhappy period as we do our duty or refuse to do it. There are two clear, logical answers to the question that comes to every citizen. One is, I will obey the law and help enforce it. The other is, Let the country go to the dogs; I am going to have my liquor. Other answers, no matter how honestly used, are the result of clouded vision and twisted logic.

HORACE D. TAFT.

IS THE UNITED STATES SURE OF ITSELF?

BY JOHN HUNTER SEDGWICK

NATIONS, like individuals, have their developement which must always reach a stage when it can be asked whether they have attained a mature understanding. I do not ask those who substitute prejudice for thinking to do this, but it will surely be done by those who, whether they find it grateful or not to their personal and national self esteem, are bound to confess that on intellectual candor depends essential freedom. Anticipating and passing by the indignation of those who believe that the King in their own persons can do no wrong, let us ask ourselves whether the United States be quite sure of itself in face of the Scopes case and its by-products now exfoliating in various parts of the country?

As far as the literal aspects of that muddled contest are concerned, so far as its issue is to be regarded, it had but one issue, to wit, whether a certain teacher had disobeyed the prohibition of a certain Tennessee statute. What interests us now is a very much greater question. We need spend no time on what the hundred percenters, theological or political, Anti-Evolutionist or Pro-Evolutionist, may have to say; we can leave the personalities of the late Mr. Bryan and the surviving Mr. Darrow quite out of the picture; we can disengage our affections from protoplasm and our prepossessions from the angels; but we cannot disregard the fact that once a decision was reached in the Scopes case, phenomena were bound to show and did immediately show themselves, demonstrating with shocking clearness that the principle and practice of freedom of conscience and religious liberty are not at all so firmly entrenched in the United States as some may flatter themselves. Going a step further, we see that another spirit, that of persecution, has been merely held in abeyance, not removed or enlightened into tolerance. We see and with deep concern that men in the United States have taken liberty

too much for granted, mistaking the excellence of a principle for the enjoyment of its practice. They have reaped the usual reward of political laziness and unconsciously allowed themselves to become political nominalists, not doers of a word that must always have the proof of actual benignities. Contemplating this picture, conscience or a sense of humor ought to make us more patient with the Chinese confusion of programmes with facts.

It is a mistake to believe that because a political entity is called a democracy, by some metaphysical hocus-pocus thought in a democracy must be free. It is nothing of the kind, unless the individuals keep it so, and there is little that is easy about such a job. The name of a political system matters nothing; you can declare noble thoughts with a stencil; it is the motives and driving wishes of its elements translated into action that give the name respectability and the system duration. Again anticipating objections, I leave out of consideration certain measures taken in the United States during the Great War. They certainly curtailed some forms of liberty, but in the first place I believe them to have been necessary, and in the second to have been so exceptional that they cannot be taken into a general view of American social and political thought, irritating and ill judged as they sometimes may have been. I call attention to a curtailment far more wide reaching and insidious, the insistence on standardization of every sort in the United States. A man must not wear a straw hat after a certain date; he must not say too loud that the "Fathers" were less than supernatural, though with their imperfections they were giants; he must not object to hysterical or impudent commercial, social and bureaucratic impositions that would not be endured an instant in Europe; he must acquiesce in what a writer the other day called "ingenuity instead of craftsmanship"; he must endure with a moulded smile physical propinquities that are the denial of all decency and all freedom; he must, above all, welcome and submit to a mediocrity of thought appalling in its complacency. Is, then, freedom the right to be one's self, or the privilege of being like some one else? In but one department, money-making, is a man permitted to follow his own genius, and this money-making is even now preparing its own fate.

This mediocrity is given corporate expression in an extension of the suffrage whose last conspicuous trophy has been the Scopes trial, a trial that could never have occurred without a statute born of vote-expressed prejudice. Such a ball once set in motion must keep on rolling, and rolled it has to such good purpose that now gentlemen in the United States are looking about to see whether Federal laws cannot be passed to steady the ark of true belief. Laudable as this may be according to their ideas of theological decorum, it leads straight, or rather the spirit of it does, to persecution and the reappearance of ecclesiasticism which Bourbon-like has learned nothing and forgotten nothing. It makes no great difference by what name the rose of ecclesiasticism is called—it always smells with the same sweetness; and here is the point which these hot gospellers quite overlook, that aside from stultifying and denying a principle of liberty, they have no means and there can be no means of keeping their operative majority. "To-day for thee, to-morrow for me," is a saying that had best be kept in mind by those with an addiction to regulation. I do not believe that a majority opposed to them but with an equal addiction can be created in the United States, because the people who neither talk nor go to Congress have a great deal of common sense, but it is always a possibility, and should it come to pass, the hot gospellers' own arguments and procedure would immediately be used against them. Those who have engineered this controversy have evidently been of the impression that not only was the earth flat, but that it never moves. They have taken it for granted that their majority must always prevail, and they have quite disregarded a most practical and important consideration. It was stated thus by Sir Frederick Pollock in his essay, *The Theory of Persecution:* "It is not the demonstration of abstract rights, but the experience of inutility, that has made governments leave off persecuting." Here you have two considerations of the gravest kind, one based on the possibilities lurking in the future, the other on the patent experience of the past. Both are ignored by a body of opinion in the United States whose proportions, at any rate at this moment, are beyond what had been supposed.

Observe that the Scopes case and its consequences take place

in a State and in an Union where what Professor Ruffini calls "separatism" exists as a political principle; that is, where State and Church have nothing to do with each other. There is no "jurisdictionalism" in the United States; the State goes its way and the churches their way, so much in external appearance, at least, that the average American of all creeds takes it for granted that such separation must exist forever. Yet the Dayton prosecution, though technically limited to a single specific point of law, really hinged on the supremacy of a dogma. I do not discuss the various theories of the relations of State and Church; I say that out of a clear sky appears a cloud such as before has made dark whole countries, and this has taken place in the face of a political complacency doing more credit to Americans' hearts than their heads. The fact is that here, as in other matters concerning American polity, we have forgotten that eternal vigilance is the price of the millennium. There are principles and there are men, there are motives and there are deeds; it is only the men and their actions that we see with some measure of clearness so that what they may do can be calculated with approximate correctness. The principles, on the other hand, are always operative and always silent; in consequence of this, the results of obeying or disobeying them often spring upon the world like a clap of thunder; they give no warnings, they are always in the background, and they are always the stuff of great good or great evil.

Ever since Augustine twisted the "*compelle intrare*" of St. Luke's gospel to suit the shifting of theological majorities, persecution has gone on merrily, but the older kind, though subtle enough sometimes, was more plainly articulated than the present. What we see today is subtler, because it seeks to shackle thought as well as action, but conceals its attack on thought; there can be no action without thought, it will always appear, so that to say that teaching the somewhat nebulous tenets of what is called "evolution" is attacked, but that believing in them is not, smells rank of sophistry. Dayton and its by-products expose a state of mind that will never stop at the mere prohibition of certain teachings, because it cannot stop, it must continue to drive in its lopsided syllogism. So much for its intellectual or so-called in-

tellectual side. Its profane and carnal side is quite as clear; when the pup has once been blooded to such meat, it savors its success and will seek more. This is shown in the steadily increasing reliance on paternalism in the United States as a substitute for individual character. It is a confession of weakness, but triumphant for the time being, and in the results of the Scopes trial we see it developed to the highest degree it has attained in the United States, because it has released for visible exhibition a body of thought that we now see has been lying dormant, but has merely held its activities in leash, not diminished, nor enlightened, but ready to spring out, as it has done. The spectacle has driven *The New York World* to ask whether there is to be a State Church in the United States.

There is not much danger of such a thing, and yet the editorial is well justified as a warning to Americans that liberty of conscience, liberty of teaching and liberty of worship, or if you prefer the general term, religious liberty, may not be nearly so well assured to Americans as they have thought. Furthermore, such a warning has greater importance still, at least to my thinking, for it makes evident what I have tried to show, that there is constantly existing in a fluid state in the body public a mass of opinion that needs but a very slight impulse to crystallize into black despotism, and that Americans have made the mistake of believing that altruistic political pronouncements and material prosperity had reformed or made this impossible. There is no room here to go into history, but its one lesson has been that it is not good for men that they should regulate the opinions of other men. The human character cannot stand such a test and was never intended thus to be tried, whether the regulation be that of religious belief or of any other. The question now before the country is not religious. It is political, for if one form of investigation and the convictions it produces can be regulated or forbidden, any other can be treated in the same way if only there are enough votes to give it the trappings of legality. There can be just as much danger of this from a rationalistic body as from one bonded together by a faith; only the former does not now have the benefits of organization, as Ruffini pointed out. The scientists, so far as they lay down certain conclusions as correct, are

quite as dogmatic as the flat earth phalanx and discourse as cheerfully and with as final a tone of what they have never seen and can never prove as did Jonathan Edwards in his *Freedom of the Will* on what he could not prove.

The only difference, more apparent than real, between a great Connecticut divine of the eighteenth century and a modern scientist who happens to be laying down his particular laws, is in name. How easily this can be proved is shown in the constant attempts of "regular" physicians to burke the practice of those who do not agree with them, and the more empirical a school, the more zealous, the more enamored of "Thorough". The ease with which the theological melts into the political was shown in Connecticut at the time of the Great Awakening, which was really a reaction born in healthy-minded believers against the regulation by the civil powers of religious matters, "a great schism within the Establishment", as Miss Louise Greene calls it in her book. Moved by the events that followed the Awakening, the Colony convened a General Consociation in 1741, in November. (We see them gathered in that New England November, the wind whipping at the door.) The Consociation did not decide very harshly, but it did say "that for a minister to enter another minister's parish and preach or administer the Seals of the Covenant, without the consent of, or in opposition to, the settled minister of the parish, is disorderly. . . ." True, the Consociation advised the minister of the parish to give the visitor a chance, "unless other ministers advise him to the contrary", but this conjunction of public order and ecclesiasticism is such that it explains the Act of the Colony nine years later which ranked the denial of the Trinity as a felony.

Yet the Connecticut General Court had passed a Toleration Act in 1708. Here is but one of the New England Colonies, but in each one we see that the moment religion and the civil element cast sheeps' eyes at each other, that moment there was trouble. In other words, whether it be a matter of salvation by grace or the selection of species, when men want their own way, they will have it if they can, and find good excuses for it. Americans may have believed that such things were no longer possible;

they may not have been much acquainted with the State Constitutions or with the Federal, but they have had a general impression that men could no longer be dragooned for their convictions in matters of religion and conscience; this impression amounted to a feeling that the United States could be sure of itself in the premises and that the lamp of liberty could never be snuffed out. And then comes the Scopes case with its *sequelæ* to shake that impression.

Such impression has been without all the reasonableness with which it is credited at present, nor has one to go far back to see that it depends too much on purely secular politics ever to be taken for granted. Miss Greene quotes Lyman Beecher's *Autobiography*, especially that part dealing with matters in Connecticut about 1810; "It was a new thing in that day for the clergymen and laymen to meet on the same level and coöperate . . . The ministers had always managed things for themselves, for in those days the ministers were always politicians." Of course they were politicians when they were given the chance to be, and does any one suppose that the ecclesiastic mind, a mind, by the way, that can be assumed by laymen, has changed? Yet we have assumed apparently here in the United States that constitutional law has changed human nature; 1811 is not many years ago, reckoned in the terms of a nation's life, it is but yesterday, a yesterday that throws its light upon today, but we seem to have ignored it in a desire to prove ourselves the freest and the most enlightened people in the world. Mirabeau insisted that "*les opinions ne se forment pas par le résultat des suffrages; votre pensée est à vous; elle est indépendent, vous ne pouvez pas l'engager.*" I do not at all assert that Congress will immediately embark on the rough sea of regimenting opinion, but Congress depends upon suffrage, and it is plain that there is today in the United States a body of opinion that by no means shrinks from legislation affecting men's conscientious convictions. This proves that Americans are not all so sure of the fundamental principles of our frame of government as they would have it believed, that the United States has yet a long way to go before it gains the power of a serene confidence in the justice of its political professions, and that intolerance that began in religious

tenets can overnight become still more dangerous because it enlists the civil powers in denying civil rights.

In thinking about this recrudescence of the persecuting spirit and the essential political weakness that it discloses, that is, when regarded from the angle of so-called American enlightenment, the experience of the Old World may here and there give illustrations, but it cannot help us very much, and for this reason: Across the ocean there is either separatism, or jurisdictionalism, or the system of a State Church. In the United States there is the system of separatism, *i.e.*, the State holds itself aloof from all Churches and leaves them to attend to their own affairs as long as they obey the law, so that on the face of things it could not be said that one risked the problems of jurisdictionalism or of the State Church. "Yes," say we to the believer and the unbeliever, the doubter and the flat earth man, "go your ways. It is always within your own power never to be hampered, much less molested. This is a free country, inexpugnably so inasmuch as everybody says it is. True, you must not commit crimes and of course you must trust us to define what is crime—that is only reasonable." But we leave out of consideration something that might be remembered in less sunny communities, that great legislative expressions of policy are the results of largely indirect impulses on the part of the people, a people in America much affected in its political reasoning by the mesmerism of numbers.

Some day the majority's virtues as such will be knocked sky-high like other ponderous myths; but now, even, it is not safe to tell the people that the majority system is only an expedient. This being so, the necessary work of a group with a policy that it would enforce is to prepare the majority, I shall not say to educate it, but rather to imbue it with certain ideas, before ever there is a thought of their expression through the suffrage. Well and good. Now, it is perfectly possible to imbue the elements that coagulated may form a majority with ideas they have not previously had, such, for example, as that they should tell legislators that certain things should be defined as crimes. The trick is done and you have an anti-evolution statute, or one penalizing good grammar or anything else not beloved of obscurantism. You have not created a State Church, you have not expressly or

formally persecuted, but you have bamboozled the people into setting into motion forces whose impetus is terrible, and you have been careful not to intimate that it may have been somewhat too sure of itself. That would never do.

In this way and by such means a movement professedly aimed at preserving the holiness of Deity becomes one with results that are as follows: In the first place, religion in general is harmed because its dignity is lessened. You may not agree with another and yet admit that his right to hold his opinions is a matter somewhat above a horse case; in the second place, you have put the things that are God's in the ballot-box, you have put spiritual things into the coarse hands of carnality, though you shall have changed no inner convictions; next, you have stultified and contradicted what has been proclaimed to be an essential of American public and private life; and lastly, you have demonstrated that the United States was not yet accustomed to the practice of those principles of liberty which it had asserted to be none too great for its political stature. Why not be candid about it and admit at once for the country's soul's good that the sooner this sinister fooling is stopped, the better? I reckon that in the United States we are come once more to one of the great testing places that have periodically marked our advancement towards political maturity; we cannot afford to surrender what has been slowly and painfully won, for to do that would be to accept a political senility such as Spain's. At this writing, no one can tell what the courts, State or Federal, will have done, but I believe that much more important than anything the courts may do, immeasurably more important, is for us all with a wise humility to admit that events have proved and are proving how great are still the gaps in that structure of justice and liberty of which we have talked so much and about which we really know so little.

Lest I be misunderstood, in the use of the word "ecclesiasticism," let it be made precise that by it I do not mean exclusively the practice and mental habit of a minister or priest alone. Were this to be taken as the meaning, the discussion would become too personal to a class and run the gravest risk of injustice. There are too many good men of all creeds who wear black coats to permit of such a thing. But there is such a spectacle as that

of large bodies of laymen impressing on minorities their convictions, whether in matters of religion or otherwise, in such a manner that their dogmatic political action becomes virtually the same as that of those professional divines who in the past have instigated what is commonly known as religious persecution. When the ministers and priests do it, it is called persecution, by those who suffer; but when laymen in impressive numbers do it, they always transfer the classification to the sociological or political nomenclature. What has happened in the present case is that impulse has been given to large bodies of laymen acting together to control opinion and to punish the dissident. Boil it down and you have persecution of the rottenest, most insensate kind, more so in a sense than that of clerics, for at least they have technical chapter and verse for the performance, but the laymen have none. It can be more dangerous in a country of democratic forms, because it swaggers in the fallacious majesty of numbers, attaches itself to the national economy like a barnacle, and assumes the hues of constitutionality. It is idle to say that this is exaggeration, because what is before our eyes needs no exaggeration to be marked as a danger and a disappointment.

Is it a throw-back or is it a fermentation in the vast recesses of popular thinking that must take place before the body politic throws off once and forever those poisonous humours, which remaining, that body can never quite win wholesomeness? Must there be enacted in a country overlaid with blessings a political tragi-comedy of proportions to make one gasp; must there be a prostitution of freedom such as was never seen before; must America be shamed before the world? Call these questions criticism run to rhetoric if you choose, but there is nothing rhetorical about facts, and those facts spread themselves out today for all to see in the shape of the attempted creation of popular opinion in some quarters that, unless it be educated or change of itself, may prove uncontrollable. Persecution has a body, but no brains. It is the Robot among men's lusts, proved so a thousand times in the catalogue of the nations and thrown aside by the scarred hands of experience. Americans, so far as I can see, are now given a choice, to accept or reject it,

their choice being made the more momentous and aided the less because of the intelligence they have most plausibly claimed in great constituent matters of political justice. They have here ready to their hands the chance to write down in the people's book a decree, not of tribunals, but of their own generous intelligence, that religious liberty and the liberty of thinking are more than the phrases of fair weather pronouncements, are safe, assured and indestructible, and are made so because on this point the United States is sure of itself with the sureness of a nation come to man's estate. If it be confessed that such a point has not been reached, confessed, that is, by the development of regulation and restriction, then the United States will have embarked upon the task of re-writing every textbook in the schools and colleges; it will have undertaken the work of recasting, not the natural sciences, but the processes of the intellect; and under the guise of a spiritual objective will have championed a materialism so crass and childish that the Dark Ages will preen themselves at a return of favor. It will have made a god of ignorance and given it prejudices for archangels, the printer's trade will be proscribed, and the Struldbrugs will have come into their own. It must be confessed that even the possibility of such a prospect is a high price to pay for political complacency.

JOHN HUNTER SEDGWICK.

THE ECONOMICS OF DIPLOMACY[1]

BY ALFRED L. P. DENNIS

DIPLOMACY is today so closely related to business that it is really surprising that few have as yet attempted to speak or write on the Economics of Diplomacy. Here is a subject which confronts every man who is interested in the opportunities offered by foreign loans. The problem of concessions in distant or backward countries is on the desks of men who are professionally concerned in the supply of raw materials such as oil or rubber or nitrates. The banker rejoices at the reëstablishment of the gold standard in Great Britain; the manufacturer watches eagerly the development of a tariff policy; the shipper is affected by the terms of a commercial treaty; and the farmer is grateful for the endeavors of our Consular Service to find new markets for the sale of his produce. Each of these is interested in the relation of finance and commerce to international policies. In short, the Economics of Diplomacy stares at us from the headlines of every metropolitan newspaper.

If we choose at random from the calendar of business which has recently confronted the Department of State, we find in quick succession the extension of the Open Door for equal commercial opportunity in Northwestern Africa and the Near East, as well as in the Far East. Questions relating to loans which have been made to some of our neighbors to the south of the United States, and plans for the financial rehabilitation of backward or distressed countries, crowd the docket. Intricate problems regarding most-favored-nation treatment and shipping and railway rates are involved in the discussion about our recent commercial treaty with Germany. The establishment of the Dawes Commission and the difficult items of reparations and foreign debts all belong to this subject of the Economics of Diplomacy. Indeed, to every taxpayer the adjustment of the international debts owed to us by our recent associates in the World War is a matter not only of dollars and cents, but of far-reaching national policy.

[1] This paper was the Commencement Address at Clark University, June, 1925.

Thus the successful diplomatist today must be a student of affairs. He must feel the pulse of business and bend his energies to understand the maladies which affect nations that are wracked and torn by the ravages of war or which lie nakedly exposed to the greed of the exploiter and the selfish concession hunter.

Fundamentally such matters of international finance and business policy contain the germs of disputes which may grow in angry fashion to excite furious jealousies and even to provoke war. Today the United States has a peculiar and special responsibility. It is the wealthiest country and potentially the most powerful. It behooves us, therefore, to walk with care along the narrow path of national rectitude lest by a misstep we slip into the abyss of commercial imperialism which is no whit less destructive than that of military imperialism. We are fortunate that "dollar diplomacy" is no longer fashionable at Washington. But a lively and informed public opinion on the Economics of Diplomacy is our best security against both the honest mistakes and the treacherous temptations to which those who guide our affairs are constantly exposed. Our United States battleships are to preserve peace and order rather than to protect dubious concessions or to enforce unfair terms of financial exploitation.

We can well cherish the American doctrine on such matters as we recall the statement of Daniel Webster when he was Secretary of State in 1851: "No man can carry the ægis of his national American liberty into a foreign country, and expect to hold it up for his exemption from the dominion and authority of the laws and the sovereign power of that country, unless he be authorized to do so by virtue of treaty stipulations." Elsewhere I have pointed out the contrast presented by the words of Lord Palmerston when he was British Foreign Secretary at about the same time. It is the classic statement in support of an aggressive imperialism and lays down the extreme doctrine of protection for the interests of British nationals in foreign parts. Lord Palmerston said that British citizens were not "to have that protection only which the law and the tribunals of the land in which they happen to be may give them;" and he continued with his comparison of the citizen of the Roman Empire and the citizen of the British Em-

pire, saying: "So also a British subject, in whatever land he may be, shall feel confident that the watchful eye and strong arm of England will protect him against injustice and wrong." These are pregnant but dangerous words.

On such lineage was the defence of "dollar diplomacy" made by President Taft in his speech in behalf of policies proposed by his Secretary of State, Mr. Knox. He said that to substitute "dollars for bullets" was "an effort frankly directed to the increase of American trade upon the axiomatic principle that the Government of the United States shall extend all proper support to every legitimate and beneficial American enterprise abroad." Such reasoning might well have led to the use of bullets as the final argument for dollars. This language would not be used by the Department of State today. It is in accord with the principles which are acknowledged, but the administration and interpretation are different. President Roosevelt, on the contrary, had already stated the true American position when he said: "Except for arbitrary wrong done or sanctioned by superior authority to persons or to vested property rights, the United States Government, following its traditional usage in such cases, aims to go no further than the mere use of its good offices." To such ideas the Department of State today holds faith, refusing to be drawn into the entanglements of a merely selfish commercial and trade policy. The question as to "who owns the earth" is as yet unanswered, but as Secretary Hughes recently said: "International relations proceed upon the postulate of international morality." The Economics of Diplomacy, and the study of such international relations, as President Wilson once declared, are not "mere questions of policy and diplomacy, they are shot through with the principles of life." Such affairs are problems of high morality and of national character. And be it remembered that a nation's as well as a man's character is not a mere matter of report. It is a matter of fact.

So first of all we must turn to note the homely, practical ways in which in legitimate fashion the Foreign Service of the United States is concerned with the promotion of trade. Here I prefer to take concrete illustrations of the way in which American Consuls are aiding the development of business. This they do by

their reports on economic, commercial and trade conditions. Their replies to letters written from America open up new channels for enterprise and investment. Opportunities for special sales and purchases are noted and in case of trade disputes the Consul is always ready to seek equitable adjustment and settlement. He tries by his contributions to the World Trade Directory, which is established in the Department of Commerce, to give not the "credit rating" of firms in the given country where he is stationed, but a real "sales picture" of the country for the benefit of American business men. Lastly, the greeting and guidance which he gives to American representatives who are travelling on commercial errands is of special value. Such work is part and parcel of his office.

Thus within the past year out of a long list of exceptional services, I select at random only a few instances of the promotion of American trade interests by members of the American Foreign Service. For example, the Consul at Alexandria has stimulated orders for artificial leather and procured allotment of one-half of the annual Egyptian cotton crop for shipment on American vessels. Previously the entire crop had been shipped in British bottoms. The sale of American machinery and of tools has been promoted by the Consuls at such widely separated posts as Jerusalem, Harbin, Cairo, Durban, Georgetown in British Guiana, Adelaide in Australia, Hankow in China, Cape Town in South Africa and Venice in Italy. Annoying trade disputes were settled at the intervention of the American Consuls at Rotterdam, Havana, Pernambuco and Mukden. The automobile trade is indebted to the good offices of the Consuls at Nagoya in Japan, Riga, Hankow, Montevideo, Coblenz and Copenhagen. American lumber is in demand at Algiers, Ghent, Melbourne, St. Gall in Switzerland, Las Palmas, Montevideo and San José in Costa Rica. Our agricultural products have also found special markets in Rotterdam, Vienna, Bergen, Boulogne and Antwerp. All of these opportunities have come through the vigilance of our Consuls in their various observation posts.

This sort of trade development is the real basis for the promotion of international friendship. It is one of the humble yet most important phases of the Economics of Diplomacy. The

day has gone when the American Consul can be considered a joke. He is now the pilot for trade.

The adoption and maintenance of the Open Door is another illustration of the same subject. In July, 1921, Secretary Hughes wrote to the Chinese Minister at Washington assuring him of the wholehearted support of the United States for that principle "which it has traditionally regarded as fundamental both to the interests of China itself and to the common interests of all powers in China, and indispensable to the free and peaceful development of their commerce on the Pacific Ocean." Accordingly the Open Door was adopted as a leading principle in the treaty relating to China signed at Washington in February, 1922. This not only declared against any special superiority of rights by any single nation in China, but denied any monopoly or preference which would "frustrate the practical application of the principle of equal opportunity." Thus as Mr. (Lord) Balfour stated, the sphere of influence "had not only gone but had gone forever and was now explicitly condemned." Such clear and definite provisions ended a period during which the Open Door had been a polite fiction. They also cleared the way for the assertion of the same principle regarding mandated territory.

At the Council of Algeciras in 1906, when France and Spain had received a special mandate for portions of Morocco, the same idea of equal opportunity for the commerce of all nations was asserted under the leadership of the United States. After the World War, the same principle was also followed with respect to Tangier and in other African territories. More particularly, as regards the Near East, the Department of State early made clear the American policy regarding territories which had once belonged to Turkey. A note of March, 1920, stated to the Allies that it was the view of the United States that "such changes or arrangements [as might take place] will in no way place American citizens or corporations or citizens or corporations of any other country in a less favorable situation than citizens or corporations of any Power party to this treaty."

So much has already been said and written on the Open Door and it is such a familiar doctrine to us that I pass now to a more intricate problem—that of commercial treaties with their rela-

tionship to the mercantile navy and to railway and shipping rates. Dr. Arthur Young, Economic Adviser in the Department of State, has recently declared that "the present commercial treaties of the United States are mostly obsolete." This is partially due to the fact that these older treaties were based on conditional interpretation of the most-favored-nation clause. Today, however, under the Tariff Act of 1922 the unconditional most-favored-nation clause is involved in the administration of the law. The recently appointed United States Minister to Rumania, Mr. W. S. Culbertson, formerly of the United States Tariff Commission, has just written an admirable book on *International Economic Policies* in which he discusses the various aspects of our policy respecting commercial treaties. He thus defines the difference between national and most-favored-nation and "conditional" and "unconditional" treatment:

> National treatment guarantees equality of treatment between an alien on the one side and a national on the other. That is, with respect to the matter in question—let us say that it is the right of ships to enter our ports—the alien would pay no other or higher duty than would be paid by an American citizen. In the case of most-favored-nation treatment, a third nation is involved, and most-favored-nation treatment is the absence of discrimination between the citizens of two alien states. The conditional form of [treatment] recognizes and records a distinction between *concessions gratuitously made* and *concessions made in return for an equivalent,* whereas the unconditional form names no conditions or circumstances limiting the immediate and automatic extensions of any concession. The unconditional most-favored-nation principle may be adopted as advantageously by a country with a protective tariff as by a country with free trade. Like the analogous policy, the "Open Door," it does not imply the absence of tariffs but the absence of discriminations in whatever tariffs or other commercial measures a nation may see fit to adopt.

If we examine the situation as to shipping, we find that discriminations as to import duties, internal taxes, transit duties, charges in respect to warehousing, bounties, tonnage dues and port charges are all possible unless we secure agreement for equal treatment. As a means of creating a competitive situation favorable to American as compared with foreign vessels, it has been advocated that the United States impose higher dues and charges on foreign vessels or their cargo entering American ports than apply on American vessels. Such a step might be followed

by counter-discriminations by foreign countries. Further, such counter-discriminations might not be confined to American shipping but might be directed against American commerce as well.

As Mr. Hughes recently said in the course of an address before the Chamber of Commerce of the State of New York:

> It might be well enough to sharpen our knives against those who discriminate against our shipping, but this would be merely to force an agreement for equal treatment for our own ships. When another Government is willing to agree with us to give reciprocally equal national treatment for vessels in foreign trade, we should be willing to make a like agreement. The policy of discrimination in such matters in order to force an agreement attains its end when agreement for equal treatment is reached. But a policy of discrimination for its own sake, with knives out all over the world, of unending strife to see who can make the most by discriminatory charges and retaliations, would be, as it seems to me, a fatuous policy for us and destructive of the interests of American trade.
>
> It is one of the fallacies of those who oppose such clauses as have been inserted in the German treaty that discrimination in favor of our own shipping would have to be met by the same sort of discriminations that we might impose. Manifestly, there could be resort to any practicable kind of retaliation, and nothing that we could do would be more hostile to the general interests of peace, for these interests do not prosper in economic wars. We should aim at the removal of all unjust discriminations against our commerce and seek to make commercial treaties on that basis, with the readiness to promise for ourselves what we would ask of others.

Similar considerations were probably in the mind of Admiral Palmer, President of the Emergency Fleet Corporation, who, in a recent address before the annual meeting of the United States Chamber of Commerce, said: "Government aid based on the principle of flag discrimination on international routes inevitably invites and brings retaliation. The immediate effect may be advantageous, but the result in the long run is likely to be bad."

The force of Admiral Palmer's statement is revealed by the fact that the value of our exports to the important maritime nations which might be diverted by retaliatory measures to foreign vessels are very much greater than the total volume of our imports which could readily be diverted to American vessels by our own discriminating duties. The victory of those who believed that, in respect to the Panama Canal tolls on shipping, the United States was not entitled to discriminate in favor of its own vessels, had

a wholesome effect on international relations. Today the ships of "all nations" receive equal treatment. Thus our treaty obligations and our present commercial policy are at one in this matter.

A further aspect in which vital developments relating both to finance and diplomatic policy are involved is foreign loans. It is estimated that today over nine billion dollars of American money is invested in this way by private banks. Government debts are in another category. This shows that American bankers and investors did not accept the dictum of Congressman Fordney, the reputed sponsor of our present tariff, when he said: "An American dollar invested abroad is an American dollar lost." Such ignorance of the elements of international economics does not mean *per contra* that every dollar so invested is absolutely safe. The charge is frequently made that American armed forces "have been used for the collection of American debts, that loans by American bankers involve somehow the commitment of this Government to use force if necessary in collecting them, and that the Government of the United States follows a policy of financial imperialism. . . ."

Whatever may have been our national policy in time past with respect to such matters, it is quite clear today that, as President Coolidge said last October: "American investors receive no assurances that their loans or agreements will be supported by American arms. It is not, and has not been, the policy of this Government to collect debts by force of arms." Secretary Hughes repeatedly made it clear that the aim of the Department of State was "not to exploit but to aid."

"Dollar diplomacy" is no longer in vogue at Washington and attempts to charge that the Department of State is consciously trying to promote certain financial interests fall to the ground. The Department cannot, of course, control the ways in which investments are made. But the flotation of foreign loans in the United States is a matter of public concern and may be of national interest. President Roosevelt used to say that the Nobel Peace Prize which he received for his services in promoting the Portsmouth Peace Treaty between Russia and Japan should have gone to the banking house for their refusal to loan Japan any more money. Ambassador Houghton speaking in London has

recently suggested that American financial aid to Europe might cease unless European nations composed their differences and refrained from further expenditures for warlike preparations. The Department of State has also clearly indicated that it wants to know all about any contemplated loans, though the Department "will not pass upon the merits of foreign loans as business propositions, nor assume any responsibility whatever in connection with loan transactions."

The Department wishes, however, to have the opportunity of saying whether "there is or is not objection to any particular issue." Such objection might arise from the purposes of the loan or it might arise should the American capitalist ask unfair terms. More than once the Government has intervened to protect the borrowing country from the terms of a concession or of a loan which seemed to be unfair to the borrowing country. Of a kindred nature are the proposals for the financial reconstruction of given countries. Frequent requests come to the Department for advice as to the choice of experts to assist in the financial restoration of a State. Such advice is freely given to assist in the economic rehabilitation of a less fortunate nation. These experts, however, are private citizens who are employed by foreign nations and are not in any way in the employ of the United States.

We all recognize the value of the work done by the Dawes Commission; but the question still remains as to how it came into being and how the relationship between business experts and official diplomats was maintained. All sorts of people are now claiming the credit of having proposed such a solution. Indeed a distinguished European statesman wrote to Washington to congratulate the Secretary of State on his achievement in taking up the proposal which our European friend alleged that he had originally made. Far-reaching proposals of this sort generally have a mixed origin. Certainly this was true of the Dawes Commission. In June, 1922, an international bankers' committee reported to the Reparations Commission on the question of a German loan. Generally speaking, the findings of the committee were negative in character.

However, as a body of technical experts they presented an

authority which could be applied to the solution of other and larger questions. Mr. J. P. Morgan sat on this committee, representing American financial interests. Later, Secretary Hughes formulated the proposal which finally led to the organization of the Dawes Commission. Informal intimations were made to several governments regarding the plan. At last in December, 1922, at New Haven, Secretary Hughes made public announcement of his scheme, stressing its importance as a possible remedy for the economic ills of the world.

There followed an uneasy and disappointing time during which nothing happened. In March, 1923, there came the meeting at Rome of the International Chamber of Commerce. This congress passed a resolution dealing with the various outstanding economic questions of the day, thus supporting the thesis that technical business experts might assist in an economic way to promote peace and to secure the political restoration of the world. Thanks to the arduous work of the American delegation, the idea of an expert commission on reparations was also laid before the leading business men of Europe. This missionary work of propaganda was followed by a suggestion in August of that year by Lord Curzon that such a commission might be organized. Finally in October, 1923, the British inquired whether the offer proposed by Secretary Hughes in the preceding December was still open. The answer was in the affirmative. So at the start of 1924 this committee of three American business men, who held no political office, was appointed to sit with European experts and to formulate a plan to deal with reparations and the financial rehabilitation of Germany.

The report of this Commission was finally officially adopted by the European Governments concerned at the London Conference in August, 1924. The United States was in attendance through the presence of Ambassador Kellogg. Thus this full coöperation of business and diplomacy presented a result of inestimable value to the peace and financial security of the world.

The settlement of debts owed by foreign governments to the United States is now a matter of discussion. Though it is a subject falling well within the limits of this paper, I think it is wiser to omit any comments regarding it in order that we may turn

finally to the development of what the press has popularly termed the *entente cordiale* between American and English banking circles. This has received special notice through the reëstablishment of the gold standard by Great Britain.

The attempt has been made to declare that for a considerable period British and American financial policy has marched together. This is not exactly true, for each of these countries has been affected by varied elements in the international financial situation. The effect of the damage done by the war and by strikes to the export of coal from Great Britain has dislocated British foreign trade. In the case of the United States the fear that France was returning to a period of renewed militarism has affected our financial opinion. Both of these examples acted in much the same way to make it appear that there was a joint understanding as to finance. The reasons were separate, but the results were similar. Certainly this alleged *entente cordiale* does not prevent friendly competition between the two countries.

Nevertheless there is no question today that an understanding exists between the two official or semi-official banking agencies of Great Britain and the United States. The Department of State is on the contrary justified in denying that an *entente* officially exists. It is not a diplomatic understanding. But on the other hand, neither is the Department of State the entire Government of the United States. The Federal Reserve Board and more particularly the Federal Reserve Bank of New York is a governmental agency acting under Secretary Mellon. The Bank of England is distinct from the British Foreign Office, but who can question its importance or its functions as a financial agency of the British Government?

The British Prime Minister, Mr. Baldwin, said some time ago that he would trust Secretary Mellon and J. P. Morgan and Company as he would the Governors of the Bank of England. Morgan's is, of course, acting as the fiscal and financial agent in this country for the British Government. It is under the arrangements made by the Bank of England through Morgan and Company with the Federal Reserve Bank of New York that the reëstablishment of the gold standard in England has been made possible. These negotiations have been going on for some time. They

culminated with the announcement by Mr. Winston Churchill, the British Chancellor of the Exchequer, of the removal of the embargo on the exportation of gold and of the reëstablishment of a free gold market in London. A revolving credit of two hundred million dollars was set up in the Federal Reserve Bank of New York and one hundred million dollars with J. P. Morgan and Company to assist in maintaining the gold standard in case it were necessary. It is probable that the fact that such a credit is available will prevent any large demand for its use.

The Advisory Council of the Federal Reserve Board has heartily endorsed this assistance, saying:

> This event marks an epoch in the financial history of the post-war period. It means that the time has definitely come to an end when the world seemed to waver between monetary systems frankly bottomed upon gold on the one hand and fluctuating exchanges and so-called "managed currencies" on the other. . . . For the United States this development is of the vastest importance. . . .

The international air has been cleared by this step. Economics and diplomacy have gone hand in hand; and the result is a fresh bond making for peace and for national security. The British Ambassador at Washington recently expressed the thought, that in addition to "hands across the sea" our Anglo-American relations are now based on "goods across the water." Thus we see that amidst the intricacies of international relations the hard common sense of business has its place.

We must, however, remember that "man does not live by bread alone." There are the spiritual values as well. "Without a vision the people perish." If economics or diplomacy fail to realize the eternal verities which guide nations along paths of honor and honesty, they both become as tinkling cymbals for the dance of death. The power which they represent today may be swept aside. The ancient sacrifice of an humble and a contrite heart remains.

ALFRED L. P. DENNIS.

THE NEW "BREAK-UP" OF CHINA

BY HAROLD SCOTT QUIGLEY

LORD BERESFORD'S term has become familiar as having presaged, nearly a generation ago, the impending partition of China among the Powers. Today that contingency is not feared but another apprehension, resulting from the movement for provincial autonomy, has taken its place. So significant has the autonomy movement become that the capital is no longer competent to speak for all China. The situation gives rise to the fear that this more and more marked tendency may culminate in the "break-up" of the Republic into a number of independent areas that may in time declare themselves and receive recognition as new States.

The prevailing attitude of the Provinces did not spring full-blown from the revolution by which China became a republic. Under the Imperial Government there were very clearly marked aspects of federalism in the relation between the central and provincial agencies of administration. The characterization of Manchu government given by W. F. Mayers has become classic: "The central government of China, so far as a system of this nature is recognized in the existing institutions, is arranged with the object rather of registering and checking the action of the various provincial administrations, than with that of assuming a direct initiative in the conduct of affairs. . . . The Central Government may be said to criticize rather than to control the action of the twenty-one provincial administrations, wielding, however, at all times the power of removal from his post of any official whose conduct may be found irregular or considered dangerous to the stability of the State".

In letter monarchical China was a unitary State. Legal instruments ran in the name of the Emperor, and the people thought of China as one magnificent and supreme whole. The officials were imposed upon them from above, their participation in the forms of governmental action was limited to village life, they were

accustomed to thinking of government as a specialized business which the mandarins were paid to do and which they, the "stupid people", would be great fools to worry about. The officials were, under ordinary circumstances, completely subservient to the imperial will, even to the point of accepting with submission the silken cord which commanded self-destruction. The most minute regulations for the guidance of the whole hierarchy of administration had been laid down through successive dynasties, and the principal function of the Central Government was to assure the observance of these rules.

On the other hand, the quoted statement of Mr. Mayers is well sustained by the facts that lay beneath the surface covering of regulations, appointments, and the vague popular idea of unity. One authority, in explaining the survival of the façade of Manchu absolutism after the great supports of that dynasty had dropped out of the structure, makes the startling but demonstrable statement that "not only has there never been any absolutism properly so-called in China, but . . . apart from the most meagre and inefficient tax-collecting and some rough-and-ready policing in and around cities, there has never been any true government at all save what the people did for themselves or what they demanded from the officials as a protection against one another". Geographical *force majeure* rendered it impossible for the satraps of a government several weeks' or months' journey distant to show other than sincere regard to the prejudices of the areas within which they, outsiders, ruled. Only feudalism could have maintained autocracy in China, autocracy, that is, of the feudal lords, which would have meant another type of provincial autonomy. But feudalism had disappeared in China before the Christian era.

The Imperial Province was therefore not a satrapy in which people of an inferior race were ruled by despots in little supported by military force, but at its best an aristocracy, at its worst an oligarchy, the expanded social polity existing in the smaller units, the village, town and district. The business of government was not extensive nor highly organized. It was administered, outside of the village, by centrally appointed officials; but it is to be recognized, on the one hand, that they took their cues—politically speaking—from the elders of the gentry class, and on the other

that the officials themselves were largely men of the same class who were by training sympathetic with the localized but benevolent attitude of the people among whom they were but *primi inter pares*. They were concerned to interpret local sentiment to the throne and to conduct themselves so as to avoid criticism from either throne or people. Assured of the customary contributions of sycee and grain, and unannoyed by petitions against injustice, the court was not inclined to interfere with provincial or local government.

It was largely the breakdown of the Manchu financial system under the strain of civil and foreign war and foreign indemnities that destroyed the dynasty. The breakdown was preceded by the imposition of a new tax, *likin*, levied on the transportation of merchandise within the country, which proved easily susceptible to gross manipulation, and by efforts to increase the land tax. Both of these expedients for providing the funds to meet hitherto unknown demands operated to arouse the latent antagonism of the Provinces to any measures designed to interfere with the regular current of their economic life. Provinces resented also the efforts of the Central Government to control the building of railways and the granting of concessions for other types of development, all of which offered new opportunities for profitable business and additional sources of "squeeze". In the words of Mr. J. O. P. Bland: "At an early stage . . . it became clear that the patriotic agitation against the Central Government's foreign loans was nothing more than an expression of the Provinces' determination to handle their own railways and railway finance." The influence of provincial sentiment is illustrated by the case of the Chekiang railway, in which the Central Government was constrained, after a prolonged endeavor to handle the construction of the line, to turn it over to the provincial authorities and to hand over to them the proceeds of a foreign loan to dispose of without supervision. When the Central Government proceeded, in spite of provincial opposition, to enter into the Hukuang loan agreement for railway construction, in which revenues in Provinces to be benefited were pledged as security, revolt became flagrant and took the form of anti-dynastic agitation, contributing materially to the success of the Republican movement.

The Republican Revolution in 1911 gave the finishing blow to the nice balance of forces by which the old Chinese State had been held together. Heaviest among the imperial balance-weights had been the institution of monarchy,—ancient, splendid, powerful,—sustained by the Confucian rules of *li* or propriety which inculcated toward the Emperor that attitude of obedience made obligatory by the same rules in the son toward the father. It was not a slavish relationship thus commanded but a healthful obligation to respect the ruler so long as he respected the "mandate of Heaven". With the downfall of monarchy the classics no longer applied. They contained no parenthetical alternatives to which a President or a Parliament might point. Henceforth the ties with the Central Government, which, it has been pointed out, were at best largely formal and ceremonial, might be disregarded.

Only second in importance to the Emperor had been the Mandarinate. This unspecialized but highly educated bureaucracy was a cement well adapted to the strain of holding together the huge elements of the imperial structure. It had fallen before the attack of Western ideas a few years before the Republic was proclaimed. With it went the ocular evidence of a supposedly unitary state, as well as the assurance that magistrates and governors, if often corrupt, would be men of learning and ability. Where in China were men of the calibre of Li Hung-chang, Chang Chih-tung and Tseng Kuo-fang to come from if not via the old route of the ancient philosophy, history and literature? It was bound to be a long wait for men of equal capacity to be developed by the new educational process. The new mandarin would require a double measure of tact to secure himself acceptability. Meanwhile the bars were down to the place-hunters who would do the bidding of any man powerful enough to patronize them.

With the coming of a Republic the Provinces were left temporarily to their own resources in the selection of officials. During the revolution a number of Provinces had gone so far as to declare themselves independent republics. Particularly among the southern Provinces there was bruited the idea of federation. Kiangsu and Chekiang adopted provisional constitutions as a step in that direction. In the first session of the National As-

sembly the Kuomintang, Dr. Sun Yat-sen's party, ardently supported the project to write the federal system into the draft of the "permanent" constitution. These men were moved by political and economic considerations. They wanted the power and wealth that official position would give, some of them were at that time sincerely anxious for reform along democratic lines, and they desired to direct railway and industrial development projects into provincial hands, mainly for two reasons: they objected to having the central officials pile up illegitimate riches at their expense, and they were opposed to the supervisory terms which foreign banks were insisting upon in return for loans.

Of a somewhat different type and attitude from the Kuomintang politicians, but tending in individual instances to shade into them, were the *tutuh* or military Governors that appeared upon the scene in a number of Provinces when the old Viceroys and civil Governors fled. These men were self-constituted as a rule, whether or not the form of election by some representative body was gone through. Their military character has been somewhat over-emphasized, as Mr. Bland has pointed out. He says very truly: "The real article is . . . generally a sleek Confucianist scholar up to date, a slim and subtle intelligence, coldly calculating and quite ruthless, who uses men and money with consummate ability." Possibly Mr. Bland has over-stated the case on the other side, since some *tutuh* have been generals in fact as well as by adoption of the appropriate title and uniform, and some of them have been very ignorant men. Their methods of political action have in all cases, however, been those of intrigue and bribery wherever possible in preference to fighting. It is upon these men that the principal responsibility for the present divided China rests. Three times their titles have been changed, first to *chiang-chun*, later to *tuchun* and again to *tupan*. The latter title has not come into common usage, and today they are generally known as *tuchun*. Under any title their actions have been determined by opportunism rather than principle. They have built up their own armies, denied the regularly apportioned share of provincial revenues to Peking, seized railway and salt funds, and entered into alliances with other *tuchun*. In their own Provinces they have used the revenues to intimidate the people with nondescript

armies and to corrupt their representatives in the Assemblies. Very little money has gone into education or economic development, and foreign capital has been driven away by lack of security and in fear of assisting the dissolution of the State.

The era of Yuan Shih-k'ai, 1912–1916, was a period of comparative success on the part of Yuan himself and those *tuchun* and politicians who supported him, in the effort to defeat and destroy the federalizing tendencies. It may be said, however, that the methods used during that period intensified the latent resentment against actual autocracy and that, as a result, with the death of Yuan the process of crumbling became more rapid. Yuan saw as the only immediate re-stabilizing force the return of monarchy and attempted to act upon the premise, but failed, in part because of revolt in the southern Provinces, in part through the objection opposed by certain foreign Powers. But while he lived he controlled the country. This he accomplished by establishing in all Provinces Governors whom he had trained to war and who felt toward him something of the respect and regard of pupils for a teacher. He dissolved the National and Provincial assemblies in which the dangerous discussion of parliamentary and federal government had been rife. He sought to restore a type of civil service examinations resembling the old classical ordeal, but time failed him. He was an experienced politician and used the accepted devices of bribery, nepotism and violence each in its appropriate setting.

Since Yuan Shih-k'ai's death the influence of his ideas has lived on in the leaders of the military groups called, respectively, the "Chihli Clique" and the "Anfu Clique". These groups were made up of Yuan's former subordinates and, whatever their jealousies and disputes, they have sought to reunite the country after their own fashion. These men hold the provincial governorships, civil as well as military. Their major difficulty has been evident in their inability to hold together without Yuan's firm leadership. Year after year has shown additional breaks, cliques within cliques, until at present the attempt to discover a regular, recognized administrative relationship between the Central Government and the Provinces would be fruitless. Instead the situation exhibits, paradoxically, a tendency on the part of the *tuchun* to

drop out of the struggle for centralization and to make themselves comfortable in their own Provinces. This policy has its perils in that their neighbors may combine to oust them. Hence the unfortunate necessity of alliances and armies, of preparedness not only to protect oneself but to support the arms of some more ambitious colleague. Among all China's Provinces one can point to but one, Shansi, in which the Governor has been continuously successful in the policy of "live and let live". But no other Governor has made the determined efforts for success that have distinguished the administration of Governor Yen.

Returning to the Kuomintang as the organized spokesman of federalism, it is apparent that the determination of this group had increased under persecution. When the "Old Parliament" reassembled in the summer of 1916, the debate was resumed. At this time Premier Tuan Ch'i-jui, supported by a second political faction in the Assembly, the Chinputang, opposed the movement to write the principle of division of powers into the permanent Constitution. Although the knowledge of federalism had been disseminated widely by the newspapers, there still existed considerable apprehension regarding its possible effects. Nothing had been accomplished by its supporters before the second forcible dissolution of the Assembly in 1917.

It was from the date of this second arrogant and unconstitutional rebuff that the federalist movement, as a quasi-popular rather than a group programme, moved from the national to various provincial capitals. The centres of greatest interest and effort were Hunan and Chekiang. The movement underwent a change of emphasis in its transfer from Peking to the Provinces. The idea was mooted and became the topic of general discussion that a federal Republic could not be built up out of unrepublican Provinces. The conclusion drawn was that the Provinces must first frame constitutions of their own, regardless of Central Government objections, and work out the application of democratic principles at home. When this process had been extended and proved successful throughout the whole country, the bane of militarism and political corruption would have been rooted out and a national Government could be formed with the powers appropriate to it. Back of this sort of opinion, which was mainly win-

dow dressing, lay the old sentiment for non-interference in economic matters. The important fact was that the mercantile and land owning classes, the same men who had caused the revolution, were again making their influence felt. In several Provinces constitutions were drafted or discussed.

To attribute any considerable significance to these provincial constitutions as organs of government would be to substitute enthusiasm for facts. Only one, that of Hunan, is even supposedly in operation. Chao Heng-ti, the civil Governor, received his election from the people. He was opposed by several other candidates and the "regular" election methods of bribery, intimidation and even assassination were used. There is no *tuchun* in the Province but the civil Governor is Commander-in-Chief of the troops, which amounts to the same thing. However, there is no doubt that the Hunanese consider themselves much freer in their relations with the Governor and with the Governments that come and go at Peking, now that they have with impunity made a formal declaration of independence.

In the third session of the "Old Parliament", which followed the victory of the Chihli clique over the Manchurian Governor-General, Chang Tso-lin, in 1922, the supporters of federalism were apparently successful in writing their theory into the "permanent" Constitution. Provision was made for division of powers and Provinces were authorized to frame their own "self-government laws". But if this be federalism it is federalism very much diluted, since national power is rendered capable of extending over well-nigh the entire field of government and a chapter is devoted to outlining the structure which the Provinces are required to incorporate in their constitutions. On the other hand, it would be practicable for the national Government, by refraining from action in the field of concurrent power, to accommodate itself to the self-government ambitions of the Provinces.

As the result of the latest major episode in China's politico-military evolution, Wu Pei-fu, the Yangtze militarist, was supplanted as the power behind the executive by the Governor-General of Manchuria, Chang Tso-lin. The President, Ts'ao K'un, awaits his fate in prison, and Tuan Ch'i-jui, dean of Yuan Shih-k'ai's military heirs, has been declared Provisional President.

The manœuvers by which Wu Pei-fu was overthrown recall the fate of Yuan Shih-k'ai. On the eve of success both men fell because of the jealousy of subordinates and the tremendous difficulty, over so large a territory, of spreading men and money thickly enough to overcome the localism of the more remote or more self-conscious Provinces. The programme which the new masters of Peking have published is that of unification by agreement. It is as yet too early to appraise it save in terms of their past records, which would suggest yet another effort to unify the country by military methods.

Concluding, it will be recalled that the Provinces have long been accustomed to self-government and that it was the encroachment of the national Government upon their accustomed sphere of activity that led to revolution. Provincial resentment hinged, however, not upon political theorizing but upon jealousy for economic well-being. Order has not been restored because self-seeking military and political bosses have seized the opportunity given by the dissolution of the monarchy to strive with each other for power. The problem of the re-settlement of relations between Peking and the Provinces is not a question of constitutional government or administration but of a particularly complicated and unsavory type of factional politics. The rank and file of Chinese have no interest in this strife but would accept any sort of government that would take account of their customs and welfare.

This is the fact that is tending toward the break-up of China. It is apparent in Hunan, in Kuangtung, in Chekiang, in Szechuan, in Manchuria and other regions. It is an under-current of gentry sentiment beneath the more obvious swirls in the political stream. The land owners and merchants, the bankers and manufacturers, the silent but effective classes, are seeking a way to prosper and the route they are choosing appears to be that of provincial or regional independence.

The break-up of China into Provinces or regions has happened before with the overthrow of a dynasty. After a period of civil war a new dynasty has been established and the segments of the dragon have been fitted together again. There is a more or less general inclination at this time to look for a "strong man". Not improbably such a man will appear. Yet already several such

men have tried to help history to repeat herself but have failed. What the evidence points toward now is the tendency of a number of the *tuchun* to be satisfied with provincial power, to regard their Provinces much as the middle class is regarding them, as areas for local development with which outsiders should not interfere. There is apparent a convergence of aims in the military and financial groups which may create a very strong alliance of forces.

It is conceivable that this may lead to a fairly general realization of the futility of civil struggle and an attempt of a more sincere nature than any hitherto have been to unite the many factions through conference and agreement rather than by military force. Such a settlement would need to recognize that the Provinces have been in the past, are today and must of necessity remain, if they are to continue as units of the Chinese State, largely self-governing. The Central Government must be content with restricted powers, confining itself to the conduct of foreign relations and such other functions as the Provinces are willing to entrust to it. To be strong the Central Government need not possess a wide scope of functions. Far better that it should exercise those it has with the cordial support of the Provinces.

Finally, one must in any country, and particularly in China, give attention to the cultural aspects of nationalism as a powerful influence in overcoming separatist political tendencies. Culturally China has not broken up and the attack upon her classical civilization seems to have become rather shame-faced and to incline toward an atonement which shall reinvigorate it rather than weaken or destroy it. Deference to her universal culture is an ever-present element in the activities of all classes of her people. *Tuchun* and Assemblies may assert independence stoutly, but what they seem to mean is independence of each other, not of the mother of them all. The family system, the ethical precepts, the customs immemorial, racial similarity, the common literature—these are the real uniting forces in China. It is difficult indeed to imagine a people thus held together becoming separated permanently into independent political units.

HAROLD SCOTT QUIGLEY.

JOHN RUSKIN TO RAWDON BROWN—I

THE UNPUBLISHED CORRESPONDENCE OF AN ANGLO-VENETIAN FRIENDSHIP

BY PAUL KAUFMAN

I DO not look to my correspondence as a duty to be performed, but as the very best mode of entering society. Surely time is generally ten thousand times more wasted in the commonplaces of the tongue, than in selecting such pieces of our mind as would be glad of sympathy, and folding them in the sheet of paper for our friend. If I like a friend at all I like him on paper.

Thus, writing to a college friend at the age of twenty-two, did Ruskin formulate a theory of epistolary friendship which he was to carry through with untiring enthusiasm for over fifty years. Endowed with a nature overflowing with affection and with eagerness to express itself, he had many friends and he "liked them all on paper". Once he told Norton that he was writing fifteen to twenty-five letters a day—a slight matter for the modern business man surrounded with stenographers and dictaphones, but a creative achievement of some magnitude when one has, like Ruskin, something significant to say. The result was a correspondence which in extent, as well as in abiding worth, can hardly be equalled in the nineteenth century. His letters to Charles Eliot Norton rank, together with those of Carlyle and Emerson, as the most memorable transatlantic correspondence; and more of his letters, I believe, have been printed than in the case of any other English (or American) writer. To such publication he was the last to object, for he once declared: "I never wrote a private letter to any human being which I would not let a bill-sticker chalk up six feet high on Hyde Park wall, and stand myself in Piccadilly and say 'I did it!'"

Among those who, according to his own description, belonged to his "inner circle" was a brilliant English gentleman, a graduate of Oxford and a man of means, Rawdon Lubbock Brown. In

1833, when he was just thirty, Brown had gone to Venice in quest of the grave of Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, who had been banished for life, as dramatically portrayed in Shakespeare's *Richard II*, and

> . . . at Venice gave
> His body to that pleasant country's earth.

Thwarted for many years in his search (until he finally discovered the gravestone and by a daring ruse smuggled it off to England), this Englishman became completely absorbed in the history of Venice and in the city itself, and for exactly half a century, until his death in 1883, he never left Italy. No man, the authorities tell us, ever knew Venice and her romantic story as did Rawdon Brown, and no one ever published so many valuable documents revealing her history. He was the first to bring to light the news letters written by Venetian ambassadors in England during several centuries, thus illuminating the diplomatic relations between the two peoples. So important were his revelations that Lord Palmerston, when Prime Minister, commissioned him to publish his researches as official State papers. In the process he examined twelve million packets of documents.

Knowing every Englishman of note who came to his beloved adopted city, Brown of course became acquainted with Ruskin, and the two became not only lifelong friends—"of an inner circle"—but fellow-workers in making Venice appreciated in England and America and indeed throughout the world. Readers of *The Stones of Venice* recall how gratefully Ruskin records his great debt to the older man. The letters which follow reconstruct for the first time[1] the story of this memorable companionship, nourished by a transcontinental correspondence for over a quarter of a century, between one who revealed the history of Venice and one who revealed the glory of her art.

[1]Six of these may be found in full or in part in Cook and Wedderburn's edition of Ruskin in thirty-nine volumes. The rest of the collection of more than forty have not been published. They form a single collection which W. G. Cavendish-Bentinck, Esq., presented in 1900 (the year of Ruskin's death) to the British Museum. For permission to publish them I am indebted to the officials of that institution. I preserve Ruskin's punctuation and omit only the parts which are of minor interest.

[Denmark Hill, his residence in Camberwell, London suburb, 1843-1872.]
3rd November 57

Dear Mr. Brown

I think I shall just send you a word of kind wishes now and then—not pretending to be a letter—I find it is no use waiting, in this world of steam and speed, till one has "time" to write letters.—

I cannot tell you how much I was touched by the two precious little notes from Ivan and Panno—and by what you said, in sending them. I have never believed—nor ever found, human nature ungrateful, on the contrary the strength of gratitude one receives often for the least kindnessess is one of the saddest things in the world—Wordsworth is not an idol of yours—but that is a deeply meant couplet of his—

Alas, the *gratitude* of men
Hath oftener left me mourning.

—Not but that if one tries to do people a service against their will, they can be ungrateful to purpose. I imagine the way people generally complain of ingratitude is that they want their friends to be happy only in *their* way. . . . I am recovering my sense of enchantment about Venice—but very slowly.

I will write again before long. Mind you don't take any trouble, nor answer this absurd little note.

Ever gratefully Yours

J Ruskin

Kindest regards to Joan.

A number of letters, probably a good many, had passed between the two friends before the date of the preceding, which stands first in the collection. When this was written they had known each other eight years, having met during the winter of 1849–50. At this time Ruskin spent several months in Venice, going through "so much hard, dry, mechanical toil there," as he afterwards wrote Norton, "that I quite lost the charm of the place." This explains how he had lost "the enchantment", which he now tells Brown he is recovering. Yet what he temporarily lost for himself he imparted to *The Stones of Venice*, the first volume of which he finished later in 1850. In this "hard, dry, mechanical toil . . . with pain of frost-bitten fingers and chilled throat as I examined or drew the window-sills in the wintry air", he was substantially assisted, as well as inspired, by Rawdon Brown. Again, from September, 1851, to July, 1852, he en-

joyed the personal companionship of Brown while he continued his toil for volumes two and three of *The Stones of Venice.*

Ivan, Panno, and Joan, referred to constantly with such affection in these letters, were Brown's faithful and beloved servants, the first two his gondoliers and Joan his housekeeper.

Mornex. (Haute Savoie) France
Jan 3rd. 1863

Dear Mr. Brown

How often I have been going to write to you—perhaps Heaven knows: I don't . . . . I've been a great deal worse since I last wrote to you: thought I was going to die in the summer: but didn't quite. and am a little better now, and settled here in great quiet—with books, and paper—and room for stones, and the hope of a few years of drowsy grasshopper life. I'm going to build myself a nest deeper in the hills; but I've got a house at present in this village—with a fair view south over the glaciers, and a sunny slope of limestone crag above, and Geneva accessible in a forenoon's walk—with news of the day and hour—when I forget them . . . .

I am ever affectionately yours, and gratefully

J Ruskin

In the next letter Ruskin inquires about a project of editing important materials, afterwards carried through entirely at Ruskin's expense, by Giambattista Lorenzi, the vice-librarian of St. Mark's. Lorenzi was one of Brown's closest friends, breakfasting with him every morning for years.

Geneva, 7th April 63

Dear Mr. Brown

I'm so glad I haven't lost a letter and I like you so much better for not answering directly—because I used to be quite frightened at you for being so formal with me, and so ashamed of my own impracticability—But I'm frightened now about what you say of your eyes—you know it will never do to overwork them. Whatever else one overworks—Pray rest for two or three months from calendars [The Calendars of State Papers which Brown was compiling], read nothing but large print—Now about Lorenzi's documents. What quantity of them—(in bulk, I mean)—will be producible, and what funds are needed for furtherance of plan or publication of results. I will not let such a plan—in such hands, come to abortive close, if it falls within any manageable limits: *and if the documents bring out any results contrary to my anticipation, I should all the more wish to have some share in the good work of their recovery* [This is underlined by Ruskin]. Let me know therefore what Lorenzi's materials and plans are. There is of course no question about publication, except that of the surplu

absolute loss, in such a case as this, it is simply building, one's own self—such monument to the place as is possible. Please give my best regards to Lorenzi, and say I am most happy to hear how he is employed and shall think myself still happier if I can help him.

If I were to *come* to Venice for a week of two about 15th September next, should I find you there? and between this & then, could the plan be brought into any manageable form.

I wonder what would be the cost of a little bachelor den, for a permanency of cupboard to put things in—with a marble balcony to the window—somewhere on the grand Canal or in the Ponte de hospici quarter,—the only one for me, wherever I live, now.—I should not be ever much at Venice, my health requiring hill air, but I should like to find my door opening to me, when I came. I am making many plans at present which may possibly all end soon in the house with the grass door and no key. But I wrote only yesterday to an advocate at Bonneville—asking if he could buy for me the entire barren top of a crag, with a little grassy cleft in it which I've long been fond of—5000 feet above the sea—I want to build myself a den there—at any rate—wherever I may wander on lower ground.

Why do I want to think of ears and eyes? In my own country—for the noise and smoke, in others, for the cries & blood—Not but *we* shed enough of that red ink—over account books.

Love to Joan and Panno
Ever your affectionate

J Ruskin

Geneva 12th October 1863

My dear Brown

I have been detained here so long by some business—(the last thing you would expect to detain me!) that I must give up the hope of seeing you this autumn; but it is only a delay of four months, as I shall make a point of reaching you in the spring; meantime let nothing of Lorenzi's projects be deranged. As soon as his book is in order, let me know in what form he wishes to publish it—what the expense will be—at Venice and then we will consider whether it should be published there or in London.

I am so used to disappointment of every sort that I write as if I were not vexed at not seeing you, but I am. The "business" was—and still is—the securing possession within assignable limits, of a piece of pasture and forest in Chamouni . . . [discussion of technical legal difficulties] . . . Old Piedmontese traditions and customs, mixed up with sudden influx of French formalities, and such convenience of arrangement as you may imagine, the next piece of ground belonging in common to sixty proprietors, most of whom can't read;—have entertained me here sufficiently during the time I hoped to be with you and Titian.

I am a little better in health, recovering I think—though very slowly from

the astonishment of despondency which had stunned me. I believe the chronic and intense anger in which I live, wears me out and poisons my blood; but there's no helping it for the present.—one can't but look at the papers sometimes. I am going into north Switzerland geologizing, (until some law papers are ready for me) & hope to get a little more nerve for the winter—then I go home (to London) until spring. . . . Give my love, please, to Joan and Panno, and say I shall be thinking of them at Xmas and seeing them I hope in the spring.

And believe me ever affectionately and gratefully

Yours

J Ruskin

Baden [Switzerland]

Saturday, 24th Oct. [1863]

My dear Brown

I have your kind letter. the Lanotts book and the photographs, all safe, and am glad of all—specially of the photograph (merely getting the real lines of Titian is something). I trust I may see it in the spring. I am so accustomed to live in the midst of ravage that the possibility of its restoration affects me little more than the sight of a new death does a soldier, or doctor. I have made up my mind to do without everything but my books & dinner—so long as I can keep clear of toothache I hold myself fortunate.

I am very busy drawing here, and knowing no more Italian than I did 20 year ago, have not made out Lorenzi's letter yet, except that he is ready to begin and that 2000 francs—not less, are needed forthwith. . . . on Saturday 7th at latest (in case of being hindered a day,) I will send you a hundred pounds. . . . I had much more to say, but my letter must go. I'm out nearly all day this weather it is so clear and fine.

Ever affectionately Yours

J Ruskin

Baden 10th Nov. 1863

My dear Brown

I have your nice letter: though late, for I was hindered after all from going to Geneva and had to send for your letter: and the £100 are sent by the Geneva bankers to you in their own way, of which I doubt not you will hear in due course. I am delighted that you speak so highly of Lorenzi's work . . .
am most happy to be of use to him and to the Ducal palace.

I leave this for home tomorrow, and once at home, the time will soon fly till I begin to think of coming to you—and seeing a gondola once more. I dreamed last night that I was in Venice—and there were no gondolas: only boats with one end cut off. [sketch of such boat inserted] like that, which I couldn't row in. What would Panno think of such a dream.

With best love—Yours always & faithfully

J Ruskin

[Denmark Hill,
Nov. or Dec. 1863.]

My dear Brown

I have just got your delightful little note. So kind it is of you. The motto on my seal ["Today"] was chosen two years ago—for many reasons—but chiefly to try to cure myself by that and other helps of procrastination—to which alone—not to forgetfulness, it is owing that you have not yet your stones of Venice & the letter you wanted. But I wanted to bind the Venice first, then came choosing pattern, then none could be chosen &c, &c. But I have just put them in bond & I'll get you the letter.

How funny that is about hortia and hostel—so new to me! that is the kind of thing I am chiefly working at now. I like it better than drawing—word-hunting is the only athletic exercise I can take.

All you tell me about Lorenzi is most clear & most pleasant. . . .

What I do over here is complicated with various plans—not rightly to be thought of as loving work—and as far as my experience goes—it is not the loving people who have the happiest new years—It is all I can do to keep an average contentment & fright off black night, & a new year is precisely the saddest thing that happens to me, except that it brings me sometimes a letter or two such as this of yours.

I answer in haste. I can't write. I write worse every day.

Ever your affectionate friend
J Ruskin

My father & mother beg their grateful regards.

[Denmark Hill]
18th Jan^{y} [1864]

My dear Brown

I have just got your most precious note, and the photograph. I have not yet examined it thoroughly, but I have myself no doubt that Ponti's provocatives are retouchings on the negative. I have never seen a single instance of a fine coloured work being rendered with this decision and I believe it to be physically impossible. . . .

Your documentary discoveries are most precious to me, and all your kindness in the matter.

I wrote you a line three days ago—to say that Venice books are coming.

Ever affectionately Yours
J Ruskin

[Denmark Hill, Jan or Feb. 1863]

My dear Brown

I have your kind note and second photograph. I had not looked close at the letters—but you know better than I if their type is ancient or modern—I do not think Titian would ever sign in that place, or way and I am certain the

greater part of the work on the limbs is modern—and that *every* part has been gone over by the retouchers. . . .

I have made so many mistakes myself in various matters—from over enthusiasm (Do you recollect the wrong Tabernacle I bought?) that I'm a little comforted by *your* pouncing too quickly on these same letters. . . .

I love you always better & better—& am

Ever affectionately
Yours
J Ruskin

[Denmark Hill, Feb. 1864]

My dear Brown

These three photogs are perfectly precious and divine—to me invaluable—Please tell Ponti to let me have just in this their first shape unmounted—anything and everything he can get from Titian, Tintoret,—Veronese, Ciura—or the Bellini's—charging me a proper profit on his cost price. . . .

I hope to be—i.e.—I *mean* to be positively unless prevented by accident—at Venice next spring. I suppose I *can* come without offense?—here in England I am looked upon as a republican—but the Venetians are gentlemen—and know an open foe from a plotter—whatever I say or do against them (and I have said things *for* them as well as against them sometimes) is said as openly as if it were in the English Parliament

—Ever my dear Brown
Yours affectionately
J Ruskin

The packet from Lorenzi is safe.—the printed part looks delightful—admirably got up.

But would you kindly tell Lorenzi with my sincere regards that I can't read Italian nor Latin without labour, and that the doctors—for I am seriously,—though they say not dangerously—ill, forbid all application. I disobey them so far as to draw, and to read geology, & some Plato & Virgil, but I cannot read anything that costs me the least labour,—so there's no hypercondriacism in the matter. . . .

[Denmark Hill]
5th February [1864]

My dear Brown

I have just got another of Lorenzi's packets. How superb and interesting they are! I'm so proud of them—you can't think—though its only like the grease-pot being proud of the carriage wheels. . . .

[Denmark Hill, Feb. or March, 1864]

My dear Brown

. . . This last year (autumn) in Chamouni—high on the hills, day after day, till limbs ached and lungs were like to snap—in the purest air of heaven, I

still saw the black earth, black. I can't understand the institution of Dying—Why do I want to paint the loveliest things—and why do I see that I might—if I had time—and why am I a moth—and a [?] of ducts—instead of a living creature?

—Why are the men about me all so mad & wild & wicked, & yet so good in all sorts of useless & foolish ways? and abler than I &c, &c, &c.

—I shall not row when I come to Venice. It would make me drown myself forthwith. I shall go dreamily looking at pictures, and come in the quiet evening sometimes & listen to you talking and telling me wonderful things of long ago—And I shall go botanizing a little where the grass grows—and drawing a little bit every day.—and not making myself more unpleasant than a half dead person must be: but it isn't exercise & won't but rest [*sic*]. & yet that I might feel steady progress in any hopeful doing [rest of sentence not clear] I like your letters so much I've put them all into a separate drawer, to be collated & worked over when I get to my Titian work again, if ever I do, & to be enjoyed, at all events, for their kindness, at all times—nothing can be on the whole so precious to me if I recover myself a little, as details respecting the life & work of Venetian painters. . . .

Ever affectionately and gratefully Yours
J Ruskin

Ruskin once declared that his three masters were Titian, Carlyle, and Turner. From the preceding letter one infers that he had "recovered the enchantment" of Venice.

Paul Kaufman.

To be concluded

THREE POEMS

BY SALLY BRUCE KINSOLVING

MAGDALEN

A wave trembled and broke
Into a cup of sand—
Passion old as the sea awoke
In the hollow of your hand.

The wave melted away
In the wash of the tide,
And I would run to the sea-caves
Where I might hide.

AN EMPTY HOUSE

There's sweet for bitter
And bitter for sweet—
An empty house
On a full street—

An empty house
Garnished and swept:
Some have laughed in it—
Others have wept.

STILLNESS

April is a hush
Felt everywhere,
God in tree and bush,
Saints at prayer . . .

Bells that do not ring,
Nuns in white—
Only birds caroling—
And a moon at night.

RECOVERY

BY MARK VAN DOREN

There must be many days without a storm,
And many peaceful nights, before this tree
Can be itself again. The branches hang
In order now; the leaves are very still—
But the wind upturned and tore them yesterday,
And all they held was poured into the rain.
The tree is empty now as an old bell
Suddenly swung. . . . The darkness gathered here
Was filled with silent movement, of the shapes
That never speak. Each bird that fluttered through
Hung up an echoing wing-beat, like a leaf.
The gentle winds that hourly wandered in
Made hesitating music, never lost,
Nor ever heard by any but the nights
That folded round the days and darkened them—
All sleeping till the tempest burst about. . . .
The tree has not lamented what is gone.
Time, and the open air, and the quiet ground
Already work together with the wrens
And noiseless, climbing spiders. They collect
New treasure now, sufficient for a while.

THE FREEDOM OF THE CITY

BY CHARLES DOWNING LAY

I

THERE have always been cities, but the great city as we know it today is new. Its ever increasing size has worried many people, so that it has become the fashion to look askance at the city and to regard it as an unfortunate accident of modern life, which with its many conveniences could be so happily enjoyed in pleasanter surroundings. The city is full of shocks for the person of refinement, sights that sicken him, and contacts with fellow men that make him cringe. It is a constant repetition of annoyances for the sensitive; the clamour of the streets, the interruptions of many people demanding a hearing, the discords in time and place, keep his nerves ever on edge. The city lacks, too, much of the sensuous appeal of the country. Its hard pavements do not lead one's feet to stray as do the green pastures of the farm, nor is the muddy gutter of the city as pleasing as the brook babbling over crystal pebbles.

We feel in the city restricted and confined and miss the freedom to roam, to idle, to follow our own way in our own time, for which the country gives us so many opportunities. Appealing as they are, these reasons for a preference for the country are sensuous, or sentimental, or querulous, and do little credit to the persons who use them as arguments for choosing life in the country—for someone else!

At bottom the case of city *versus* country is simple. The choice is carefully made by thousands of people every day. To say that those who choose the city would be better off if they chose the country is futile, and not borne out by any of the facts.

It has never been shown by convincing argument that the great city is not the best place to live. It may seem wrong that people in the city (especially you and I) should be deprived of

that which is so plentiful in the country, namely space. If space is more pleasing than companionship to some people, it is also more easy for them to secure. But not in the city, for the great merit of the city is in the immense congregation of people in one small spot.

Statistics and experience prove that city people are better off than those who live in the country, in health, in opportunity to make a living, in education, and in the possibility of a spiritual awakening.

It will not do to measure the value of the city in terms of material things only, for we must believe that it is only progress toward a higher spiritual life that counts. Our advance in material welfare is nothing so long as we produce no intellects superior to those of Greece. Failing in that, we must conclude that there has been no progress in the spirit of man for two thousand years. All else is of little value. The city, however, should be credited with a great influence in raising the average of education and perhaps of intelligence, and with a general quickening of mentality, which may in time produce great intellects.

It is evident that our advance in science, in invention, in trade, which makes life today so easy and so pleasant, has made the city possible, as the city in turn has furnished the rich soil and the perfect climate to stimulate the growth of science and invention. The activity of mind which makes the city possible is itself fostered by the city. There is an interdependence so complete between the city and scientific progress that they cannot be separated. We might almost say that they are identical, and that the city is only scientific and inventive mental activity.

I believe, too, that the city has the same identity with artistic effort of every kind, and that the Muses today dwell on one of our steel frame peaks in the city. It is obvious that many intellectual and artistic activities can be undertaken only in a large city, and that the opportunities for the enjoyment of all the things of the city, that is, undertakings which require associates or the atmosphere of companionship, increase directly as the size of the city. No argument is possible here. If we care for churches, music, art, literature and the drama, we can have them nowhere so easily and of so high quality as in the city.

There are within a thousand feet of Forty-second Street and Broadway, New York, 56,000 seats in theatres, and in the whole city 96,000 seats. I can occupy one of these seats any night I please, and if I withdraw my support for years, I can still after that time begin again and probably have a wider choice. In a small town, if one wants good things one must support them; here they continue without my support.

II

No one has as yet thought much about the future of the city. Town planners who should look ahead have devoted all their energies to thinking up schemes to mitigate the city; to having their cake and eating it too. They realize that some city is necessary. We could not all go back to a rural life today, so they propose in different ways to limit the growth of the city, as if the fault might be forgiven because of its diminutive size.

In England they have invented the garden city, which is an arbitrary limitation of population on a definite area. They propose a city which will be so large and no larger, and will always be surrounded by a belt of farms. It is an idealistic scheme, so far not greatly productive, and always open to the gravest objections, social and economic.

Garden cities, like our residential districts, suggest a social order based on land restrictions, a special privilege to live luxuriously in a community so closely controlled that there is no room for the poor, but only for the socially inferior household servant. This may explain why it is so difficult to get servants in the suburbs of our large cities.

In this country we have devised a zoning scheme, which in so far as it protects the rights of individual property owners is admirable, but it may prove to be an obstacle to their growth and a disappointment to the many small towns which have sought it as a panacea for all their ills. For too close control may be worse than none at all, and may end that elasticity and mobility of development which is characteristic of our individualistic ways. The fluidity of our life in its relation to its *locus* startles the European, who is accustomed to having everything

set, like a stream of lava which has cooled. Our warm mobility, though it entails some waste, is more easily turned in new and promising directions.

None of our present schemes for control of the city are creative. They are restrictive, ameliorative perhaps, but carry no conviction of permanent rightness. We build to the limit of our laws in New York, and deserting the private house we crowd into multiple dwellings and are happy about it.

Rationalists of many kinds have proposed schemes for the better distribution (as they think) of population. They range in diversity from the "road town" to the many ideal cities which have been planned on paper. All are based on a despairing theory of amelioration and dilution. Meanwhile, there are definite tendencies in city organization which point the way to better planning.

There is, for instance, a development taking place in New York, where new centres are all the time being created which up to a certain point take care of local needs. These centres are in every district and consist of the grocer, the butcher, the druggist, and other retail shops. These local centres are every year growing in importance, and as a district changes from suburban or single family houses to multiple dwellings, they get some of the characteristics of a metropolitan district. They furnish by this time all the ordinary requirements of life, and one goes to the real centre only for exceptional needs. For the exceptional needs one still has many opportunities, for there are great department stores scattered all over the city.

If we think of the great city as one organism, the Leviathan, as it were, of communities, we shall have trouble to imagine one of sixty millions, for there are insurmountable difficulties in the enlargement ten times of all our facilities. A Grand Central Terminal ten times as large as the present one would be impracticable. The idea that the size must be greater to accommodate great crowds is, I think, the danger in the railway engineer's attitude, as it is the mistake of many city planners. We have not gone so far in city affairs as the railways have, for we do not enlarge our schools to take more children but build more schools. Police and fire departments are still scattered over the city.

When we consider the city as a community of separate individ-

uals, like the polyps of the Coral Islands, much of our difficulty vanishes. If a city of 100,000 or so people, such as Albany, requires a railway station of a certain size, then New York should have for the same railway system sixty stations the size of the one in Albany. This at once increases the convenience and reduces the congestion caused by our gigantic terminals. What the maximum convenient size for a railway station may be I do not know. I feel certain that our New York stations have exceeded that size, as some of our office buildings have admittedly exceeded profitable size. There is in all human affairs a certain scale to be held to. An eight foot door is high enough for anybody. If more people must use the door, we provide more doors, not a larger one. In our growing city we must have innumerable more units, not larger ones. Viewed as an aggregation of small units, the problem of the city becomes simple, for there is no difficulty in imagining a succession of little cities touching each other from New York to Boston or to Baltimore.

The obsession of bigness, as if the city must grow equally in three dimensions because it covers so much ground, has vitiated much of our study of the big city, which is almost as simple as the hive. When that gets crowded, a new colony is sent out to form a new city. But it prospers close against the old—it need not be separated by open fields, for the bee is nearly as mobile as we and seeks his provender as far afield as we do. It need not be grown in the front yard.

There is no danger inherent in density of population, for the number of people living on an acre of ground tells comparatively little of the way they live. It is not how many of us there are to the acre, but how well we live, that determines whether the city be well or ill. If people crowd into too few rooms, it matters little whether those rooms be in city or country.

Living conditions have been bad in the city, are now bad in spots, but it is a hangover from the past and cannot happen again. Our laws are all the time requiring better housing and reinforcing our native desire for luxury, which has never before been so gratified, in clothes, in houses and in travel. I suspect that some of our luxuries tend toward restraint in victuals and drink; so much money being needed for tires and gasoline.

III

The air is full of hopes of new things which are expected to bring about decentralization and a definite halt in the growth of the city. Chief among them is the superpower system which will link up all the steam and water power plants in the East and send the power countrywide. In theory, each farmer will then be able to start in any light industry he pleases. The country districts will be as regards availability of power equal to the city, and the country shop will besides be free of some of the heavy expenses of the city, such as costly building, high taxes, truckage, high wages. It is indeed quite possible for a small industry to move into a village and find there cheap power, cheap rent, a railroad siding and a limited supply of cheap and good labor, but as the industry grows it must attract more labor, thus starting a city, or move to a larger city. Either way, it inevitably becomes an urban industry.

For a smaller industry, such as any mechanic or farmer might start, the difficulties seem insurmountable in spite of cheap and abundant power. In the first place, there is a capital expenditure for motor and machines and the overhead on these. How can he get the capital? No one will invest in an experiment in industry which depends upon the capacity of one untrained man. What shall he manufacture for a country well supplied with everything, and in what quantity, and how shall he market his goods? Any manufacturer knows that the cost of selling goods comes near to equalling the cost of manufacturing them. How much will the small manufacturer be restricted by lack of full equipment?

Efficient small scale production will undoubtedly come—is here, but only in articles which must be delivered fresh to the consumer. Such things are newspapers and bread, but to these might be added the things done while you wait, like pressing clothes, repairing shoes, and endless work on automobiles. But the amount of power and of machinery needed for such work is little. Any article which is not too heavy to be shipped cheaply can undoubtedly be made more profitably in a big city, and sold for less in the small town than if it were made there.

IV

I feel so assured of the continued growth of our cities and so happy about it that I wonder at the fear of size which is so general. We who remember the first motor cars know that an automobile of today would then have filled us with fear of its size and its power; but the fact is that cars now climb trees less frequently than then and are more easily controlled and safer.

If a city of six million is pleasant and satisfactory, why not one of sixty million? It will make no difference to the New Yorker, who sees nothing off his beaten track from Forty-second Street to Fifty-ninth Street, whether there are six or sixty million on the outskirts, for Fifth Avenue has just about reached the limit of crowding and can never be much worse than now.

If we accept the idea of a city of sixty or more millions as possible and desirable, we must begin to think how it may most easily be managed and what the result might be.

Politically the great city is becoming more powerful, more independent, and is taking to itself through necessity functions which our forefathers never thought of and which we sometimes view with alarm. Naturally enough our political machinery for managing the big city has lagged behind our development in science and invention, but we are progressing and the next great step in advance will be, I think, in city government, which must be improved in organization and in technique. The powers of the city government will no doubt be further extended, so that it will have still greater control of private property, of public utilities, of education and of recreation of any type. Step by step we are marching toward an autonomy which will some day put the city in control of the State and toward a power which will limit the individual's chance to injure his neighbor but leave him free to enjoy living in his own way so far as his spiritual life is concerned. The physical freedom of yesterday we have forgotten.

The desire for concentration is seen everywhere, in rural schools which are being abandoned in favour of a central school with larger opportunities, in the decline of the small general store and the increase of mail order houses.

V

What can rural life have to offer in comparison with the city? Few endure it in contentment if they cannot often get to some city.

A young man cannot marry and start farming without capital. He must furnish the house, buy nearly as many clothes as in the city, besides buy all the horses, cows, poultry and endless machinery, for no matter how industrious he may be he cannot farm without machinery. And it is to be remembered he is investing his capital in a business subject to many chances, and he may lose it. Paying installments on the separator or the tractor, or the continuous expense of keeping up a young orchard, may defer for years the purchase of a fur coat for his wife. In the city a boy with a good job can marry when ready. No capital is required.

It is impertinent to suggest that there is waste in hauling people back and forth in the city, for that is only to be judged from the point of view of the individual. No one can say that it is a waste if I wish to live in Nassau County and find it to my advantage to work in Manhattan. Shall someone order me to move or change my job? Or say that I waste my time in traveling? Who knows whether it is a waste for me or not?

If we enjoy the department store with its treasure collected from all the world, we must realize that it is not there for us alone; that without our million or so neighbors and many guests it could not be there. So it is with all the other things, churches, museums, lectures, music, exhibitions, taxicabs and subways.

It would be easy to show how diffusion defeats its ends and brings greater hardships, for it means inevitably more time lost in travel; more money spent for which the return is only in space and diminished opportunity. No idealist would attempt a plan whereby every worker in office, in shop and factory, could walk to his work. Such a scheme would entail endless labour of work-time travel, of truckage, of annoyance, and how could such a plan be stabilized? Would anyone care to live in such a mixed district?

Though rents go up with each increase of population, yet the

rent becomes more worth paying, for the increases of opportunity of every sort keep pace also with the population. It is never mere cheapness of living that determines a man's residence. It would not be difficult, I think, to show that cheap living means low wages, dear living high wages, the ratio between the cheap and low and the dear and high being nearly the same. But the advantage is all in favor of the high wages and the dear living, for this combination means greater opportunity and an enormous amount of free things which are the result of communal enterprise. It is true that rents are high in New York, but living on the whole is cheaper, if by living we mean anything more than minimum necessities.

VI

It would be troublesome to describe the city of the future without dropping into the style of *Gulliver's Travels*, or of Bellamy's *Looking Backward*. Except that we are accustomed to marvels, it would seem as preposterous as flying, or as fanciful as the popular scientific magazines. We should get over our fear of the city, cease trying to ameliorate it by giving it weak echoes of the country or to make it innocuous by great dilution, but try rather to make this new machine a good one that will work, instead of saying all the time, it's too big, it will not work!

The greatest annoyance in cities today is that our highways, inherited from a horse drawn age, are insufficient for our present needs. To rebuild an entire city to meet the requirements of such an epoch-making thing as the motor car is no small task, but it can be done. The approach to the problem must be a new one. The experience of the past avails nothing. The ideal to be sought is a direct route from the garage in the cellar of my house, with little control or traffic regulation, in any direction to the open country. If we can reach the country easily, the city becomes perfect. We live in comfort and gregariously, and yet have all the pleasures of rural life. The problem obviously requires a separation of classes of traffic, and the elimination of grade crossings of streets on trunk highways.

The tendency is strong to dwell on the things in which we are backward, like highways, and to forget our great accomplish-

ments, of which water and light are perhaps the greatest. New York has probably the finest water supply in the world, yet it costs something less than fifteen dollars per year for one family in a large house. In the country a good supply is hard to find, expensive to get and costly to maintain. It might easily represent a capital expenditure of $10,000 and cost several hundred dollars a year to operate, plus interest on the investment. Water is the great example of the advantage of living in a large community, but schools and streets and parks are just as good illustrations.

It would be hard for an outsider seeing the low cost of our common enterprises to believe that we do not yet have central heating plants, but that each house has its own fire which must be stoked and have coal brought for it and the ashes taken away.

For a nickel we ride from furthest Brooklyn to uppermost Bronx, roughly twenty miles. Where else in the world can one ride so cheaply? The comfort and convenience of city life is the direct result of its great congestion. Congestion is the life of the city. Reduce it below a certain point, and much of our ease and convenience disappears.

We are certain in the future, I think, to have great cities thinning out quickly into suburbs, a few farming districts scattered here and there on the best land where all work is done by machine, numerous golf clubs as nuclei for suburban communities, but at places touching the city there will be forest in which the deer and bear and even perhaps the wolf will roam.

In my lifetime I have seen the decrease of rural population. Thirty years ago I had never seen a wild deer, and one had to go to the Adirondacks or Canada or Maine to get one. Today I could, if I were skilful, see one in half an hour's motor trip from the city in Westchester County, Connecticut or New Jersey. Our concentration in cities and the desertion of the country brings us nearer the wilderness today than ever, and it is infinitely less labor to get there.

VII

There are many social and ethical advances due to the herding in cities, but I prefer to call it a congregation rather than a herd.

If there be merit in the self-discipline required by regularity of habits, by punctuality, by industry, it is to be found in the city to a greater degree than in the country. Time for the true countryman means nothing, whether it be his time or another's, and most of his work can be better done tomorrow than today. Idlers and wastrels are alike the world over, but those of the city are not in greater proportion or more expert than those of the country. I have seen the snaky head of vice in city and country, but never has it seemed so cruel or so abhorrent as in the country.

City people, I think, are less irritated by each other, less jealous and envious, for they have more chances for comparison, more opportunities to avoid unpleasant encounters. The feelings of city people are less hurt by differences in standards of living.

I believe, too, that city people are many of them inspired to an industry unknown in the country, and that they work because they wish to rather than because they must. To be part of a big organization has a thrill of its own for many who would lack that incentive on a farm.

We have as yet in the city only touched the surface of living. We have brought to the city country habits and unrecognized desires for ease and sensual delights which are out of harmony or childish. Our small parks are still supposed to be little bits of rural scenery on exhibition in the city, instead of being as they should, like hothouses with living things to delight the senses but in an environment wholly artificial.

What freedom do we want that we cannot have in a great city? I can think of none except the freedom to be a brute, to run amuck and to be completely anti-social in every relation. But there are few communities large or small where one has such freedom. Possibly in the South Seas one might find a place to indulge brutishness, and any city man is free to seek such a spot.

Of real freedom to follow an interest or a hobby the great city gives more and more in proportion to its greatness. Individuality does not consist in eccentricities of demeanour, of dress, like going with or without hat or shoes, yet such foolishness can be indulged more freely in the great city than in a small village. Individuality is not killed by standardization of homes or habits or hair cuts or clothes, or by working a machine, for if it exist it

will show itself in more significant ways—in a quality of the voice, a flash of the eye, a quiver of the lip, or in a vividness of expression in speech or gesture or in a willingness to think. The trouble is that individuality is so rare and always has been. The opportunities for its growth were never better than today, can never be better than in the great city, where as compared with the country or with the past so little is needed to provide for mere existence, and there is so much time which the individual can use as his desires indicate.

The idea of questioning increasing leisure for fear people will not know what to do with it is as silly as questioning other forms of wealth of which this is the greatest. But the true test of the use of leisure is the intellect which uses it; for some, leisure may not have great value, but I doubt if it is more harmful to society than their other activities. If the merry populace have time to dance and sing, why should we object? Surely it is a happier state than that of the serf working sixteen hours for a bare existence, always miserable, without hope and without charity in his heart. I believe the dark ages of unwilling hard labor are gone, and that the friendly light of the city will continue to shine through the ages, calling people to come to communion with their fellows.

CHARLES DOWNING LAY.

THE AMERICAN FARMER RETURNS

BY HENRY L. BOURDIN AND STANLEY T. WILLIAMS

WHEN, in 1779, J. Hector St. John de Crèvecœur returned to the little port of New York to embark for his native France, he was still a poor man. During his twenty years in America he had served in the Canadian army; he had wandered through the Colonies; and he had lived at "Pine Hill", in Orange County, New York, as "The American Farmer". Poor he was, this eighteenth century adventurer, but we fancy that he watched carefully, as he boarded ship, a certain trunk. In it were manuscripts, the records of his Odyssey. The book made from some of these manuscripts you have read, if you are a lover of old, curious volumes. In the trunk, in their most primitive form were the *Letters from an American Farmer.*

Whether Crèvecœur, once on the high seas, exchanged experiences with his fellow-passengers, we do not know. A few months later, however—this we do know—he was taking counsel of the London publishers, Thomas Davies and Lockyer Davis, for the publication of his intimate journals of American pioneer life. Three years later (in 1782) the book appeared. Crèvecœur was now back in France, and prosperous. The vigorous "Farmer" has given place, in later life, to the successful Frenchman, living in Paris, and again in New York, as Consul. He has become the friend of Madame D'Houdetot, and a member of her aristocratic circle. Does he recall those winter nights in the Mohawk Valley when he peered out into the darkness of the snowstorm? When he returned to the fireside for his wife's mug of gingered cider?

The world at least, in France, in England and America, learned to love the story of the "American Farmer". In 1784 there were four editions of his book in Britain. In 1785 he brought out a free translation, the *Lettres d'un Cultivateur Americain:* and in 1793 Mathew Carey was godfather to the first American edition. Such fame must have pleased this born letter-writer. Yet, even

more, if he could have known the life of the nineteenth century, he might have seen reader after reader "discover" him, and delight in his stories of Martha's Vineyard; in the battle of the snakes; in the manly essay, *What is an American?* "Oh! tell Hazlitt," wrote Charles Lamb on November 10, 1805, "not to forget to send the American Farmer." In 1829 Hazlitt is still fond of the Farmer, for he speaks of him in *The Edinburgh Review* as one who "gives not only the subject, but the feelings of a new country." Yes, the world has accepted the *Letters from an American Farmer.* There they are in pocket-size on most of our shelves.

Meanwhile, what of the old trunk and the manuscripts? No one ever saw that manuscript which the London publisher used in 1782. Nor, what was more strange, did anyone ever behold either in manuscript or print, the rest of the Farmer's records. Were they lost? Yet Crèvecœur had meant to publish them, for an unobtrusive note in the edition of 1782 vouchsafed: "Should our Farmer's Letters be found to afford matter of useful entertainment to an intelligent and candid public, a second volume, equally interesting with those now published, may soon be expected." The second volume was not published, and the reasons, however attractive for speculation, we may not pause to examine. Rather we must hasten to an evening one hundred and forty years later. On this evening in a château, near Saumur, that trunk of the Farmer's was discovered by one of the writers of this narrative. There, wrapped in their eighteenth century coverings, he found the manuscripts. Outside the moon shone down on the Loire, as within he read by candle-light, the night through, the unpublished letters of the American Farmer.

They were indeed, as Crèvecœur had said, "equally interesting with those now published." In them were treasures for the scholar: the first specimens of Crèvecœur's handwriting, carrying with them the first opportunities for study of the diction and spelling of this eighteenth century Frenchman, who had been educated for a time in England, and who had lived for more than a score of years in America. Here were four realistic letters about farm life to dispose of the myth that Crèvecœur was a Rousseauistic dreamer. Here were passages from our "eighteenth century Thoreau", as delightful as those in the earlier

volume on the bees and the birds. "A Description", writes Crèvecœur, with characteristic spelling, "of 2 Species of Aunts in Virginia." Most charming, here was a prose *Snow-Bound*, with its delicate portraiture of the approach of the storm. Finally, there were new narratives of border-life: *The Frontier-Woman* and *The History of Mrs. B.* were not less stirring episodes than the old tales of Mary Rowlandson.

But we must let the Farmer speak for himself, speak of his own life as he never did in the earlier letters. He loves to withdraw from the routine of the farm, and write of his experiences. Yet when his wife surprises him at this, he "blushes". "There is", he says, "something truly ridiculous in a farmer quitting his Plough or his axe, and then flying to his pen . . . My wife herself who has never seen me handle the pen so much in all my life, helps to confound me. She laughs at my 'folly'." Yet writing (or drawing his sketches) was essential for Crèvecœur, who with all his crudities had the tastes of an artist. He must describe the curses of his life: the wolves, the caterpillars, and skunks; or how ingeniously he makes the family carriage. More gladly, however, he dwells on the "bees" and "simple Merriments" when the farmers' wives come together. "Poor as we are, if we have not the Gorgeous balls, the Harmonious concerts the shrill horn of Europa, yet we dilate our hearts as well with the simple Negro fidle, with our Rum & water as you do with your delicious wines."

Such social pleasures indeed make the American's home life more cheerful, Crèvecœur would have us think, than the European's: "It is in the art of our Simple Cookery that our wifes all aim at distinguishing themselves; this is famous for one thing, that for another. She who has not fresh Comb Honey, Some Sweet Meats of her own composing Smoke beef at Tea would be Looked upon as very Inexpert indeed . . . Thus going to drink Tea with Each other implies several very agreeable Ideas, that of Riding sometimes 5 or 6 miles, that of chatting much hearing the News of the County that of eating harty." For all such joys the Farmer gallantly thanks his wife, one Mehetable Tippet of Yonkers. "No one in America," he declares, forgets "what an useful acquisition a good wife is to an Am. Farmer how Small is his chance of prosperity if he draws a blank in that Lottery."

Even in the winter the cheerful parties continue. "It is the Season," says Crèvecœur, "that the Hospitality of the Americans is most conspicuous." Then follows a vignette of an old Colonial custom: "The severity of the climate requires that all our doors shou'd be open'd to the frosen traveller. Indeed we shut them not either by Night or by day at any Time of the year. The traveller when cold has a right to stop to warm himself at the first house he sees, he freely goes to the fire, which is kept burning all night, there he forgets the keenness of the cold, he smokes his Pipe, drinks the Cyder which is often left on the Harth and departs in Peace. We allways sleep in these rooms, at least I do and have often seen mine full when I was in my bed. On waking I have Sometimes spoke to them, at other times it was a Silent Meeting . . . Far from being uneasy at seeing my house thus filled while my wife and I are abed I think it on the contrary a great compliment, when I consider that by thus stopping they convince me that they have thought my House and my fire better than that of my Neighbors."

On another evening, this time on the actual frontier (in *Reflections on the Manners of the Americans*), we see a family together. Again it is winter: "The great Fire warms the whole House, cheers all the Family, it makes them think less of the Severity of the Season, he Hugges himself with an Involuntary feeling, he is conscious of present ease & security, he hears the great snow storm roaring in his Chemney.—If he regrets his antient connections, The Mugg of Cyder & other conveniencies he enjoy'd before, he finds himself amply remunerated by the Plenty of fewel he now possesses &c. The Rosy children setting round the Harth, Sweats & sleeps with their Basons of Sappan on their Laps, the Industrious Mother is rattling at her Loom, avaritiously Improving every Minute of her Time."

These winter-pieces are very different from the pastorals (already published) of the Farmer ploughing in the clear sunshine of his farm, as his wife knits sitting near him in the shade of the trees. Yet they are not so different as many of the harshly realistic pictures of frontier life which, for some reason were crowded into the two lost volumes. Such cannot be quoted here,—we are interested chiefly in the farmer's cheerful routine,—

but later one story of the frontier shall be repeated. It sometimes seems as if the Farmer were happier, at least in these two volumes, in his description of winter, than in those of the countryside in softer moods. He is now describing a snow-storm in the Mohawk Valley. He begins:

> The wind, which is a great regulator of the weather, shifts to the North East, the air becomes bleak and then intensely cold, the light of the sun becomes dimm'd as if an ecclipse had happened, a general night seems coming on. At last imperceptible atoms make their appearance, they are few and descend slowly; a sure prognostick of a great snow.—Little or no wind is yet felt.—By degrees the number as well as the sise of those white particles is increased, they descend in larger fleaks, a distant wind is heard, the noyse swells and seems to advance, the new element at last appears and overspreads everything. In a little time the heavy clouds seem to approach nearer the earth and discharge a winged flood driving along towards the South West, howling at every door, roaring in every chemney, whistling with asperous sound through the naked limbs of the trees: those are the shrill notes which mark the weight of the storm. Still the storm increases as the night approaches, and its great obscurity greatly add to the solemnity of the scene. Sometimes the snow is preceeded by melted hail which like a shining varnish covers and adorns the whole surface of the earth, of buildings and trees; an hurtfull time for the cattle which it chills and oppresses. Mournfull and solitary they retire to what shelter they can get, and forgetting to eat, they wait with instinctive patience untill the Storm is over. How amasingly changed is the aspect of Nature!

Such pictures of colonial life the old trunk contained. If they reveal Crèvecœur as strange in spelling and diction, they also suggest his keen observation, and, what is more interesting, his literary taste. In these last passages are strength and repose, and in the others not reproduced here delicacy of expression and a fine gift of metaphor. Less obviously, however, the Farmer, in these new letters, displays his sense of the dramatic, a quality apparent in that earlier passage on the negro in the cage or in the description of the battle of the snakes. Crèvecœur loves a good story, and it is certain that he often relates in the first person what he has heard at someone's fireside. He depicts, for example, unforgettably, scenes in the retreat through the wilderness after the Wyoming Massacre; a silhouette of a beast of burden with the bedding on its back as a saddle. "On it sat a wretched mother with a child at her breast, and two more placed behind her."

One adventure may stand for this other side of the Farmer's life and for his power to show something more in colonial life than tranquil life about a winter fireside. In *The Frontier Woman* he writes, relating in the first person a story that he has heard:

> In an excursion which we made to . . . , our party consisted of 23: 5 white people and 18 Indians of the very worst class. We came close to the woods of the settlement about sun down, but perceived nobody in the fields; We concluded that the people had returned to their houses of which we counted nine. We divided ourselves in as many companies so that every house was to be entered at once at the signal of a gun. God forbid that I should tell you the history of that attack where there was so much innocent blood shed. I entered that which had fell to my lot, and the first object I perceived was a woman of comely aspect, neat and clean. She was suckling two children whilst at the same time she was rocking a third in a cradle. At the sight of me who was painted and dressed like an Indian, she suddenly arose and came towards the door, "I know your errand", she said. "Begin with those innocents that they may not languish and die with hunger when I am gone. Dispatch me as you have dispatched my poor aged father and my husband last April. I am tired of life." So saying, with her right hand she boldly pulled the handkerchief from her breast, whilst she still held her two infants with her left, and presented it to me bare. I was armed with my tomahawk and was going to strike when a sudden and irresistible impulse prevented me. "Good woman, why should I kill you", I told her, "if your husband and father are already dead you have suffered enough; God help you."—"Strike", she said, "and don't be faint-hearted. You are only mocking God and man; the rest of your gang will soon be here, this will only serve to prolong my misery. Hark! Hark! the butchers, the villains; hark the shrieks of my poor cousin Susy in the next house. Gracious God, why hath thou thus abandon'd me?"

After all, we may be glad that the old trunk survived the shipwreck on the way home to France in 1779, and perhaps not sorry that Crèvecœur left the two volumes there. He comes back to us again now so vividly—a plain, strong man, with wisdom, not untouched by romance. His sketches of colonial life he says, rather humbly, are "genuine copies." They are. He is one of those Americans, one of the first, who could plough a field or fight an enemy—and later give it permanence in literature.

HENRY L. BOURDIN
STANLEY T. WILLIAMS.

BOOK AND CROWNS

BY ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

THE coat of arms of Oxford, if only there were some of the old metaphysical men of the seventeenth century around to explain it, has rare symbolism in its book and tripled crowns. John Donne was the man who could have done it, Donne the Oxonian wit, soldier, poet, adventurer, satirist, diplomat, scholar, religious controversialist, Dean of St. Paul's, and greatest preacher of his day, who crowded ten great men's lives into his years between leaving Oxford degreeless but Roman Catholic still and filling the space about Paul's Cross with so many worshippers of his Protestant eloquence that many were taken out for dead. Donne could see the metaphysics of all things, from the royal James who forced him into the Church, to leaf gold and grave worms. He even catechized himself for death by the marble symbol of his dissolution, his own shrouded corpse. And he had gone to the wars and lived in great courts and read "the whole of Divinity"; so he would have been eminently fitted to appreciate the Oxford teachers of today who are walking symbols of the University seal in their living.

The learning that goes crowned. These latter day Donnes have something of the crown about them, a certain magnificent gesture of the old kings. They, too, are many of them men who have lived richly, who have put off gowns and gone into the tanks and airplanes of their wars, sat in the seats of the Empire and rubbed elbows with great statesmen, been great poets, or at least skated over Holland in the Michaelmas vacation or climbed the Finsteraarhorn in the summer. They are kingly, whether they go in gold or gray. The ones who lecture on sweepings from philological dust heaps have that rare Mediæval faculty of being as dull as their discourse; they act the Scholiast in a wholehearted way. Those of them who run after the abstruser philosophies are as serene as sanctified monks in a Mediæval illuminated book, as

far above our common earthiness. When they elect to interpret the Greeks, they become Greeks in their straightforwardness and their unwillingness to divorce intellect from the emotions. And those who deal in the crimson and common stuffs of life are very princely merchants indeed.

In any case, the best of the dons make of their learning a matter large enough to spread its pattern over all life. They address themselves to their audiences as if men were still sure that life concealed a great unity which teachers were born to reveal, as if there were still a *summum bonum*, and they the philosophers with the stone of all virtues, as if the world were not yet anatomized psychologically into moribund cells. They talk as if learning were a great and fine and not an intricate thing merely. These best Oxonian lecturers refuse to be methodical or drab. They have the careless inconsequence of men of a more heroic time, of the demigods that were Drakes and Raleighs, casting great ideas like new continents before the world, and faring on to others, unwilling to advertise or evaluate, too proud to barter or sell. They are men possessing that gift we had thought was forever buried under our mountains of inventions which make life easier, the gift children have and lose with their years, a gusto, a zest in living. Whether it be Greek participles or the Spanish mystics, they go in for it with a relish that shapes the very contours of their brows and makes their words roll unctuously from their tongues. One could not imagine that plain grammar could be so eloquent, or words one mouths every day so full and golden. Their eloquence comes straight down from the Middle Ages, from Aquinas or St. Francis; for they make their matter, be it the dullest or the brightest, a microcosm of all wisdom, a whole and perfect link in the living chain of God.

Like some of the best things in life, this kingliness of Oxford lecturers is difficult of approach. The way to the lectures is not easy. In the first place, there is that Old Adam out of the Middle Ages to contend with, the doctrine of Free Will. One may or one may not attend lectures. And the young are not always good choosers. There are no schedules of required fields to be troved of the honey one hives in notebooks. Nor are there rewards of merit given the industrious youth for perfect attendance. The

very absence of roll calls has perhaps kept many future members of Parliament away, and the humanities have, for the same reason, come less often crowned with olive and myrtle into the councils of a nation. The old place of martyrdoms, of Ridley and Latimer, of the Oath of Conformity, today allows undergraduates the liberty of going lectureless away. Like the most precious ore and sunshine of this world, the learning is there free to all who will take it; but, as in life, there is no necessity of finding the good. And we Cisatlanteans have to think historically and remember that in the Mediæval conception of a university undergraduates were not necessary, or even greatly desired; colleges were congregations of the sage and learned; the untutored were merely countenanced at last in the scheme of things. One college, All Souls, has never let down the bars. In theory, therefore, the lecturers are lights unto themselves and would shine as brightly in solitude or with only a handful of their kindred about them. At the outset, too, one needs to remember how one of the greatest of Oxonian lecturers at the beginning of term used to warn men seeking grists for the examination schools that they had better go elsewhither. Examinations are but the ephemeral concerns of this place. In the words of its best teachers stands the abiding University, the wisdom that outwears the years.

Even though the undergraduate's conscience decide for lectures, there is always the tutor to reckon with next. The captain of one's reading campaign often gives one the idea that nothing so becomes certain lectures, or all of them, as the things that keep a man away from them. Prejudices thrive in the rich soil between the Isis and the Cher. Like their kinsmen of the seventeenth century or of the Heroic Age, Oxford tutors are sometimes as great in jealousy as in gesture. Besides, there are more difficulties than dons in the way. It is hard to find out just what the lectures are to be. There are, to be sure, lecture sheets printed; but such are the involutions and ramifications of different schools, such the abbreviations that resemble formulæ from the *Kabbala*, and so many and changing the localities of their appearance, now at the porter's lodge, now in the buttery, that one may well be lost until the lectures have passed into history. It is worse than useless to attempt to decipher the University *Gazette*, which re-

sembles the alchemical *Diary* of Dr. Dee, save that it is longer and more opaque and changes each week. And, because it is hung loose-leaved in the Pig Market and other windy places, it is always possible that the sheet you seek has gone the way of the leaves of the Sibyl of Cumæ. The next difficulty is the title of the lecture, once you have found it. If it is not too obscure, it is apt to be rather forbidding; there is little that is inviting about Early Icelandic Iconography save a certain felicity of vowel sequence. And the mischief is it may not be at all as bleak as its name. In the carcass of Samson's lion there was honeycomb. The fees for the lectures offer no real obstruction; one pays as many of them as one finds responsible persons to pay, after which one goes and is welcomed unfeeing. But the many temptations by the way in such a place as Oxford City, once one is actually headed lecturewards, are very real and great. Marcus Aurelius on a penny bookstall may keep one from the truth about Pliny the Elder; Sappho's fragments, from Jane Austen. Or more profanely old Sheffield candlesticks that one can really see the copper shine through may break the ranks of the Roman historians, and a snuff-box, *Louis Quinze*, upset a school of philosophy. Two of the myriad Oxonian dogs may fight. Or else an endless drove of sheep bars the way to your Elizabethans and, worse yet, becomes involved in your bicycle. But, last of all, there is the task of locating the place of the lecture. This takes a toll of fully one-half of the persevering remnant. I once tried to run to earth a famous Danish professor who was giving a series of brilliant lectures on the Viking Age; the days slipped by; it was maddening to know that he was somewhere near and that each day the volumes of his wisdom were the fewer by one. When at last I earthed him on the day of his last lecture, in the Chemistry lecture room—of all places!—I felt as Numa Pompilius must have felt with the last of the Sibylline books on his knees. The lecturers get into the most extraordinary places, within bicycle shops, above bookstores, behind tailors; sometimes you must pass through cabbages and pork on the hoof in the market place to come to them. This is one of the secrets of the Oxford learning; it is at home anywhere, even in the very markets of life; it can consecrate any place. Dons of Corpus Christi make it a point to lecture at Jesus, and

conversely. Dons are like prophets, they win repute best abroad. Even when once you have fixed them in the labyrinths of Mediæval alleys, they become peripatetic philosophers and drift like Alice's croquet wickets into unexpected places. The very doorways to learning are hard to find, though you know the halls themselves. Oxonian entrances are unobtrusive. So you can pass by places looking as dusty and untenanted as the battlements of eternity, all silence and starry decay, and never know that two feet away wingéd words are in flight.

Of course, in all these difficulties there is that very obvious of morals—

Forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit.

Yet in a more serious sense there is a paradox here, and one of the golden ones of Trismegistus. Labor and difficulty make more than the ascent from Avernus winsome. And the dullest of lecturers turn out sometimes to be men full of the milk and honey of human nature, of the spices and amber of the world. Clear, cold waters of Attic syntax turn into the wedding wines of the Bridegroom. The lectures are worth the pains of approach; lamps of early iconography become lamps for the feet that have the years of life before them. At the very least, those trafficking in barren subjects desert them on occasion to speak of pigs and primroses.

The aura of kingship envelops the places of learning themselves. The Old School of Geography—the best things at Oxford are old always—has no taint of democracy about it. Inside on its walls are maps that no meddlesome modernity has imprisoned behind bars of parallels and meridians. No man with the soul of a plumber has made Mercator projections here. There may be modern maps, but they are carefully kept out of sight. Those hung are of the glorious princely sort all children, those with the fierce great beards of the time of the Virgin Queen with the rest, love to pore upon; monsters thrusting up scaly heads beyond the Ultimate Thules, coasts of a possible Atlantis dottily suggested, and inevitably in the corner that ship with full sails straining to be off with you through mysterious Northwest Passages to dream Indies and fabulous lands.

But the best places for the best lectures are the dining halls of the colleges. It may be there have been pleasanter places to lis-

ten to wisdom . . . among the olive groves of Athens . . . under fruit boughs of the Ægean Isles where the gatherers had left the topmost golden apples for poets to sing of . . . in the dim sweetness of Mediæval cloisters. . . . But in these latter days learning has found no better shrine than the halls of Oxford. It is easy to set crowns upon the mind under the portraits of great churchmen, old scholars, and splendid princes. Warriors in armor, archbishops in copes, learned men in the silks and ermine of Erasmus's day; and the gowned lecturer speaking on till he, too, is one of them, and a glorious host are speaking to one across the years. Eye to eye, mouth to mouth, heart to heart, one comes very close to wisdom. One's own gown begins to feel like cloth-of-gold. I think the old painters must have been part alchemists; the quintessence of red manlihood and the honey and amber of good birth have passed over into their pigments; these men have painted the fountains of youth and all immortal and shining things. It comes at last that one need not listen to the words of the teacher. The walls have their tongues, too. And other goodly companies in the stained glass windows take up the tale, men in *or* and *gules*, men with faith for eyes yearning upward to the other stars. How could a man be cold or indifferent when the long tables before him have freshly trimmed and ready to his hand goosequills standing in boxes of sand! Pens other than quills profane Miltonic thoughts. And that no sweet or everlasting savor of life be lacking, there are wide fireplaces eloquent along their smoky mantels of the feasts of good fellowship of centuries of youth. Up from the kitchens that baked for Sir Philip Sidney drift spicy smells of the loaves and joints for the Sir Philips of tomorrow. Hearty Elizabethan ideas in an aroma of Elizabethan ovens. What weak and vain shadows are years, how little they divide the great sunlight on the earth! Tonight these tables where one sits will wear mugs of ale and platters of red beef instead of inkpots, and the benches not the spiritually but the physically hungry. Learning at Oxford is always cheek by jowl with zestful eating and drinking. About the inkpots the smell of ale; books that smell of Banbury buns; St. Anthony and the savor of sausages. And when men sit in hall to dine, fragrances of books in the air, living books on the wall. Eating, one learns still; and learning is like a feast.

But the teachers are the coronated kings of Oxford. They are essays in the ruddy humanities. There is the one who lectures on Anglo-Saxon grammar. He manages to stretch his matter so that it covers the jingle of barrel organs just outside—they are always just outside Oxonian lectures—and of quarrelling cabmen. He can compete with life and come off with banners flying. The sky spreads blue serenity flowering with summer clouds against his windows; he holds the young men's eyes. He is a fragile little man, whose manipulation of a large teacup looks a miracle; but under his ribs he is oak all through. His talk at times fills his eyes with flames; he loves to speak of the brawny and blonde barbarians who tore the muscles like squirming serpents from men's shoulders and bit into the bone-links of monsters. His yearning is for the days when strong men wore wide beards and fought together with spears. Of course, his habitat *would* be the Old School of Geography.

Then there is the Yes-and-No don, with the profile of Dante and the grace of Abelard. A bold generalization to him is the unpardonable sin. Always too much the scholar to make an unsupported assertion, he balances off the *ayes* with an equal phalanx of *noes;* buttresses his cathedrals of scholarship with so many supporting structures that the marvel of his aspiring Gothic mind is hard to discern. But buttresses themselves have their beauty. Another don is a man out of a Mediæval illumination, faded blue sweetness of a shy heart, a mind foliated with the exquisitely delicate and golden vines of the lessons in things. He divides life into seven jewels with seven virtues, and all Creation is a sermon. He is none the less a Mediæval preacher, though his subject is modern history. Akin to him is the one whose lecture on Dionysius the Areopagite is a Neo-Platonic ecstasy itself. Another makes his province the eighteenth century; his witticisms have the tang of rare snuff from filagreed snuff-boxes; his facts are marshalled as orderly as the hairs in a Town wig. He is a breath from the coffee houses. A man who looks perpetually as if his hair were coming off at all points and who has the shoulders of a drayman airs prejudices on authors delicate as rose petals; though his complexion is like beefsteak, Arnold and Ruskin are too burly and rough for him. One who has studied human nature unwashed in the

twilights of South Sea jungles fits the savage into the pageant of man and shows the connection of cannibalism and Damon and Pythias, of "bull-roarers" and the Masonic societies. Another does little more than read dusty Italian chronicles in broken English among the broken shards from the Palace of the Axe; but the combination makes a magic thing. There is a lecturer who always lowers his head and mumbles whenever he comes to an important date or name. He is the despair of the women students, the determined note-gleaners. But the notes of his lectures, untroubled by the miasmas of time or personalities, sound like eternal truth and read like passages from the *City of God*. Cuthbert the Celibate is conspicuous both for his voluminous knowledge of the Church Fathers and for his voluminous, flaming beard. He wears the brown corded robe of the Cowley Fathers and loves to thunder forth the summer storms of Trismegistus, or breathe the West wind which is Augustine. At times Cuthbert grows militant and spends his hour demolishing the *dicta* of his Roman Catholic rival, setting the spires of the Church already High above the pinnacles of the Eternal City.

But the king of all lecturers has joined the ancient kings now, and his going has left a chair that is hard to fill. I do not think there is another man so remembered around the world for making milk and honey of learning as Sir Walter Raleigh. If ever a title became a man it was he. Men of the five continents will recall him sitting in Magdalen Hall below the portrait of Colet, another prince of humane letters such as he. And from the slender grace of the dashing Prince Rupert one's eyes could descend to another as splendid Cavalier. Sir Walter was at ease among the men who have worn the laces and swords and the wisdom of the world. His thoughts had a zest that made the heart glow. He was a great teacher and a great critic because he was a great man. The best lecture I ever heard was Sir Walter Raleigh's on Sir Walter Raleigh, the Elizabethan Poet, Warrior, and Gentleman. The years rolled back; and here was the splendid Courtier of the Great Queen bending over the desk in this tall gray-haired man with the broad brows and magnificent chin. Here was the elder Raleigh, and here was the dignity that wore a jovial face, the scholarliness that went in lace, the naiveté that sweetened robust

manhood, the scorn of the mean and low, the religious fervor that went with great deeds, and the passion for all that was new and beautiful and graceful and shining; here was all that made the Elizabethan English the chief heirs of the Renaissance. It is good to have a contemporary of Shakespeare to listen to. And this later Raleigh went as lightheartedly and as superbly to meet the adventure of adventures as ever the other who wrote his best poem in the shadow of the scaffold. The last of his great books was the history of English wartime aviation, which he called the Romance of Youth. His own unending youth took him in his studies for the book to Mesopotamia where he contracted the fever that closed the pages of his work. And his last book was as full as his earlier ones with his abiding love of men who think and do like princes. All his life of teaching and writing, as well as his own example of living, was given to prove that the Scholar-Gentleman is the ideal in all English letters, from the first to the last; not Walt Whitman with his revolutionary morals and ideals, not the "learned barbarism" of modern specialized knowledge, had ever obscured that figure:

> There was something profoundly sane, after all, in the ambitions that built New Place and Abbotsford. At the close of a revolutionary century, now that the fogs of a crude moral theory are dissipating, and the dream of a mechanical Utopia, a mere nightmare produced by a surfeit of science, is passing away, it is time to remember our ancestry. Our proudest title is not that we are contemporaries of Darwin, but that we are the descendents of Shakespeare.

That ideal of the Courtier of the Best was the glory of the past and the hope of the years to come for all Englishmen, from the humblest to the highest-born. If ever there were a man of calmness in a troubled age, it was this great teacher. And in reading and resurrecting the past in his deep mellow voice, he was building also the future for who knows how many young men. Like all the great, under his courtly dignity he kept the secret places of his heart full of simplicity. And like them he had the gift of humor that is the salt of our earth. His lighter moments put the winds and the fragrances into the past. He was the Cavalier Scholar to the end.

Perhaps the finest thing about this fine man was his voice. He could make the dullest catalogues of facts read like one of the

Psalms. Mellow and rich and golden, that voice could bring to life the seventeenth century and the men who made rhetoric the chief of the arts and the half of holiness. And Raleigh's words, like the words of the greatest literature, arranged themselves into something of the rhythm of all life, the cadence of the springing flowers, the movement of men's hearts and of the stars. He was the man for Milton, whose greatness is the greatness of the human voice. Milton was his favorite poet to read aloud; and the sublimity and thunder of the cataracts of beauty in *Paradise Lost* swept him along voice and soul, for his voice and soul, like Milton's, were twin harmonies and sons of awe. One will remember him always reading that terrible sermon of Donne's on the horror of falling out of the hands of the living God; his voice rising, falling, swelling the dread diapasons:

> That this God at last should let this soule goe away, as a smoake, as a vapour, as a bubble, and that then this soule cannot be a smoake, a vapour, nor a bubble, but must lie in darknesse, as long as the Lord of light is light itselfe, and never sparke of that light reach to my soule; What Tophet is not Paradise, what Brimstone is not Amber, what gnashing is not a comfort, what gnawing of the worme is not a tickling, what torment is not a marriage bed, to this damnation, to be secluded eternally, eternally, eternally from the sight of God?

Nor can one ever forget the pathos and the pity this kingly man put into other of Donne's wistful words on the fallen Jezebel:

> When a whirle-winde hath blowne the dust of the Church-yard into the Church, and the man sweeps out the dust of the Church into the Church-yard, who will undertake to sift those dusts again, and to pronounce, This is the Patrician, this is the noble flowre, and this the yeomanly, this the Plebeian bran? So is the death of *Jesabel* (*Jesabel* was a Queen) expressed; *They shall not say, this is Jesabel;* not only not wonder that it is, nor pity that it should be, but they shall not say, they shall not know, This is *Jesabel.*

All queenly things he loved. And Raleigh's voice was the organ where the old hymn of the kinship of all the ages in weal and woe could play its way into men's minds. He was one of those rare men who have raised college towers to the height of the cathedrals, who have set great learning beside great faith.

ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN.

JEAN DE BALZAC

BY THE HON. MRS. GILBERT COLERIDGE

In the year 1654 the publishing house at the "Crown and Marigold" in St. Paul's Churchyard sent forth a volume of letters, translated by Sir Richard Baker from the French of Jean Louis Quez de Balzac. Speaking of the French edition, Ménage said, "*C'était le présent le plus agréable que les galants pussent faire à leur maîtresses*," and Boileau wrote, "*On ne parle pas de M. Balzac simplement comme du plus éloquent des hommes de son siècle, mais comme du seul éloquent.*" Later criticism confirms these opinions, for Brunetière tells us, "*Balzac n'en reste pas moins considerable dans l'histoire de notre littérature et ces 'Lettres ou Dissertations' avec tous leurs défauts, demeurent au nombres des ouvrages qui ont fait faire en leur temps au progrès décisif à la prose française.*" In his dedication to Lord Newburge the translator claims "that the author's gold is so much overweight, that though much may be lost in the melting, yet it holds out weight enough still to make it currant." There is truth in this; for nearly every letter, and there are three hundred and fifty-five of them, contains some striking phrase, some point of view the interest of which remains in spite of the three centuries since their publication. Written for the most part from his quiet château in Angoulême, they are addressed to a diversity of persons, ranging from the great Cardinal Richelieu himself to the captivating and capricious "Clorinda." To this beautiful lady who scorned his suit he preaches the same sermon that found an echo across the Channel a few years later in his contemporary's lyric, "Gather ye rosebuds while ye may;" and at the age of twenty-three Balzac pours forth a diatribe against the terrors of old age that may well bring a chill to the heart of a woman. "Gather Nose-Gayes before the roses wither," he cries, "and assure yourself that when you have no further attractions than an eloquent tongue, no man will seek for them among the fur-

rows of your face. . . . The time will come when your looking-glass will more scare you than a Judge doth a fellon." There is an unpleasant threat in the remark, "Yet can you not conserve your complexion and acquire experience;" and in his final appeal to Clorinda's cold-heartedness he explains, "We are in the Moneth wherein each Creature turneth amorous, not excepting Lions, Tygers or Philosophers." The month was May. Perhaps he would have been more successful in his suit if he had been like Clement Marot, who some hundred years before wrote the *Ballad of Maye*, the first verse of which in Mr. Wilfred Thorley's admirable translation runs as follows:

> Full gladye in the month of Maye
> The earth bestirs her and renews;
> Each lover, his old fondness fey,
> Seeks otherwise and hotly woos.
> Who in this wise his love pursues
> His head is light as anye feather.
> Another waye my heart doth use
> My love doth laste throughout alle weather.

But possibly Balzac was not only a springtime lover, for he writes later in the year, "I hold he loves not sufficiently who loves not excessively."

His affection for the country, if couched in somewhat artificial terms, is genuine enough, and the following description of Angoulême (in a letter to M. de la Motts Aigron) may be quoted at length both as an example of his style and of his appreciation. "Our people," he writes, "are not contained in their primitive innocence, either by fears of laws or study of sciences. They (to live uprightly) do simply follow their natural bounty, and draw more advantage from their ignorance of vice, than most of us do out of the knowledge of virtue, so as in the territory of two miles, they know not how to cozen any, save birds and beasts. . . . Those things which hurt the health of men, or offend their eyes, are generally banished hence; snakes nor lizards are never seen there, and of creeping things we know no other but Mellons and Strawberries. At the gates there is a grove, wherein at full moon there enters no more day than needs must not to make it night, and to cause all colours not to look

black. . . . The trees here are green to the very ground. . . . Their branches are all beset with Turtle Doves and Pheasants. From thence I march into a Meddow, where I tread upon Tulipans and Anemons, having caused them to be mingled among other flowers to confirm my opinion which I brought home from my Travails, that French Flowers are not so fair as those of foreign Countreys. It is a Countrey to be wished for and painted." This is a remarkable point of view, at a time when a rural life was generally looked upon as banishment, and nature merely as an appanage to *fêtes champêtres*. Compare this with his description of court life, of which he writes: "It is in this sort I have learned to speak in this Court, where honest men are so wedded to their own particular interests, and do so little reflect upon the general affairs as they think there is nothing beyond the tips of their utmost hairs, and suppose the world endeth at their feet." He knew that if a man has aught to say, he best finds his message in the wilderness.

A courtier in words he remained always, and his letters to Richelieu are rich in fervid compliment and redundant praise. In 1622, when Richelieu had assumed the rank of Cardinal, he ends his congratulatory letter thus: "My Lord, if I have any hope to be known in after ages or that my name may pass to posterity, they shall find this consideration to be the first obligation unto me, of seeking the Honour of your acquaintance, and that having heard you speak, you did so absolutely purchase both my thought and affection, that since then I have ever reflected upon you, as an extraordinary person, and have ever passionately remained, My Lord, your humble, most obedient and most faithful servant, Balzac." It was to the same Cardinal that he wrote, "It is better to utter glorious dreams, than to labour in gross designs," a spiritual ideal that can hardly have appealed to the master of the destiny of France. Nevertheless Richelieu undoubtedly valued the correspondence, for he wrote to Balzac from Paris in 1621 that "The conceptions of your letters are strong, and as transcendent above ordinary imaginations as they are conformable to the common sense of such who are of sound judgement." Apparently even the Princes of the Church are not above self praise in praising others.

Men pass away, but their antipathies remain, and Balzac's letter to the Lord Bishop of Valette in the autumn of 1622, when Europe was engaged in the Thirty Years' War, might well have been written some three hundred years later: "If this were the first time the Germans had exceeded their limits, and sent their Armies to be overthrown in France, the novelty of these barbarous faces, and of those lubberly Swat Rutters, might easily have affrighted us: But upon the matter we have to do with known enemies, and who will suffer us to so sufficient advantages over them, besides those we naturally injoy, as without being forced to make use of Arms we may defeat them onely by their own evil conduct." He hopes that "a peace may be concluded, which may continue to the World's end. Let us leave the war to the Turk, and King of Persia." He at least was spared the strife that embraced not only Christendom but many of the kingdoms of the East. His methods would have been strictly diplomatic, for he tells us that "It is better to conceal a small truth, than to disturb a general peace," a maxim that many of our "truth at any price" publicists would do well to take to heart.

Balzac has a happy faculty of criticism. Of one man he writes: "He hath a nose at enmity with all others, and against which there is no possible defence but Spanish gloves." If this refers to boxing gloves, it reminds us of the old saying, "Three countries go to the making of a good glove. Spain to the dressing of the leather, France to the cutting of it, and England to the sewing of it." He might be writing of our own time when he tells his friend Hidasp, "There are hardly any to be found, who are contented to keep their faults and follies to themselves, or to sin in secret, but are so doting upon their own follies they do desire to engrave them in Marble and Brass, thereby to eternize their memory, and to make them past retracting." Though the fashion of "Marble and Brass" has passed away, the same desire for public confession finds scope in the craze for autobiography, and the vulgar publicity of the personal interview. Of a writer whose name he omits, he says: "I must ingeniously confess unto you, that next to Beer and Physic, I have never found anything so distasteful as his works. In three words he

speaks four bad ones, and always strayeth from the subject whereof he treateth." Balzac also possessed that gift, rare among men, of being able to laugh at his own discomforts, for when attacked by a complaint no doubt contracted amid his leafy groves, he tells us that "Within the Deserts of Arabia, nor in the Seas intrails, was there ever so furious a Monster found as the Sciatica". Indeed the letters abound in apt similes and vivid turns of phrase, and Balzac succeeds in escaping the fate given to critical spirits by La Bruyère, who tells us that, "*Le plaisir de la critique nous ôte celui d'être vivement touchès de très belles choses.*" He was undoubtedly genuine in his admiration for his great contemporaries, and for the fair province in which he lived, and in an age of scholarly scepticism he had faith courageous enough to write, "How dare a man presume to speak confidently of that Infinite Majesty, in whose presence the angels themselves cover their faces with their wings, and under Whom the very Heavens crouch?"

Though his popularity may have waned, and though his light may have been partly extinguished by the shining genius of his great successor, his place is secure in the development of French literary history. His influence may be summed up in the words of *The Encyclopædia Britannica*, where it is stated that "He introduced a new clearness and precision into French prose, and encouraged the development of the language on national lines by emphazising its most idiomatic elements." If in life we can judge a man by his friends, after his death we can equally estimate him by his letters. Thus these letters of Balzac, rich in wit and learning, adorned by extravagant conceit and pungent phraseology, are to us a mirror in which we may catch some reflection of his mind no less than of the age in which he lived.

WINIFRED COLERIDGE.

AMY LOWELL

BY MRS. WILLIAM LOWELL PUTNAM

My little sister—younger far than I—
So always mine to care for—your renown
So well deserved yet worn so modestly
Could never make you any less my own.
Your triumphings you told me with such pride
So certain of my gladness in your fame.
And when things troubled you—with eyes undried
For comforting to me you trusting came.
The light you saw ahead your only goal,
Followed so bravely by your weary feet!
Compelling spirit and farseeing soul;
Grown every year more childlike and more sweet!
You now are with the poets as your due—
But some of you must still stay with us too.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

SOME POETRY OF THESE DAYS

A Poetry Recital. By James Stephens. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Voices of the Stones. By AE. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Earth Moods. By Hervey Allen. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Dionysus in Doubt. By Edwin Arlington Robinson. New York: The Macmillan Company.

A Fool i' the Forest. By Richard Aldington. New York: The Dial Press.

Out of the Flame. By Osbert Sitwell. New York: George H. Doran Company.

The Thirteenth Cæsar. By Sacheverell Sitwell. New York: George H. Doran Company.

What's O'clock. By Amy Lowell. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

A fine morning brings the postman, and the postman brings two books. They are by AE. and James Stephens whom AE. "discovered" while he was working as a typist for a lawyer in Dublin. They should arrive together. One thinks of that little brown book of verse dedicated to AE., the first book published years ago. This last book, *A Poetry Recital*, brings together certain favorites from earlier books, and offers eleven new poems. The actual voice of James Stephens himself reading some of these will not soon be forgotten by those who heard it. He does not read so much as reveal his lines; the nature of their rhythm, their delicate variety of values. In "Mary Hynes" for example, the modulations of statement and the increasing stress produce an intricate effect which is purely musical. But another effect will be a transparent monotony, as in that clear lyric called "The Daisies". There is something elfin, and something Elizabethan —the two are not incompatible—in the first line of this song;

In the scented bud of the morning-O. . . .

Through "Righteous Anger", on the other hand, there peers a gnome; whimsical and vindictive. Of the new poems, "On

a Lonely Spray" is the most impressive. It is a sensitive and subtle development of a theme: "All that is loneliness is beautiful." The music implicit in this writing leaves no doubt to perplex the mind. It persists beyond the words themselves. Joseph Campbell says in a song of the "whisper of ferns' tongues",

> And still more I hear
> The silence.

Mr. Stephens wants certain poems of his to be read according to specific directions: "All line endings and verse endings or silences are to be well held." He knows the importance of the musical "rest".

In the poetry of AE., too, the silences are to be well held; and in more than one sense. For he can

> Take the invisible hand
> And tread the starry air.

One is reminded of Blake, glad to escape to London where he could carry forward his "visionary studies . . . unannoyed". He says, "To me this world is all one continued vision of fancy or imagination;" and so it is to George W. Russell. For him there is no gulf fixed between the physical and the spiritual. From these latest poems, too, emanates a quality described by Yeats as "a kind of scented flame consuming them from within".

> I made these verses in a rocky land,
> And I have named them Voices of the Stones,

so begins the dedication to Padraic Colum; and ends,

> and with my cheek
> Pressed to their roughness I had part regained
> My morning starriness, and made these songs
> Half from the hidden world and half from this.

In Hervey Allen's new book, the land of heart's desire is "in closer harmony with external things wearing a somberness distasteful to our race when it was young", as Hardy says in the passage quoted at the beginning of *Earth Moods*. These poems are very often convincing in their vigorous music, particularly the "Saga of the North" and the "Saga of Leif the Lucky". Be-

tween bold paragraphs in unrhymed cadence look out a little shyly other paragraphs in the lyrical tone:

> Springtime and harvest
> Are not of men's setting,
> Autumn is often a century from Spring.
> Go plow the straight furrows
> You heroes and martyrs.
> Pluck hands from the seed bags
> You sowers—and fling.

There is fine continuity of thought, fine seriousness in the book, and a rare force of imagination. There are many lines that achieve an independent beauty; that may be singled out; as

> Southward Sidonian Hanno lashed his slaves

with its traditional ring; or, of the "Sea-Girls",

> They sought us like the wind in clothes.

And beyond the "black magnolia shade" of those poems of the other world I find again "Whim Alley" that

> Led into Danger Court,
> Loud with the raucous talk of cockatoos.

Mr. Allen is one of the most interesting of contemporary writers.

Somewhat aloof, Mr. Robinson continues to regard our temporary world so perplexing in its apparent permanence. *Dionysus in Doubt* is written with the same reserve we have known since we first read of Tilbury Town, and with the same grave beauty. The time has not yet come when the secret this poet has discovered may be shared. For there is implied in his various writing, something withheld; some mystery. And if one were to say to him, in his own line,

> If you are here to be mysterious . . .

why might not the answer be that he *is* here to be mysterious? Always he contrives to suggest the irony and the intricacy of life. It is in the inscrutable manner of these poems; in their not infrequent tenderness. The four dialogues, distinguished as they are in condensed style and dramatic detail, fail to admit the reader to any closer acquaintance with his philosophy than is found in other books of his. In the sonnets, on the other hand, I feel—illogically, it may be—a new poignance, as of violins with muted

strings. It is in the much-quoted sonnet called "The Sheaves": and in "Silver Street": and in the concluding lines of "As it Looked Then":

> And it was then that like a spoken word
> Where there was none to speak, insensibly
> A flash of blue that might have been a bird
> Grew soon to the calm wonder of the sea. . . .
> Calm as a quiet sky that looked to be
> Arching a world where nothing had occurred.

Richard Aldington's last poem, *A Fool i' the Forest*, he calls a phantasmagoria; that word which Osbert Sitwell rhymes so cheerfully with Queen Victoria. It records a state of irritation with the world as it was in the days of the Queen and as it is now. It resents the strictures of those people who—in the words of another poet—quarrel with a purple hanging because it's no column from the Parthenon. Mr. Aldington explains in a note that the three characters of the poem, the typical man of our own time, and Mezzetin who is the personified imagination, and the Conjuror who stands for intellectual faculties and authority, are really one person split into three. He demands a true fool who has looked upon life as it is. Rejecting Scaramouche, he decides to be his own fool. Off we all go to the Parthenon, where Mezzetin loses his mandolin. I like the irresponsible Mezzetin and miss him when his adventures mediæval and modern are brought to an end by the late war. The central personality hurls the Conjuror into the Thames to drown—away with righteous cant! —and settles down to commonplace and commercialized existence. Mr. Aldington looks out at one in the passage describing London still asleep. Elsewhere in a line or a phrase he seems to be near.

> I towed the sea-gulls on elastic threads . . .

is a drawing in his earlier fastidious style. But the design of the poem is distorted. Like Eliot in *The Waste Land*, he defies the reader to make the poem.

There is something defiant, too, in the books by the two Sitwells: an arbitrary treatment of themes as a part of a scheme of fantastic decoration. Certain things are used symbolically; salamanders and goats, green oranges and honeycomb, the glass of

waterfalls, of mirrors, of brittle metaphors. The apes and cockatoos of Watteau have become marmosets and parrots. If fruits are not wooden, they are so independently alive that they come off the trees and heap themselves into pyramids. Lacquered surfaces flash light. Waves "start to snow". It is an extraordinary response to the visible and to the invisible world. There is a kind of excitement about all this, a new kind of adventure. "Crack the mirror and we're in the rainbow." We cannot be sure that our eyes see colors alike: how then should we know one another? Let us remember the salamander, that true lover of art for whom Osbert Sitwell's book is named. This new collection is characterized by that almost automatic facility in satire which he has always shown: and it is written in the flickering tempo of living flame. The poems of his brother, in *The Thirteenth Cæsar*, are fuller, more profuse and less nervous. For the moment I like best the one "On Hearing Four Bands Play at once in a Public Square", with its laconic line

This is how philosophies can come among us.

The poems of the Sitwells should be read four ways at once.

Turning to *What's O'clock* by Amy Lowell, turning to her last book, I find it difficult to see it in terms of criticism. The effects in it are heightened, the silences prolonged. It is beautiful and final. It makes me think of her own descriptions of the Bronze Horses of St. Mark's, trotting forever forward without moving.

In using as a title those words of King Richard III, "What's o'clock?" it is as though she paused to look about her: to consider just what moment of her life she had reached. Many of these poems have appeared at intervals since 1921, the year of *Legends*. Some of them have not been published before. To read them together is to realize once more the challenge of a great personality. Here again is the rush of thought, that intense and crystal-sharp thinking; as though a flame were thinking. Here again are fearless words that sting the cheek and are gone like hail. There is never any genial pretense that one thing is much like another. There is the truth of the moment. "In Excelsis" has a crescendo like a wave lifting. It lifts . . . breaks . . . foam scatters on the air . . . light shines through it. But the

light in "Afterglow" is softer and fades out, fails, through every word of one of the most exquisite of her poems.

> Peonies
> The strange pink colour of Chinese porcelains;
> Wonderful—the glow of them.
> But, my Dear, it is the pale blue larkspur
> Which swings windily against my heart.
> Other summers—
> And a cricket chirping in the grass.

Much has been said of her use of color and light but little of the significance of them. I have found less often appreciated or even surmised, the sheer emotional range of her poetry. People stop with the brilliant surface; they are content with one or two of her moods, with her style "warm, witty and full of invention" like that weather Keats said had been promised him in Devonshire. But there are the six sonnets for Duse, profound and sombre, with a mystery in them as of revelation:

> A rush of daffodils where wastes of dry leaves spread.

There is "Anniversary" with its proud reticence and tenderness:

> The bowl is still full.
> We will not be niggardly—
> Plunge in both your hands.

And there is "Lilacs", passionately felt and transcribed, at once universal and individual, a great poem, and the last she read aloud to her friends:

> Heart-leaves of lilac all over New England,
> Roots of lilac under all the soil of New England,
> Lilac in me because I am New England,
> Because my roots are in it,
> Because my flowers are for it,
> Because it is my country
> And I speak to it of itself
> And sing of it with my own voice
> Since certainly it is mine.

What's o'clock? she asks: and is answered. There follow words which have for us an implication of gallant gesture—of aristocratic mettle: significant words . . .

"Well, let it strike."

GRACE HAZARD CONKLING.

SOME MODERN NOVELS

THE POLYGLOTS. By William Gerhardi. New York: Duffield and Company.

ARROWSMITH. By Sinclair Lewis. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company.

THE GREAT PANDOLFO. By William J. Locke. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

THUS FAR. By J. C. Snaith. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

YOUNG MRS. CRUSE. By Viola Meynell. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company.

If, after reading four or five recent novels—almost any four or five, of those that are presumably worth reading—one finds difficulty in analyzing one's impressions, the explanation may perhaps be found in a certain heterogeneity and confusion that besets the modern consciousness. No one seems to be a great enough artist to give a truly satisfying expression of the modern state of mind: perhaps it is incapable of such expression.

We are living, no doubt, in a period of "decadence". But the label matters very little: the classic writer is not classic because he is virtuous; and the decadent writer is not decadent because he is perverse. While no one may be excused for writing rubbish, each must "look into his heart and write".

What one appears to discover in such a group of fictions as the one I am discussing is the presence of two distinct tendencies: the tendency to perpetuate and modernize the older tradition and the tendency to break away from restraints and to smash the tradition. There is the beginning of a new and somewhat formidable movement, and there is the fag end of the older movement. However "classic" or conservative one may be in taste and temperament, one must acknowledge, I think, that the strength and creativeness lie mainly with the newer group of writers. They have thrown overboard most of the old themes and situations. They have given up fumbling with the old problems and mysteries—problems of social justice, the mystery of a maid's way with a man, the ever-fascinating question, Will she marry him? (and, if not, why not?) even the analysis of motives in the older, dignified sense of the word; and they have discovered new and terrifying problems and mysteries—which they leave unsolved.

Their novels and short stories are exciting, shocking, inconclusive, expressive of painfully intense aspirations, disillusioned, cynical, disappointing, fractious—but not boring.

For a long time, one has been dimly conscious that some such book as *The Polyglots* would have to be written. It is as inevitable as *What Price Glory?* Now that it has been written, one is rather glad that it has been written, and that one has read it!

The most obvious, and also the most important remark to be made about *The Polyglots* is that it is unconscionably amusing. Such a novel as this without humor would be intolerable. By humor man saves his sanity when nothing else appears capable of preserving it. By humor, Mr. Gerhardi almost seems to believe, man proves his immortality. Thus, if you can swallow the humor, you can swallow the whole story with satisfaction—a feat implying, perhaps, a rather Gargantuan appetite for the ludicrous. But if you feel that Major Beastly with his "*stinks*" (he had a patent apparatus for burning his beard off instead of shaving) is merely sickening; if you cannot away with the disgustful amours of Uncle Emmanuel (who, when he had to occupy the same room with his wife remarked quite cheerfully, *A la guerre, comme à la guerre*); if you see in Aunt Theresa, who accomplished the impossible feat of carrying her husband, a military officer, safely off to a remote part of Asia after war had been declared, and who played consistently the two rôles of special Providence and chronic invalid—if you see in her nothing but a repulsively selfish old woman, the book is not for you; for you cannot assimilate humor in such unmeasured doses, and without humor the book is frightful.

Nowhere else in fiction has been represented such a complex of incompetence, idiocy, ineptitude, unmorality as in *The Polyglots*. Of course, all the persons of the story are without self-control; they merely drift; and in the end the story frankly "peters out". Such a thing couldn't have a "conclusion". But if you can laugh with the author, you can feel that the picture is not after all so terrible. Something profoundly human, if not spiritual, survives in these strange people, despite their inconsistencies and iniquities. Although it appears to be a mistake—and a rather unintelligent mistake—to enter upon active life

with the prejudice that one cannot direct his own destiny, and thus to become the prey of impulses; yet when one has apparently discovered that as the result of a war and of the disturbances caused by that war, nothing that one can possibly do makes any real difference, then it may be that the general attitude of the people in Mr. Gerhardi's book shall seem not altogether ignoble. And some of the optimistic moralists certainly need to be told that there *are* situations that cannot be triumphed over by average humanity in the approved way!

In sum: the book is buoyant, which, considering that a large part of it must be more or less true, is a real triumph. But a great novel . . . ?

A more rationalized picture of life is presented by Mr. Sinclair Lewis in his robust novel, *Arrowsmith*—a story in which people, despite their share of absurdity and the necessity of releasing their suppressed wishes, really seem to have definable characters and more or less determinate motives. I should like to record at once my belief that *Arrowsmith* is a better novel than *Main Street* and a much better novel than *Babbitt*. There is a general effect of hollowness in *Babbitt:* it expresses certain attitudes, but as a whole does not appear to me to ring true. In *Arrowsmith* there is more substance, more conviction. For one thing the author discovers in *science* a reality that is worthy of respect. And when science comes into a story, I like to see it treated in this way; I do not like to have the scientific interest in a man's life play second fiddle to a sex interest, and in my opinion the sex-story in *Arrowsmith* gains immensely in freshness and charm through being subordinated to the narrative of scientific pursuits. Martin Arrowsmith, as adolescent, as young medical student, as disciple of Max Gottlieb, that inhumanly conscientious biologist who sometimes reflected that the germs he was bent on destroying might perhaps be more interesting and important than the human beings he was ostensibly bent on saving—Martin Arrowsmith as lover, as philanderer, as husband, as near-martyr to science, and as eternally dissatisfied human being, is fairly represented. He is not incredibly unmoral, nor is he a vehicle for sentiment. Yet the novel as a whole is a little more distressing than impressive.

To speak bluntly, Mr. Lewis seems to be too intent upon the pursuit of shams to be consistently a great novelist. There is too much sham in the world as he discovers it. On the whole Mr. Gerhardi's terrible "Aunt Theresa" and his still more awful "Uncle Emmanuel" appear more consistent with the dignity of human nature than the self-seeking disciples of research and the amazing blatherskites that Mr. Lewis puts in as minor persons. A great novelist, one supposes, aims to find reality of a sort in nearly everything, and does not merely make exhibitions of any of his characters. A conscious effort to "show up" somebody or something seems nearly as incompatible with real imaginative power as an ambition to "show off" one's own cleverness—from which Mr. Lewis is happily free.

Yet it must be confessed that habituation to this later form of fiction tends to spoil one's taste for the more conventional forms of the art. It does not spoil one for Conrad, or Dostoievski, or Shakespeare, or even for Howells or Kipling, but it does perhaps dull one's appreciation of the more or less standardized good novel.

The Great Pandolfo, for example, strikes one merely as so good that it ought to be better. But then, could any one reasonably be expected to do this type of novel better than W. J. Locke has done it? If one follows at all in the footsteps of George Meredith or of Thomas Hardy, one is perhaps liable to discover that these writers have exploited a certain attitude toward life and a certain manner of writing almost to the limit. Either the attitude and form have been exhausted or the time-spirit mysteriously forbids the author himself to carry them on with further success. To regret the fact is neither useful nor wise. Though we may justly prefer Beethoven to all other composers of music, we can conceive that it is impossible for musicians to go on writing in the style of Beethoven, and though the Parthenon be superior to any modern building, still we must have modern buildings.

All this is meant, not at all as a disparagement of Mr. Locke's originality, but rather as a statement of what appears to be a general truth. In point of fact, *The Great Pandolfo* is in all conscience original enough; its intellectual quality is high and its subtlety of feeling adequate. The highly emotional tale is told

with crispness and coolness, with restraint, with wit. Only it is a little hard to take its attitudes seriously.

Sir Victor Pandolfo is one of those great egoists who so readily hypnotize the imagination of novelists but who are so hard to portray with any real significance. In his tremendous self-assertiveness, his generosity (a phase, in this case, of egoism) and in his inability to conceive of failure, he reminds one of Alvan in *The Tragic Comedians*. But he is a much slighter figure; perhaps Mr. Locke had no such living model from which to draw him as had Meredith in Ferdinand Lassalle, the German Socialist. However this may be, Sir Victor, inventor, connoisseur, self-made man, is a little too much of a miracle worker and rather much of a boy to be quite convincing, and the author's admiration of him and rather feminine pity for him (as emotionally muddle-headed) are both a trifle too obvious. Such a personality, if we are to accept it, must have an authentic charm and must appear human through its struggles, but neither charm nor inner struggle are sufficiently evinced in being prodigiously learned about wines and Post-Raphaelite pictures, in securing first-class accommodations for oneself on trains and steamers, in producing a vast number of inventions with extreme facility, and in remembering the names of head-waiters. The point that Sir Victor, in the expansion of his ego, overwhelmed people with his benevolence and terrified them with his love is also perhaps overstressed.

To the worshipful Paula Field, a sort of Diana of the Crossways, embodiment of all lady-like excellencies, including a large heart and a great deal of feminine complexity controlled by a firm will, Pandolfo makes domineering love. That the lady is somewhat terrified is perhaps not to be wondered at. One scarcely needs her final confession to assure one of this fact: it is credible that no woman exactly likes to be immediately and irretrievably engulfed in a Pandolfo. Yet one cannot but feel a little impatient with Paula's exquisite hesitancies and her chaste refusal to understand her own heart. Perhaps the form of emotional experience seems today less romantic than it once did. Certainly, one feels occasionaly annoyed that Sir Victor's progress in the analysis of his "new metal" is rather obviously made

to wait upon the convenience of Paula, lest anything should happen too soon for the proper conduct of the love story. (Of course, Paula, while she supposes that she *has* made up her mind, is really making it up all the time: this is proved when she agrees to marry her old admirer, Spencer Babington, and then gives it up as a bad job.) Whereas Mr. H. G. Wells would write, "While I was waiting to discover the results of the latest tests of Paulinium, I went down to Barham to see Susan"—or something to that effect—and then would plunge his reader into the midst of a highly emotional and erotic experience, Mr. Locke seems to imply that Sir Victor worked away at Paulinium in the intervals of his courtship because discovering and analyzing a new metal was rather easier for him than doing nothing and because it was his nature to work himself half to death. His love is at once intensely selfish in its desire for possession and chivalrous rather than erotic. Perhaps the former attitude is the more truly masculine.

The heart of this story is an emotional paradox of a not unfamiliar kind. Paula is terrified by Pandolfo, so much so that she cannot admit to herself the possibility of loving him; but when he has failed in his grandiose financial venture, when she can feel that he needs her, then she is drawn to him. Secure of her love, Pandolfo resumes his old self, and Paula finds that she loves him still. Thus she appears capricious while all the time she is true to her own womanly nature. That this version of the eternal sex drama can nowadays be made by any means to seem profoundly romantic, seems doubtful.

That the mystery-story of the Frankenstein type cannot now be successfully revitalized seems rather more certain; and it strikes one as a pity that Mr. Snaith, who is capable of writing with a degree of charm, should have expended energy upon such a task. His *Thus Far* is a serious absurdity, having all the weaknesses of the pseudo-scientific story and the detective story in one—the strain upon credulity, which only the imagination of a Poe can overcome, the stupidity, cowardice, and all-round incompetence of the supposed narrator of the tale (he has the "Dr. Watson" complex severely), the cocksureness and marvellous deductive faculty of the detective, the pitiful subordina-

tion of a love-story that is meant to be passionate, (the author is actually reduced to referring to his heroine as "Dear Sybil"), and all the rest of it. It is hard to persuade oneself that the whole thing is not a travesty by Max Beerbohm. Lumsden, the detective, is exactly the sort of man to track down the Frankenstein monster of the tale in the same way that Jack the Giant Killer is the one person capable of slaying the giant, and for the same reason. Both pursuer and pursued belong to the same world of chimeras. Graham Delaforce is the only man who would create the monster of the story, as he is certainly the only scientist ever heard of who was equally eminent in physics, biology, and exploration. Casual references to the fourth dimension and to telepathy do not add to the plausibility of the tale.

But perhaps the trouble is not so much that Mr. Snaith does this sort of thing badly as that nowadays the thing simply cannot be done according to the old rules, the time-spirit forbidding. Who now can really write a good story according to the general formula of Sherlock Holmes or of *The Prisoner of Zenda?* To do the trick properly one must really be born into the age when such fiction is appropriate and truly expressive of a popular yearning. Otherwise the difficulty will be not so much that readers cannot be induced to read the particular kind of story in question as that the author cannot to save his soul write it with any effect. Radio amateurs, people who have at least heard of Einstein, those who live in the same world with Bernard Shaw and H. G. Wells, cannot be easily thrilled by a story like *Thus Far* and Mr. Snaith, living in the same intellectual atmosphere, is mysteriously prevented from making them thrill in spite of themselves.

But what in the modern world of letters is to be the fate of the traditional literary excellences—charm and perfection of expression, restraint, quiet artistry? These, certainly, are qualities which the newer fiction rather conspicuously lacks. The answer would still seem to be that for new wine we must have new bottles. As for the old wine, it cannot readily be produced on demand, because it is old!

The sincerity and fineness of perception, the mastery of form and the delicate exactness of effect achieved by Viola Meynell

in her volume of short stories, *Young Mrs. Cruse*, are unmistakable. One does not, on the other hand, feel that the author lacks the depth or decisiveness of mind requisite to write with considerable power. Rather one questions whether any of the forms and manner employed can nowadays be made the vehicle for what De Quincey called the literature of power. As swift in movement and as economical of means as the tales of de Maupassant, each of Miss Meynell's stories makes its tiny point with distinction and artistic emphasis. But in every one the reader feels the lack of any driving force comparable to de Maupassant's sheer brutality, that naturalistic philosophy which—bad enough and false enough as a guide in life—did furnish, so to speak, fuel for his flame. Subtle—almost—as Henry James in her depiction of temperaments, Miss Meynell has neither his *diablerie*, his uncanniness, what one critic has called his "miching mallecho", nor any other strong bent or deep channel of feeling that might take the place of these qualities as a source of strength.

The story of "The Girl Who Was Liked" is, for example, as true as it is well told; its irony is as genuine as its humor is restrained. It is moreover wholly original. "And though time might pass and her beauty grow dim," says Miss Meynell of this unfortunate heroine, "the number of these (her admirers) never grew less, for she was blessed with that attractiveness which survives youth, and enjoyed a popularity which was to pursue her into old age." Surely no one has written in any story anything quite like this?

Is the quiet and leisurely enjoyment of this sort of literary sculpturing preferable on any grounds to the mingled pleasure and pain of reading tales about Winesburg, Ohio? It is a hard question to decide. We have, it would appear, on the one hand, many literary experiments and more or less whole-hearted attempts to revive old sources of interest; and on the other hand, the boisterous new literature. With these alternatives, so far as most contemporary fiction is concerned, it appears that we must be content.

CLARENCE H. GAINES.

OUR DRAMA SINCE 1900

PLAYWRIGHTS OF THE NEW AMERICAN THEATRE. By Thomas H. Dickinson. New York: The Macmillan Co.

Twenty-five years have witnessed many changes in the American Theatre, but none more significant than the awakened interest in drama which is creating a more intelligent theatregoer. The country is to-day alive with people—in school and college, church and library—who follow intently experiments in writing, in production, both at home and abroad; and who read, in print, plays which set the standard of theatres in other countries than our own. The quarter century has seen an insurgency in the playhouse which has offered a wider outlet of expression, a greater freedom of creative will. In other words, our American Theatre—as measured by the competitive struggle which goes on yearly in New York—is not so wholly dominated by commercialism, that it has not room for such a personality as Eugene O'Neill, and such group endeavor as The Theatre Guild.

Mr. Dickinson's new book devotes the first hundred and twenty-three pages to an analysis of the work of Percy MacKaye as pioneer and of O'Neill as Prometheus Unbound. In the credit he gives to these two men he indicates the far road the American dramatist has travelled since the days when he was dictated to by the commercial manager of the old Theatre Trust. No estimate of MacKaye would be just that failed to recognize the amount of plowing he did over a field which seemed distressingly unfertile on the surface, the new methods he experimented with, the unshakable faith he possessed that the theatre had a social mission, and that the people had a mass aspiration which needed, through dramatic art, to find expression.

With painstaking thoroughness, Mr. Dickinson describes the output of O'Neill, good, bad and indifferent, and evolves therefrom what he considers to be the dramatist's social philosophy; and, if I read him aright, his conclusions place O'Neill in his healthy pessimism much nearer Strindberg than anything we have ever had of native origin. I cannot yet acknowledge

O'Neill to be a master of form—though his experiment in form challenges interest; nor does one recognize in him a clear vision of the life which he tries to handle fundamentally. He can see the stars but an instant, because of the bitterness of reality—his irony is embedded in this angle. Yet no dramatist we have thus far had, possesses more interest in abstract ideas underlying palpitant situations than O'Neill. Being our one instance, in the American Theatre, of a continuity of purpose, there is a tendency to place O'Neill in almost finality of judgment. Whereas I believe he has still much to learn of life, much compassion to feel for life, much to explore that is nearer the divine than the Neanderthal.

One has only to know what the American Drama was before 1900—drama written after a pattern, drama catering to external interest, drama following the lines of least resistance, drama listening to and compromising with every taboo—to be thankful for the hope that Mr. Dickinson's book holds forth in the many other dramatists he discusses briefly, but always with personal conviction as to their value in the onward progress of the theatre. That one cannot always agree with him is no reason why his discussion should not be healthily invigorating and challenging. He is prone to conclude that certain points of view handled by our playwrights "just grew", like Topsy, instead of being influenced by others who pointed the way. "With Barker and Shaw," he writes, "Jesse Lynch Williams is the exponent of the brilliant idea in drama." Would it not be better to say "because of Barker and Shaw" this is so, remembering *Getting Married* and *The Madras House?* He claims that no man writing for the theatre has less of the theatre in his works than Augustus Thomas, not recalling perhaps those significant introductions Mr. Thomas has written for a Library Edition of his plays, wherein he shows how expertly he always veneered the chips of life with which he dealt into a theatrical commodity.

So we could go through this book disagreeing with Mr. Dickinson as to particulars, but in the end reaching conclusions not unlike his as to the healthful potentiality of the American Theatre at this very hour. In the previous books, he has shown himself to be interested not so much in the theatre as in the rea-

sons for a theatre: this tendency to philosophize makes parts of the new book a little jumbled by side passages which divert the attention without being diverting. One could never accuse him of insularity, and yet there is an almost blind acceptance of the "American product" as the best the market affords; this enthusiasm is an excellent quality, not often to be found in his writing. And strange to say, where he allows it to reign, it runs away with his judgment. He brings a scientific analysis to many things that have no science to them; he is prone to pigeon-hole too closely; he launches great arguments against small dogmas. But none the less, in this plethora of material, which he has condensed into very small space, one finds his essential purpose: to indicate the new threads of a new drama, to assay the soil for the new drama. He has done his work thoroughly, alertly. In fact, sometimes we cannot see the drama for the names. Nevertheless, it is a careful diagnosis, with the conclusion that the patient is doing well, and, when full grown, will be better than ever. My only worry at present with the American Drama is its mental growth, its body of ideas. Technically, it has flowered beautifully since 1900.

MONTROSE J. MOSES.

A GERMAN REALIST

FABER, ODER DIE VERLORENEN JAHRE. By Jakob Wassermann. Berlin: S. Fischer Verlag.

BRANDER MATTHEWS used to like to tell the story of a French play in which Mama, always about to appear but never quite doing so, was the mainspring of the action. A character, reminiscent of the whimsical French comedy only in this particular, broods over the action of Jakob Wassermann's latest venture in fiction, *Faber, oder die verlorenen Jahre.* From the opening pages when Eugen Faber, after more than five years as a war prisoner in Siberia, returns home with a scowl on his handsome face and a gnawing fear at his heart because he thinks that the Princess has engaged his wife's affections to his exclusion, we realize that there must come a reckoning between these two

forces in the novel. How inevitably the Germans interweave fairy-story elements with real things! The Princess's personality is effective; she radiates kindness, her presence heals, her soft but deep voice hushes strife, she is old and wise even to the point of clairvoyance; she is just the sort of person we all intend to be but never are. She has enemies, as all public-spirited people have. But opposition brought into her presence crumbles, abases itself, kisses her hand, and says, "I have sinned". Thus in a plot abounding in real motives, Faber's social rehabilitation is brought about through the influence of this fabled person and is completed in the closing pages of the book when we together with him see her for the first time in the flesh. He utters his *mea culpa*, and under the magic of her keen old eyes murmurs himself the formula for his release.

Fortunately there is even greater magic in the book—genuine human nature. Real life glares through this tinsel of fairyland in a most satisfactory way. For the Fabers, you must know, are honest-to-goodness people, with an unusual amount of mother wit, to be sure, but with accompanying faults and weaknesses which bring them within the realm of ordinary mortals. The eccentricities of the family come from an emancipated mother who, in rearing her children, has carried the principle of self-determination to such a point that right and wrong have become stale and unprofitable conceptions. The result is a quartet of unreconcilable individualists who are particularly adroit at working their own destruction. "We had freedom," Eugen says, "more than we desired. We were brought up even without religion, in order that our minds might suffer no constraint. . . . One, in the first wild enthusiasm, threw his life away for his science; the second went to ruin for a bad woman; the third sold herself into marriage without love and is now convenanting with the Church." The fourth, the hero, has tied his life into such a Gordian knot that apparently there is no peaceful way of straightening it out.

Into this family group there comes by adoption the one possible person for whom such upbringing has no influence either for good or for evil. So transcendant a nature as Martina we seldom meet, even in novels. She constitutes one of the puzzles of the

plot, and long discussions between the two people who know her best are necessary before we comprehend her nature. It was to be expected that she and Eugen would marry; it is also quite as clear that, while they can not live without each other, their dispositions offer the differences which form the hitch to the plot. Two other people complete the scant number of characters: honest Jakob Flemming, who can not endure to contemplate the Fabers' reversal of the processes of education and has eventually given up his position as tutor in the family, to which he remains, however, forever devoted; and Fides, the Junker's daughter, whose marriage to a parlor Bolshevist makes her in a short time a widow and recluse, and leads her to take refuge in Martina's home.

The economy in characters allows the author space to develop those he has. They are not the brain children of a romancer, or, if they are, they are at least convincing. Eugen Faber's doubts and fears come to be very genuine to us eventually. To the gall of prolonged absence from the one person he loved is added the wormwood of changed conditions which have left him out of account. His fellow citizens have rearranged their world in his absence and he is faced only with the choice of accepting or refusing what he finds. Not being a negating spirit, being indeed a reasonable person in general, he really wants to accept the *fait accompli*. He would do it, only it seems to require at the same time the concession of his claim on his wife's interest. He has known for some time before his return that she is active in a new enterprise, a mammoth scheme engineered by the Princess to reclaim neglected children. Knowing his wife's preoccupation with her own home ties, and her disinclination to look on the misery of the world, he is unable to conceive how the Martina he left behind could have become involved in such affairs. He feels the sting of a jealousy which is no less real because there is no man in the case; he is baffled and falls a prey to unwonted follies by reason of the very intangibility of his troubles. Another wife than Martina might have clarified his mind. But she is one of the naïve souls who never reason about things, or if they do have processes of ratiocination, are unable to give words to them. Her inner life is one of intuition. She acts but does not talk. All that she says in the course of the novel would scarcely fill half a

page. And still, so irreproachable, so refreshing, genuine, and charming is Martina that we delight in her, and feel therefore the poignancy of Eugen's longing to be at one with her again. The attainment of that desideratum gets, to all intents, further away as the story progresses. At the moment when the *dea ex machina* intervenes, Eugen is on the point of rendering a solution impossible and making everybody permanently unhappy.

It might be well to say just here that Wassermann has not drawn on the tragic buskins in presenting the story of the Faber family. Nothing much remains of the proud prospects which Anna Faber cherished for her gifted children; but then, what is there in the way of prospects in post bellum Germany anyway? Her disappointment strikes us as a part of the common misery; and while we hear of that in a way, our novelist prevents it from obtruding on his purely private story. Wassermann has little of the broad epic sweep. He deals rather with social problems in the narrower sense, and the bigger matters of racial or national mutations he leaves to another. Germany-since-the-war has had its historians and novelists, its embittered playwrights who can not shut out from their inner eye the social refuse resulting from the war any more than they can be blind to the filth now lying around on Germany's once spotless streets. Wassermann's eyes are no doubt as good as those of any other observer of the times. But his vision of life is comprehensive enough for him to be able to relegate the transitory to its place. Hence in *Faber* the political conditions are only the surf that beats on the shore of these lives. Now and then some flotsam is thrown up, perhaps even wreckage which changes the relations of things generally. But in the main, the people go on loving, hoping, hating, within sound of this never-resting sea much as they would elsewhere.

It is a truism that the German novelist turns his eyes preferably inward. In this respect Wassermann can not deny his nationality. Be it said, however, that he has learned to keep the liaison between the world of the mind and that of objective things in better working order than was the case with his earlier works. He has gained immensely in plausibility. His characters still wander through their earthly pilgrimage in that state of moral serenity which is the despair of us ordinary mortals—a superman

superiority which has somehow never thrived among us and leaves us Americans cold; but such unhallowed figures as were to be found in *The Goose Man*, for instance, are spared us. *Faber* is a more compact story. Wassermann has here accomplished the unheard-of feat of writing a German novel of less than three hundred pages. This ideal of brevity (I can not believe that it was a fortuitous occurrence) has acted on his creative ability with the refreshing grace of morning dew: the characters live, but have not the space to develop into caricatures, the action keeps to the main thoroughfare instead of turning down every bridle path. The action keeps to the highway, but it does not hurry. The problem is largely one of waiting; Eugen has to accustom himself to the new state of affairs. This gives time for long talks, even narrations, which are just a little out of tune with the rest of the book. The "Story of Fides" sounds like one of the digressions of *Wilhelm Meister* or some other Eighteenth Century fiction.

H. W. PUCKETT.

STUDIES IN HISTORY

THE GROWTH OF THE UNITED STATES. By Ralph Volney Harlow. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

POLITICAL AND SOCIAL HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES. Two volumes. 1492–1828, By Homer C. Hockett. 1829–1925, By Arthur M. Schlesinger. New York: The Macmillan Company.

A HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES. By Edward Channing. Vol. VI: The War for Southern Independence. New York: The Macmillan Company.

GREAT BRITAIN AND THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR. By Ephraim Douglass Adams, Ph.D. Two volumes. New York: Longmans, Green and Company.

EDWARD EVERETT: Orator and Statesman. By Paul Revere Frothingham. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

THE PUBLIC LIFE. By J. A. Spender. Two volumes. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

THEN AND NOW. By Mrs. H. A. L. Fisher. With an Introduction by the Rt. Hon. David Lloyd George. London and New York: Oxford University Press.

INTERNATIONAL ECONOMIC POLICIES. By William Smith Culbertson. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

HISTORY is a science of Protean phases, as numerous and as diverse as those of the *comédie humaine*. It ranges from barest

chronology to the most opulent and profound philosophy. It deals not alone with events, but also with their antecedents, their circumstances, their results. It tells not only what happened, and when, and where, and by whom it was effected, but also why it happened, and what were its results. It is a chronicle and a criticism; a record and an analysis. It is ethnological, political, military, religious, social, industrial, intellectual, moral, economic. Not every history book, of course, comprises all these characteristics. Indeed, not one could do so, adequately. But every one must partake of one or more of them, and that one will be most perfect which presents its own especial phase or phases most completely with most just regard for those which it is compelled to omit. Thus it has come to pass that history writers, instead of being integral and universal geniuses, such as Herodotus and Livy, have become classified, as are lawyers and physicians, into general practitioners and specialists, with the latter increasingly outnumbering the former. And of each class, he is most successful who applies himself most discreetly to its functions and meddles least with those of others.

Thus Mr. Harlow's *Growth of the United States* is on the whole an excellent example of the work of the general practitioner, with no specialties whatever. He aims to give us in a single encyclopædic volume a conspectus of all phases of American development from Christopher Columbus to Calvin Coolidge. That is a tremendous undertaking, like the burden of the Weary Titan, "almost too great to be borne". If it has not been performed as well as others have performed less formidable tasks, we must at least pay it high tribute for having been done as well as it has. There is generally good discrimination in selection of what to include and what to omit for lack of space, and a style notably readable for a book subject to so vast compression. The faults of the author, which are at times too serious to be ignored, are chiefly those of touching upon matters which should have been left to specialists, being too cocksure of highly controversial matters, and omitting some essential facts. Thus the author is entitled to his opinion that the course of the United States in the Texan Revolution was scrupulously correct, and that the imputation that the affair was instigated from Washington is absurd;

but it is not commendable to express it in a serious history without being able to devote a few pages to his reasons for it. To say that "In 1819, in return for Florida, the United States relinquished all claim to Texas, and John Quincy Adams promptly tried to buy the country back," is lamentably misleading without the explanation that Adams at first secured not only cession of Florida but also recognition of our claim to Texas, but was compelled by an unworthy political cabal in the Cabinet to modify the treaty with renunciation of Texas, in order that he might not gain too great political prestige to suit his jealous rivals. To describe Hinton Rowan Helper as merely "a poor white of North Carolina" is in fact inaccurate and in implication ridiculous. To mention Hood's defeat at Atlanta, with not a single word about his subsequent campaign and the titanic cataclysm at Nashville, and to tell of Dewey's friction with Diedrichs at Manila without so much as referring to Chichester, are much like *Hamlet* with at least the Ghost and Horatius left out. Despite such blemishes, however, which are generally so obvious as to correct themselves, the work is of genuine value.

The political and social interests of a nation are so comprehensive that a *Political and Social History of the United States*, as the work by Messrs. Hockett and Schlesinger is styled, should closely approximate the ideal of the general practitioner; as indeed this does. The military, industrial, commercial, financial, and almost all other phases of human activity and progress, are considered, of necessity with conciseness, yet with a fulness which will probably prove sufficient for the average reader, while for the reader interested in special topics there are abundant suggestions in the text and at the close of each chapter a classified bibliography of authorities which will prove of immense service to students. The chief defects of a generally admirable work are found in the second volume, by Professor Schlesinger, which contains some misapprehensions so extraordinary as to challenge curiosity and bewilderment as to their origin. Thus we find the amazing statement that by the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty of 1850 "Great Britain yielded her recent territorial claims." The fact is, of course, that that was precisely what Great Britain did not do. Clayton doubtless thought that she did. But Bulwer

never intended that she should. It was to avoid a demand that she should do so that Lord Clarendon sent Bulwer over to negotiate with Clayton at Washington, instead of himself negotiating in London with Abbott Lawrence, who knew the invalidity of the British pretensions from A to Izzard and over whose keen Yankee eyes it would have been impossible to pull even a shred of diplomatic wool. The whole great and prolonged controversy which followed the making of that treaty arose over that very point—Great Britain's insistence that the treaty did not require relinquishment of any of her existing claims, in Honduras, in Guatemala, or on the Mosquito Coast of Nicaragua. And in that insistence, Great Britain prevailed, her three Ouseley treaties, with Honduras, Guatemala and Nicaragua, not only confirming those claims but actually extending some of them; in the making of which treaties President Buchanan cordially acquiesced!

Another even more deplorable, if not actually mischievous, treatment of an important event occurs in connection with the history of the Panama Canal. Here is the substance of the story, as told by Professor Schlesinger:

> The Colombian Senate, acting within its undoubted constitutional rights, unanimously rejected the (Hay-Herran) treaty. . . . The decision of Colombia enraged Roosevelt. . . . On November 2 the United States cruiser *Nashville* arrived in the harbor of Colon. The next evening occurred a bloodless revolution in the city of Panama. . . . On the fourth, United States marines from the *Nashville* prevented the transportation of Colombian troops from Colon to the seat of trouble. Two days later the United States Government recognized the new Republic of Panama, and on November 18 a canal treaty was arranged. . . . Colombia's resentment over the high-handed procedure of the United States continued unabated for several years.

There is not a statement in that quotation that is not technically true; excepting that Roosevelt was "enraged", which he was not, and excepting the imputation of "high-handed" conduct to the United States. There is not one the implication of which is not utterly at variance with historic truth. The essential facts which the author strangely ignores are these: That the Colombian Senate rejected the treaty under the influence of a third Power's intrigues, and for the confessed purpose of delaying matters until it could confiscate the canal property and get for itself the sum we purposed to pay to the French company; that the *Nash-*

ville was sent to Colon, as vessels had been sent thither many times before, to protect American interests in the revolution which the whole world had for weeks known to be impending, its arrival there having no more to do with the outbreak than had the last eclipse of the moon; that the American marines did not prevent the transportation of the Colombians, but merely, in fulfilment of treaty rights and duties, forbade either party to the revolution to make military use of the neutral railroad; and that the Colombian Government a few weeks later, through its accredited special envoy, admitted that the Senate's rejection of the treaty had been an arbitrary act, committed under false pretences. If the author was writing as a general practitioner, he should have omitted much that he says; if he was writing as a specialist, he should have said enough more to substantiate—if he could—his amazing implications against his own country.

Mr. Channing, in the sixth volume of his *History of the United States*, covering the momentous period from 1850 to 1865, continues with much success his efforts to write the august narrative in the style of a general practitioner with incidental specialization. He has a fine faculty of summarizing, so as often to put into a single paragraph an array of facts which many writers would expand into a chapter, and to do so without seeming crowded or dry. The result is a narrative style which if not luminous is always lucid, and if not often picturesque or dramatic is at least interesting and convincing. There are, of course, some defects; as in what history are there not? Thus we find the strange statement that Narciso Lopez, the Cuban revolutionist, was himself a Cuban; which he certainly was not. We had supposed that all the world knew that he was a Venezuelan, a disciple of Simon Bolivar, and afterward a distinguished officer of the royal army in Peninsular Spain, before entering Cuba. Moreover, the highly important relations between the United States people and Government and the revolutionary attempts of Lopez are so inadequately set forth as to give no true conception of them. On the other hand there is a notably fine account of Helper and his *Impending Conflict*, in welcome contrast to the slighting mention in another book to which we have here-

tofore referred; and there is cause for grateful exultation to find Mr. Channing discarding the hoary fiction about the purpose of the Russian ships' visit to New York during the Civil War, which was invented by unscrupulous factionists for a sinister purpose and which has been swallowed, hook, line, bob and sinker, by many writers and speakers who should have known better than to be caught by so obviously and ridiculously false a lure.

Another writer who records with even more circumstantial accuracy that much misrepresented incident is Professor Adams, in his history of *Great Britain and the American Civil War;* but that is merely typical of a compendious work which we may without exaggeration describe as monumental. It marks an epoch in the world's understanding of the history of those five crucial years. That is because for the first time an American scholar, possessed not only of indefatigable industry and patience in research but also of a discriminating, judicious and impartial mind, has studied the subject from the British point of view as well as the American, and has had access to a wealth of original sources never before available. These sources include the private papers of Palmerston, Russell, Lyons, Gladstone and other British statesmen, and of James M. Mason, the Confederate envoy, and a great mass of diplomatic correspondence at Washington and elsewhere. The result is to correct some errors, to confirm into confident beliefs some mere suppositions, and to illumine much that has hitherto been dark.

Among the conspicuous services which these opulent volumes render may be mentioned first in order of time the reminder, hitherto too much ignored, of the impression which was inevitably and most pardonably produced upon the British mind by the accession to the Presidency of a man who was almost entirely unknown in Great Britian, save through generally unfavorable reports, and by his appointment as Secretary of State of a man long known as much given to "twisting the British Lion's tail" and whose first important suggestion to his chief was that America should seek a quarrel and begin a war with England. It was impossible that in such circumstances Great Britain should regard Lincoln's administration with unhesitating confidence or with affectionate esteem. Nor was its view likely to be made more

favorable by Seward's strangely inept proposal concerning the Declaration of Paris. The attitude of Great Britain was, not unnaturally nor unreasonably, that of the man from Missouri. It had to be shown before it would believe.

That does not, of course, excuse those, who were unhappily neither few nor obscure, who declined to believe even after they had been shown. Strong as it is, we must approve John Bright's indignant denunciation of the "vile speech" with which William E. Gladstone sought to arouse public sentiment in England against the United States, and to open the way for that British recognition of Confederate independence which he so greatly desired, and which would probably have been followed by armed British intervention in behalf of the South. Russell was more friendly; or more honest. But even he was a long time, and a long time after the masses of the British people, in recognizing the righteousness of the national cause, and the possibility and practicability of a complete restoration.

The one colossal figure in the drama, however, is that of the American Minister. Not always hitherto has Adams received the credit and the honor due to him for his more than heroic achievements. Not always has he been recognized as the abundantly worthy son of the most puissant diplomat America has ever known. In the luminous pages of this historian,—who is his namesake but not, we believe, his kinsman,—we hear in Charles Francis the voice, we feel in him the hand, we see in him the resolute attitude, we recognize in him the intrepid spirit, of John Quincy when reading the eviction act to Russia or defying the Holy Alliance with the Monroe Doctrine. Unemotional, unsentimental, inexorable, with a mind that was a "clear, cold logic-engine," he was to the British statesmen a reincarnation of that American spirit which more than once or twice before in earlier years had contended with their predecessors in war or in peace, and had never yet been beaten.

From so masterly an example of the specialist's work in history we might seem to pass to another specialized work in Paul Revere Frothingham's *Edward Everett*, described as the first and definitive life of that orator and statesman. From the obvious point of view, no doubt, a biography is a specialized work; but

in this case it must be otherwise regarded. For Everett himself was no specialist. He touched life at many different points. Probably most people now think of him as an orator; and such he was, of distinguished rank in the very Golden Age of American oratory. But what else? Minister of the famous Brattle Street Congregational Church in Boston; Professor of Greek at Harvard; Editor of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW; Representative in Congress; Governor of Massachusetts; Minister to England; President of Harvard; Secretary of State; United States Senator; European traveler, poet, publicist, orator—of a truth, a biography of him must be a suggestive if not comprehensive political and diplomatic, intellectual, religious, literary and social record of his times; demanding the activities of a general practitioner historian. Dr. Frothingham has produced a volume which was much needed, both for Everett's sake and as a general picture of perhaps the most interesting half century of our national life. And it would be difficult to find a subject whose biography would present a more varied, intimate and vital picture of American life in the middle part of the last century. How widely he touched the world is suggested by two brief citations, far separated. When he was Editor of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW he proudly wrote to Henry Clay concerning it and the influence which he exerted through it:

> I believe I may say there is not a social library, reading-room, literary club, mess-room, or public institution in any degree connected with politics or learning which it does not reach.

A generation later, Macaulay wrote him from England, anticipating a visit from him:

> I assure you that there is not a breakfast party, assembled by any of your old friends, at which the probability of your paying England a visit is not discussed . . . . A line from you is the best passport into the best society of London . . . . I am sure that you can do more than any other living man to promote good feeling between New England and Old England, and we are both, I am confident, equally convinced that the concord of the two great branches of the English race is of the highest importance to the happiness of both.

Mr. Spender is almost as well known, as a publicist, essayist and historian, in America as in England, and his handsome

volumes on *The Public Life* must have almost as strong an appeal to interest here as there. Indeed, many of the chapter subjects are either directly American, such as "The American Constitution and Its Result," "Cleveland and Roosevelt," and "Woodrow Wilson," or else indirectly but no less intimately of interest to Americans. He discusses public men in their various capacities, in peace and in war, and in connection with the great events and processes of the last hundred years, the functions of Parliament and other national legislatures, diplomacy, politics and foreign affairs, politics and religion, international morality, revolutions, and, in some respects most striking of all, the relation of the Press to these things. Truly, it is a portrayal and a discussion of "the public life" in all its important phases; but while thus the work as a whole must be that of the general practitioner, each one of these varied aspects of public life is treated with the authority of the specialist. A fine example of his keen insight and sound judgment, even of non-English affairs, is found in the course of his consideration of Lincoln:

> It is extremely improbable that if Lincoln had been a Prime Minister in the European sense he would have survived the first two years of the war. Impatience at the unpreparedness of the Government and the ineffective conduct of the war found loud and angry expression; and he was charged alternately with meddling with the soldiers and with failing to assert his authority. At the same time political zealots were furious at the deep and patient wisdom with which he refused to force the question of Abolition until the military situation was ripe for it. Had his position depended on Cabinet solidarity or a vote in Congress, he would have lived the same precarious life as any European Minister during the first two years of the Great War.

That is absolutely true, and it is to be earnestly commended to the consideration of those who profess a preference for the European Ministerial-Parliamentary system, over our own system of an independent Executive with a fixed term. All the way through his volumes, indeed, Mr. Spender offers information, reminder, admonition, inspiration, as apt and as profitable to the American as to the British reader; and all with a red-blooded vivacity, a clarity of style, and a wealth of recollection and knowledge which charm the reader and provoke unceasing admiration.

Mrs. Fisher's little volume on *Then and Now* is, unlike Mr.

Spender's work, devoted entirely to British affairs, and therefore appeals to Americans only in as much as they are concerned with the history and the interests of Great Britain. To how great an extent they are thus concerned, however, is suggested by the fact that the volume draws comparisons and contrasts between British conditions, problems and settlements at the end of the Napoleonic Wars and those at the end of the World War. It is of profitable interest to recall the enactment of the Corn Laws and then the agitation against them, in comparison with the present movements toward some measure of Protection; the high rents and scarcity of housing which then prevailed, even as they do now; the enlargement of the franchise, which seemed then as revolutionary as "votes for women" in our time; the "terror" of the French Revolution, which was no less marked than the menace of Red Bolshevism today; and the appalling amount of unemployment and pauperism, which then provided antetypes of the unemployment and the disastrous dole system of the present time. Not a few of the matters discussed are of importance to Americans by way of example and warning, while the entire volume will give to American readers a more complete and just appreciation of the trying problems with which the British Government now has to deal, and will thus conduce to better mutual understanding between the nations.

Mr. Culbertson's *International Economic Policies* is, as the sub-title suggests, a survey of the economics of diplomacy, and is therefore partly historical, partly analytic, and always philosophical. We have heard much in recent years about the economic causes of wars; ever since Cobden put forth Free Trade as the sure basis and guarantee of perpetual and universal peace. Beyond doubt, competition for markets and for possession of the sources of supplies of raw materials, and the quest for concessions and loans, both profoundly and acutely affect the relations between countries, and are often potential causes of wars. The scope of the present volume is suggested by some of the topics: The most-favored-nation treatment, tariff bargainings and tariff wars, Protection and preference, the open door and the closed door, foreign loans and investments, and shipping policies and regulations. Upon all of these Mr. Culbertson writes with ex-

pert authority, and with a most commendable purpose to present both sides of every controversial subject, regardless of his personal opinions. Perhaps one of the most impressive reflections caused by perusal of the work is the important bearing of past experiences upon present conditions and problems. A review of the record of tariffs, commercial treaties, international loans, and what not is little short of bewildering because of their multiplicity; yet there is scarcely an item which does not suggest something worthy of consideration in connection with the problems and transactions of today. There is little in it that is picturesque, dramatic or entertaining; but there is nothing that is not valuably informing and directly pertinent to our own present national interests. It is economic history raised to the *n*th degree, most timely when so many formidable if not authoritative voices are proclaiming that economic considerations dominate and direct the progress of the world.

WILLIS FLETCHER JOHNSON.

CRITICISM AND LETTERS

THE COLLECTED ESSAYS AND PAPERS OF GEORGE SAINTSBURY 1875–1923. Vol. IV. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

LETTERS OF JAMES BOSWELL. Collected and Edited by Chauncey B. Tinker. Two Volumes. New York: Oxford University Press.

IT would be idle to maintain that this last volume of *The Collected Essays and Papers of George Saintsbury* contributes distinctly new knowledge either concerning literature or concerning Mr. Saintsbury. Of the eleven essays in this book ("Essays in French Literature"), only two were written after 1900. All have been widely read, frequently reviewed, and Mr. Saintsbury, according to his custom, has somewhat revised his impressions. "One cannot be always studying one's own works", says Matthew Arnold, and on the whole Mr. Saintsbury is not so engaged. Yet he certainly finds odd moments in which to correct and annotate his judgments of thirty years past. This he has done in all these four volumes, with many a note and bit of scholarly autobiography. Interesting as this process is it

cannot counterbalance the feeling that, after all, the essay on Baudelaire was written in 1875 and that on Flaubert in 1878. The chief value of this book is then probably what Mr. Saintsbury expected it to be, though he cannot refrain from addenda: a complete record of a learned scholar's comments in the medium of the essay.

I say that we are familiar with these excellent judgments on books; and that we are equally at home in their author's method of writing. Here are these mighty sentences rumbling along with their freight of quotations from Greek and Latin, their scholarly jests, their parenthetical exclamations, their allusions, italics, and neology. Here on every page is the plunder of a long life of reading. Here are that kindliness, that enthusiasm for literature, and that solid fact which may make other critics despair. And here also, among tributes to Matthew Arnold, is a ponderous explicitness that would have interested that elegant Jeremiah. No one can read Mr. Saintsbury without feeling ignorant; no one can read him without feeling the reality of the world of literature; and no one can read him without wishing to say the same things more simply.

The significance, then, of these essays amounts really to that of contemporary criticism. For although the essay on Baudelaire is dated 1875 Mr. Saintsbury points out that he wrote much of it when, in 1866, he received from Paris the second edition of *Fleurs du Mal.* The essay on "Flaubert" pleased this writer when it first appeared in *The Fortnightly Review* in 1878. This flavor of the past is true of many of the later essays; footnotes will not save or condemn them; they belong to the history of criticism, and may be compared profitably with later verdicts.

Thus it is interesting to notice Mr. Saintsbury's eloquent appeal at the end of "Charles Baudelaire" for intense study of him by English writers. He recommends for the "profane devotion" of the Englishman who would remind himself repeatedly of the artistic ideal, an intimacy with Baudelaire. "His work," says Mr. Saintsbury, "measured by volume is not great. But in that work there is no line of careless or thoughtless execution, no paragraph where taste or principle has been sacrificed for praise or pay, for fear or favor, no page where the humanist and

literary ideal is not steadily kept in view and exemplified. Valuable as he is for private study with no further end, he should be yet more valuable and productive of multiplied delight as a model and a stimulant." This is good counsel for the Philistine, and Matthew Arnold may have nodded approvingly, though he preferred the De Guérins. As the storm about the evil Baudelaire has abated, is this not precisely his place in the federated literatures of the world?

This is finally what we feel most strongly about Mr. Saintsbury's services as a critic. In the essay on "St. Evremond", in those on "Renan" and "A Frame of Miniatures", and especially in the essay on "English and French Literature", he has a keen eye for that artistic point of view which many an English critic dismisses as alien. No one feels more than he the existence of the Channel, but his repetition of Matthew Arnold's dictum that English literature must see itself in terms of French literature, is impressive, and must have borne fruit. Thus in the paper on "Flaubert", which in its synopses of plots suggests that he was talking in 1878 to somewhat deaf ears, and reminds us of Arnold's alphabetical exposition of Tolstoi, he attacks the rejection of Flaubert on the ground of mere "unpleasantness". "The ordinary novel," he says firmly, "is a compromise and a convention. Of compromises and conventions Flaubert knows nothing." With much the same spirit he analyses in "English and French Literature" the English character, with an impartiality, it seems to me, which might do credit to some outsider who had passed half his time in France and half in England. He explains unanswerably why there should never be an "English Academy". It is a mistake to think that Mr. Saintsbury's learning had dulled his culture; he is a stout warrior for εὐφυΐα. For this reason, I for one shall have his *Collected Essays* on my shelves—yes, and eventually, I trust, his *Collected Works*.

It is with a vivid sense of the obvious truth in the vast difference between a critic and an editor that we turn to the *Letters of James Boswell*. Here is no discourse, no analysis, no speculation, but the thing itself: one man of letters unadorned, speaking in the most intimate of all mediums—James Boswell himself. So definite is the impression of the man Boswell in these two vol-

umes, so unclouded by the endless comments which this man always aroused, then and now, that we almost forget the labor, the art, the ordering, the wise inclusion, the still wiser omission, which have made us forget all but Boswell. This is not Johnson's Boswell; it is just Boswell.

There seems sometimes a sentimental objection to an edition of the letters of writers whose temperaments appear at variance with such a performance. To me the volatile letters of a Byron or a Shelley have always seemed a little strange with their anchors of learned notes. I do not easily associate a Leigh Hunt with an *ibid.*, or a *sic.* Hence the joy of reading manuscript letters before the scholar has ticketed the human being's hopes and fears! But a pleasant, if minor aspect of these volumes of letters is connected with the fact that Boswell's moods and feelings are still his own, and not merely material for annotation. In brief this is a fair and goodly text. Boswell pours out his laments and joys to Sir William Temple without suddenly muttering *sic* or stabbing us with a printer's dagger. For this, and for other reasons, the book thus fulfils Professor Tinker's wish that it supply the lack of a contemporary biography.

The body of the text includes all the Boswell letters already printed, with the addition of nearly one hundred letters. No one who has not encountered manuscripts with their thousand violations of the rules of spelling and punctuation, knows the problem of making a clear and truthful record of the original without perpetuating absurdities. Let those who cavil at editors consult their own letters more freely. Professor Tinker's solution of his difficulty has been to adopt a definite method based partly on Boswell's procedures in his *Life of Johnson.* The punctuation has been made consistent; and the original spelling has been retained. The problem concerning explanatory notes was not, I should think, easier. The terse footnotes, however, tell us all we need to know, and no more, to comprehend the story of Boswell's life-experience.

The result of the completeness of this collection is surprising. For it is possible that a layman interest in Boswell like mine may be accompanied by mere prejudices about this Scotchman: he was the friend of Johnson; he was the Laird of Auchinleck; he wrote

often to Sir William Temple, and the like. But in this book such cleavages disappear. Johnson is important, but after his death Boswell is still Boswell. His fragments, scattered through eighteenth and nineteenth century criticism and allusion, are made whole. We find ourselves thinking, as we instinctively go through with him the process of writing these letters, in terms of his own moods. After a time, when he writes to a friend on business we know pretty well how he will feel.

So just as in a friend we look not for chronology but for moods that we know well, we come to perceive these in Boswell; to follow his recurrent feelings, to dwell more and more on repeated interests. It is all very natural. In the early years are those adventures of the passions which fade away in the older, but not, as he hoped, the more tranquil Boswell. It is interesting to watch the reëstablishment of his mind in new situations. As the blood cools, impetuosity finds new channels of expression. Then there are those friendships with Samuel Johnson, and Joshua Reynolds.

Of all these it is impossible, least of all, to forget Boswell on a subject very dear to him, a subject on which he is never boring —himself. Boswell lacked the art of making a romantic picture of himself in which all his faults should serve their hero. He is melancholy, and he laments about it. He is licentious, and he hopes to overcome it, but he confesses that his hopes are strongest in the first fit of repentance. He is gay, and he is glad of it. If he is despicable at times, he is also honest, and does not strive for that virtue of the hypocrite, consistency. He is interested in his own moods, like a child, and he has a child's helplessness about their control. "Am I not fortunate," he writes to Sir William Temple, not more than half-ironical, "in having something about me that interests most people at first sight in my favor?" On this occasion a young widow in the fly at Buckden had supported his lame foot on her knee. Again he says to Sir William: "My life is one of the most romantic that I believe either you or I really know of; and yet I am a very sensible good sort of a man." Once more: "You know," he writes Sir William, "my strange temper and impetuous disposition." What, pray, was Sir William's expression of countenance as he read the letter of February 1, 1867, on Boswell's difficulties with

his lady? "What," says Boswell, "shall I do?" And many times: "What shall I do?"

In the same fashion we share his moods about his father. Or we trace with interest, with an eye on the moralists, his safe arrival in the port of a happy marriage, despite those early years. If the story of these escapades is amusing, the anguish of the parting from his wife is moving. What attracted people to Boswell were those deep roots of affection in him. His words after the death of Johnson, whose friendship here is beautifully depicted, are wrung from him: "I do not expect to recover from it." Boswell was not one of those unfortunates who have learned on the wrack of the world not to feel. To the last he could still love, and he could still suffer. Perhaps we might have inferred this from the *Life of Johnson*, but Professor Tinker has made it apparent beyond peradventure.

How Professor Tinker could have done it better, I do not see. We wish there had been more than one letter to Goldsmith and more than one to the children, but this is to wish the impossible. If I have been well-disposed, too well-disposed towards this living Boswell, I am sure that it is an error of judgment and not because fifteen years ago I first met him through this scholar, who then became my guide and friend.

STANLEY T. WILLIAMS.

Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

Res.

B.P.L.
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In the September number of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW a volume of *The Collected Essays and Papers of George Saintsbury* was by inadvertence wrongly credited. It is in fact published by Messrs. E. P. Dutton and Company, of New York.

Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

DECEMBER–JANUARY–FEBRUARY, 1925–1926

THE PLIGHT OF ENGLAND

BY THE EDITOR

SHORTLY before returning to his own country a few months ago, Sir Esme Howard, the discreet and experienced British Ambassador, addressing an exceptionally enlightened American audience, made a declaration which we believe to have been without precedent in the long record of frank avowals by English diplomatists in foreign lands. It was in effect a confession that the time might come, in the near future, when the United Kingdom would be unable to meet its financial obligations to the United States.

He spoke deliberately but withal so calmly, even casually, that his utterance evoked slight attention in this country and was studiously ignored by all of the London public journals except one, *The Daily Chronicle*, which angrily asserted that "no British party would dream of repudiating Mr. Baldwin's debt-funding agreement."

But this was a quite superficial view, based upon careless or wilful misinterpretation. "Repudiation" spelled a thought far removed from the Ambassador's mind. Conceivable default, arising from obvious incapacity to pay, was the extreme limit of the Ambassador's premonition. But such an intimation, of itself, was sufficiently startling, even though it had not been, as in fact it was, accompanied by more explicit statements of belief that "we of my country have come to the real parting of the ways," and that unless soon there shall be a restoration of "confidence and credit" throughout Europe and a "return to the natural

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flow of trade" throughout the world, "we are heading for a worse cataclysm than that produced by the actual state of war."

These were portentous words to be addressed by a highly accredited spokesman of a nation, however rich and resourceful, to a people upon whose faith in its financial solidity its essential and exceptional existing credit so largely depends. They expressed, however, no more than a conclusion. Frankly evincing a natural distaste for the presentation of statistics in an after-dinner speech, the Ambassador refrained from setting forth the facts justifying a deduction which, regardless of its possible effect, he felt in honor bound to reveal to the friendly and sympathetic creditors of his country.

Nevertheless, in view of his plain intimation of at least a possibility of default by the United Kingdom in its heavy interest payments to the United States, it is a natural assumption that the chief consideration in Sir Esme's mind was the condition, present and prospective, of British finances. To that subject, in simple fairness to an honorable, courageous and self-sacrificing debtor country, which has added to its own burdens payments totaling nearly one-half of our entire national debt, we may well now, when freed to do so by the Ambassador's candid acknowledgment of apprehension, direct the attention of our own people.

The net financial results of the war to the United Kingdom appear in the table on the following page.

Technically, there was a reduction in the debt of £131,493,000 from its highest point in 1920 to 1924; actually, there was an increase of about £60,000,000, since the lower figures for 1924 were attained through the disposal of accumulated war supplies constituting tangible assets which realized in cash about £200,000,000, about one-fourth of their cost.

We find, therefore, not only that there has been no reduction in the debt principal from its peak in 1920, but, looking further, that there has been an actual increase in the debt interest charge from £324,000,000 in 1922–3 to £355,000,000 in 1925–6, or £33,000,000 per annum, despite the exaction of taxes amounting to $86.94, or 23.2 per cent., upon the national income of $374.74 per capita, the heaviest ever imposed upon any people.

There seems to be no escape from the conclusion that ever since

GREAT BRITAIN—NATIONAL DEBT, 1914–1924

[March 31 of each year; 000 omitted; source: official reports]

	Funded debt	Terminable annuities	Unfunded debt	Other liabilities	Total indebtedness
1914.....	£586,718	29,552	35,000	56,384	707,654
1915.....	583,290	28,041	497,486	56,985	1,165,802
1916.....	318,460	26,159	1,796,129	56,691	2,197,439
1917.....	317,787	24,045	3,669,614	52,199	4,063,645
1918.....	317,730	21,903	5,532,217	29,245	5,921,096
1919.....	317,629	20,645	7,096,675	46,101	7,481,050
1920.....	314,952	19,314	7,497,478	46,863	7,878,607
1921.....	314,837	17,698	7,252,874	48,739	7,634,148
1922.....	[1]580,607	16,191	7,079,497	66,231	7,742,526
1923.....	[1]997,840	13,681	6,760,876	70,329	7,842,726
1924.....	[1]980,258	13,451	6,686,914	66,491	7,747,114

[1] Including 3½ per cent. conversion loan.

the war England has been, and is today, existing upon her capital.

This was the unhappy condition of affairs which confronted the British Ambassador when he voiced virtual dismay at the prospect. During the five months that have elapsed since he spoke the situation has changed so alarmingly for the worse that the tacit concealment which had previously been maintained by British statesmen has been abandoned. Englishmen of all professions, economists, doctrinaires, pedagogues, publicists, even novelists, now realize that they must face the facts, British fashion, in the open.

What are those facts? Without attempting full recapitulation, we may enumerate a few of those most vital.

England's period of productivity has passed; her sole function henceforward can be none else than that of "middleman" or manufacturing intermediary between producers of raw materials and consumers of finished articles, working under the competitive disadvantage of huge costs of both fetching and carrying.

Hope based upon the precedent of marvelous recovery from the

depression following the Napoleonic wars, though frequently voiced with confidence, is plainly illusory. A century ago Britain was virtually a self-contained nation. Today she depends on the world for food for thirty million of her people, and she must contemplate with apprehension the narrowing margins in surplus food in lands whence her supplies have come. Agriculture ought to be a subject of vital importance in every country. Under the Corn Laws which the ruling class, the landlords, had power to enact and maintain until 1845, land was capitalized to the utmost farthing through raising and maintaining rents, resulting in the bankruptcy of thousands of farmers and the emigration of tens of thousands. Sound economics now forbid that grains from India, Australia, Russia, Alberta and the Dakotas shall continue to compete in the London markets to fill the vacuum in the bread supply. Refinements in factory costs will no longer tolerate support of thousands of ships to carry food one way and factory products the other. The irresistible tendency of every country is to fabricate its own raw materials.

There was, moreover, following the Napoleonic wars a world call for British goods, making for general employment as contrasted with the present enforced and increasing idleness of workers comprising, with their dependents, nearly one-eighth of the entire population. In 1850 Britain was producing about one-half of the world's supply of iron and steel. Although other nations were gaining, she held the paramount place until 1875. Germany entered upon a fresh industrial career after her victories of 1864, 1866 and 1870. Soon thereafter the United States made rapid strides, achieving in 1902 the same relative position to world production that was Britain's in 1850. Between 1861 and 1871 peace at home and wars elsewhere accelerated the growth of British capital, stimulating iron and steel industries. Moreover, at this time, wooden ships began to be generally supplanted by iron and steel ships, with marine engines in place of sails of cotton and hemp. In peace and prosperity and in virtual command of iron and steel production, Britain led the way in the new industries of steel ships and marine engines, her technical excellence in which proved of utmost importance in the great war. For more

than a decade about that time, 1870, Britain had a monoply in Bessemer steel and later controlled the open hearth process.

But America took the lead in 1897; Germany passed Britain in 1903, and France in 1921. The United States is now producing more than six times the steel output of Britain.

The year 1924 was one of serious depression in the industry; of a total of 482 blast furnaces, only 172 were in operation; steel melting plants were idle in thirty-five cases; twenty-nine wrought iron works in the Midlands alone suspended operations entirely, and much of their plant was dismantled. The business also felt severely the increased production of iron and steel in the Dominions, and British manufacturers had to contend with competition of Continental manufacturers, operating under the advantage of depreciating exchanges, lower taxation, lower capital charges, lower wages, longer working hours, lower freight rates, and protected home markets.

Sir William Larke, the director of the National Federation of Iron and Steel Manufacturers, whose statement before a committee of Parliament forms the basis for the foregoing statistics, said that whereas the price of iron and steel was only 35 per cent. above the 1913 level, all commodities entering into the computation of the price index number of the Board of Trade were 71 per cent. above the pre-war levels.

Undoubtedly this disheartening outcome was due in large part to the derangement of conditions wrought by the war, but the more ominous cause lay in the fact that no important field of iron ore has been opened in Britain since 1850, while in the mean time several fields were exhausted and the percentage of iron content became so small that as early as 1913 no less than 7,442,000 tons of ore were imported, mostly from Spain.

The simple truth is that Britain has realized on her natural wealth in iron; her ore mines are now of little value, and the proximity of iron and coal, so conducive to low cost in smelting, has ceased to be a factor.

Coal mining is the one great productive industry which has seemed likely to be maintained, although at depths which has made it too costly for any but home consumption. It would now be in a state of utter collapse but for a heavy direct subsidy

granted by the Government, in sheer desperation, to provide a few months' time for study and possible solution of a problem which appears upon its face to be insoluble.

The fact most significant in connection with this great industry, far more important than questions of wages, capital losses and strikes, is that since the armistice the output of both France and Belgium has increased materially while that of England has decreased 17,000,000 tons. It becomes, indeed, almost startling when linked with the extraordinary and inadequately realized recuperation of France.

"At the time of the armistice," a competent English investigator writes,—

> the great Lens coal region was a chaotic mass of indescribable ruin. In six years the French genius of reconstruction has changed this spectacle of despair into a scientific and industrial marvel.
>
> Towns and villages have sprung up again magically. Above all is the achievement of a completely electrified and smokeless industrial region. While we have talked about super-power stations at the source of power, the French mining engineers have built and equipped them. Every reconstructed colliery is operated by electric power; towns and villages and the intervening rural areas draw their electric supplies from the same source; every miner's cottage has electric light.
>
> The whole enterprise is linked up with the definite intention to liberate France from the necessity of buying foreign coal. There is no parallel to it in the history of coal mining.

Nothing, meanwhile, during those six years, has been done to modernize English methods; indeed, speaking with friendly candor, the British seemed to be quite unaware of the impressive French development until the recent crisis induced inquiry and disclosure. Whether, by any conceivable endeavors, England could have withstood such competition, under conditions so unfavorable to herself, is perhaps a question; but in any case the virtual loss of her Continental market for the chief product of her soil now seems to be much nearer a certainty than a possibility.

Another factor, reacting adversely upon the coal industry, is the increasing use of oil for fuel. In 1914 nearly 89 per cent. of the ships on *Lloyd's Register* depended wholly on coal. Now the proportion is less than 65 per cent. In 1914 two per cent. used

oil for boilers or in internal combustion engines; now nearly 32 per cent. use it. Sailing vessels were eight per cent.; they are now three and a half per cent. This inevitable diminution of home consumption runs parallel with probable extinguishment of foreign demand—a matter of less, yet plainly grave, importance.

A large majority of British ship-building yards are closed or being closed, according to Sir George Hunter, of the great Swan concern, who adds sententiously in a letter to the Prime Minister: "We are not on the road to improvement; we appear to be on the road to ruin." The chief cause of this partial collapse lies in the fact that other countries have so greatly increased their mercantile fleets that the British share in shipping has decreased from 44.5 to less than 33 per cent., but it is a far more ill-boding circumstance that, in recent competitive bidding, British firms, though offered £10,000 more for each ship than a German firm required, were unable to accept the proposal, thus indicating clearly what may be expected when the full force of German efficiency shall be brought into play.

Published reports of "slackness" in cotton, "slump" in wool, "unprecedented unemployment" among linen workers, and the like in all minor lines of manufacturing, have been so unvarying since June that they have become really too familiar to call for special mention.

Simultaneously with the British Ambassador's generalization to the effect that the sole hope of England, to avert "a cataclysm worse than that produced by actual state of war," lay in "return to natural flow of trade" throughout the world, there appeared in London from an authoritative source a more concrete statement so startling that even the ultra-conservative *Morning Post* depicted it in large headlines as heralding "Danger of National Bankruptcy." It was addressed to the Press by Sir Allan Smith, Chairman of the Management Board of the Employers' National Federation, who drew this conclusion from an impressive array of convincing figures:

> We have thus come to the point where we shall have to contemplate liquidation of our national assets and live on our national capital. If therefore something is not done to revivify our export trade the result in time must be national bankruptcy.

Having first noted the steady decline of trade balances from £352,000,000 in 1920 to £154,000,000 in 1922, to £102,000,000 in 1923, to £29,000,000 in 1924, he foresaw an actual adverse balance in 1925 of £30,000,000.

That was in June. The latest figures from the Board of Trade indicate how far even Sir Allan's appalling estimate fell short of the mark. Comparative records of trade for the first nine months of the past three years are as follows:

	1925	1924	1923
Exports British goods	£579,245,539	£589,316,385	£566,122,381
Re-exports for goods	112,835,317	102,832,789	86,857,891
Total exports	£692,080,856	£692,149,174	£652,980,272
Imports	965,859,426	909,446,483	787,464,274
Excess of imports	£273,778,570	£217,297,309	£134,484,002

But even these totals fail to reveal the magnitude of the disheartening trend so impressively as the increase in excess of imports from August to September of £9,460,000 and the complete comparison of August, 1925, with August, 1924, to wit:

Exports of British goods	decreased £300,000
Re-exports for goods	decreased 2,970,000
Total exports	decreased 3,270,000
Imports	increased 6,190,000
Excess of imports	increased 9,460,000

Assuming no change in proportion for the remaining three months of 1925, the excess of imports for the year will reach £342,000,000 as against £217,000,000 in 1924, more than 60 per cent. to the wrong side of the ledger.

Even these figures afford but a faint indication of what England has yet to overcome. Obviously the most startling contrast is the following:

	1913	1924
Exports and re-exports	£525,000,000	£795,000,000
Governmental expenses	188,000,000	788,000,000

That is to say:

The gross exports of a country wholly dependent upon its foreign trade barely exceed the cost of running its government.

The question is frequently asked, Why does the cost of administering the government of a small, compact country of 44,000,000 population, like the United Kingdom, exceed the like expenditure for a widespread land of 112,000,000 people, like the United States, by more than $600,000,000 per annum? A comparison of the chief items in the two budgets for 1925–6 affords an indication of the answer.

BUDGETS FOR 1925–6

	United Kingdom	United States
National Debt Service (including for the United Kingdom road funds, local taxation, Northern Ireland, land settlement and other consolidated fund services, $179,474,000; and for the United States, sinking fund, $323,175,000 and other debt requirements, $161,591,130)	$1,904,774,000	$1,316,767,000
Army	216,270,000	259,682,000
Navy	294,030,000	277,008,000
Air forces	75,539,000	(included above)
War pensions, etc.	450,000,000	604,000,000
Civil services (including customs costs but excluding post-office accounts)	684,280,000	634,686,000
Totals	$3,624,893,000	$3,092,143,000

Inasmuch as the United States allowance of $536,690,000 for military services is now generally considered to be an irreducible minimum, the provision of $585,839,000 can hardly be regarded as excessive for a great Sea Power like Britain. In point of fact, thanks in part at least to the Harding conference, it is less by nearly $500,000,000 than it was in 1921–22.

Practically the entire excess of Britain's expenditures over those of the United States lies in the dead load of her debt interest, but this is a matter of slight significance as compared with the fact that her total governmental cost still stands at £799,000,000 as against £197,000,000 in 1913–14, and seems so far more likely to increase than to diminish that on October 23 the Chancellor of the Exchequer publicly announced a probability that he would be obliged to "reimpose heavier taxation". How, in point of fact, he can avoid doing so without borrowing more

money is difficult to see. Not only are "doles" increasing steadily but the distracted Prime Minister is gradually adopting a subsidy programme whose ultimate requirements are incalculable. The coal subsidy already granted may prove to be as temporary as the indicated housing of Scotchmen on the Weir, but the vaguely comprehensive plan of succoring all industries, "either by bounties on production or on export or subsidies of specific contracts or orders mainly for export or subsidies for specially distressed districts, aid in the rates to take the burden off those who manufacture in the district, or a subsidy to bring down freight rates on railways," takes one's breath away.

There is waste undoubtedly in retention of superfluous employes in the departments, but any general weeding out is rendered futile by the certainty that a large proportion of those discharged would be driven to the "doles". Savings in administrative costs cannot be effected in a degree affording substantial relief, while vast unemployment continues; that is as certain as that debt interest and military pensions aggregating $2,354,000,000 cannot be reduced at all.

Turning to other phases of the situation, we find that nearly £400,000,000 a year is paid for imported foods, that the number of agricultural workers is less by four hundred thousand than it was fifty years ago, and that the wages of farm laborers in Norfolk have just been fixed, subject to confirmation by the Minister of Agriculture, at the starvation sum of twenty-eight shillings a week, hardly as much as the like service in this country yields per day. It is not to be wondered at that Mr. Lloyd George's original "back to the soil" proposal fell flat and has now been superseded by another from the same versatile source calling for "nationalization of the land", the "fundamental principle" of which the Labor organ delightedly pronounces "plain and sound Socialism", and likely "as such" to be "bitterly assailed", and therefore unavailing.

Emigration designed to reduce by ten millions the present overpopulation has been tried in vain. Last year, despite the growth of unemployment and the encouragement given to emigrants through Government financial assistance, only 88,883 people left to take up residence in the Dominions and colonies as contrasted with

223,851 in 1913. The number going to Canada and Newfoundland dwindled from 164,566 to 47,194; to Australia, from 44,500 to 30,300; and to New Zealand, from 11,800 to 8,740. Meanwhile, the population, already augmented by two millions even during and since the war, continues to increase steadily at the rate of six thousand a week, and Canada, in emulation of the United States, is raising the bars higher and higher. Whether or not the pessimistic *Morning Post* errs in perceiving "decay of the spirit of adventure in our people—and the spirit by virtue of which our whole empire has been founded and peopled," the simple truth is that those who are not wanted by the Dominions will not be received and those who are wanted will not go, preferring apparently, to stay at home and live off "doles". Needless to add, all these must be fed. One-tenth of an entire population cannot be abandoned to starvation, especially when, even though willing and virtually compelled to work as opportunity offers, employment cannot be had.

This practically runs the gamut, with the exception of one aspect of the situation whose consideration is most essential to a long view.

Assuming the wealth of Great Britain at various times to have been as stated by the highest authorities, the yearly increment will appear as shown below in the fourth column:

Year	*Wealth in Millions*	*Estimated by*	*Yearly rate of increment*
1812	£2,190	Colquhoun	
1833	3,690	Pebrar	2.54
1845	4,000	Giffen	.67
1865	6,113	"	2.15
1875	8,548	"	3.42
1885	10,037	"	1.61
1895	10,663[1]	"	.60
1905	13,036[1]	Porter p. 703	2.00
1909	13,968[1]	"	1.77
1914	14,300	Stamp (British Incomes and Property)	.45
1812 to 1875			2.18
1812 " 1914			1.855
1875 " 1914			1.33

[1] (These estimates by Giffen's methods are favored by Dr. Stamp and in the latest edition of Porter.)

From 1820 to 1914 the average yearly ratio of general government expenditure to aggregate wealth was 1.24 per cent. Consequently, under favorable conditions, the capacity of the people of the British Isles to accumulate wealth and to pay charges of general government may be measured by more than a century's experience:

Average yearly wealth increment	1.85
Average charges of government	1.24
	3.09

Say 3.1 per cent.

If it were reasonable to assume Britain to be as wealthy as in 1914 and to have been as prosperous since 1918 as during a century before, including the halcyon days of 1847–1872, there would be available for Government charges and wealth increment 3.1 per cent. on £14,300,000,000, equal to £443,300,000 yearly. Government expenditure has been:

1919	£1,665,773,000
1920	1,195,428,000
1921	1,079,187,000
1922	812,497,000
1923	788,840,000
	£5,541,725,000
Less five years' profits of the people	2,216,500,000
5)	3,325,225,000
Average yearly impairment	665,045,000

Dr. Helfferich's estimate of Germany's wealth of 1912, at $77,783,000,000, was probably correct, and his estimate of $35,700,000,000 for 1922 is substantially confirmed by the Dawes Committee report, as well as by the ensuing international action which was based upon it. But as the wealth of Britain must have declined more than that of Germany, at least 54 per cent. deduction is due to be made from Dr. Stamp's estimate of 1914, reducing the wealth of 1922 to £6,578,000,000. Yearly net income of the

people and government expenditure are indicated in millions in the following statement:

	Wealth	*Net income of people*	*Total*	*Government Expenses*
1922	£6,578	£204	£6,782	£812
1923	5,970	185	6,156	812
1924	5,367	166	5,533	788

Equal to £4,783 present wealth.

Thus the steady dwindling of "trade balance," or income available for investment abroad, from £252,000,000 in 1920 to £154,000,000 in 1922, to £102,000,000 in 1923, to £29,000,000 in 1924, to much less than nothing in 1925, is not only accounted for but is found to have been both logical and irresistible.

Clearly, as the British Ambassador originally asserted and as Mr. Chamberlain subsequently despairingly admitted when he started for the recent conference, the sole hope of England lies in resuscitation of trading conditions of former times; that is to say, in the success of practical application of the Locarno agreements.

Assuming ratification in due time by the various governments, what then from the viewpoint of Britain? Her political sacrifice is manifest. While the balance of power which she has held so long and wielded so skilfully in safeguarding her interests has, in pride-saving phrase, become "only automatic rather than optional," her parting with complete freedom of action in transferring its exercise to the Council of the League indubitably impairs the force of her famous tradition. But even so the weight of her influence in the body to which she has consigned it, with both France and Germany members on equal terms, cannot fail to be great and may prove in actual practice to be determining.

Moreover, no surrender of principle, such as would attend a like modification of the Monroe Doctrine by the United States, is involved, for the simple reason that English policy has never been subject to the restrictions of fundamental law, but answerable only to the demands of expediency, which in this instance clearly justified concession not only advantageous but absolutely essential to the peace which alone could open the way to prosperity.

Without peace there could be no trade, without trade England could not live; that was the long and short of it; and Locarno gives her at least the opportunity to reëstablish herself as a successful commercial nation; but no more than that.

What are the prospects of success? The new era of commercial rivalry which will be ushered in when, during the forthcoming year, the decks shall be cleared for action, will find England facing disadvantages such as have never confronted her before. Her national debt will approximate $40,000,000,000, calling for annual interest payments of nearly, if not quite, $2,000,000,000.

Germany's total liabilities will not exceed $12,500,000,000, requiring negligible interest payments but reparations disbursements of $305,000,000 during each of the next two years, of $435,000,000 in the following year, and of $625,000,000 per annum thereafter, all on account of principal, until the entire obligation shall be liquidated or quite probably refunded upon better terms.

France's total internal debt, the only one she feels bound to recognize, also stands at the present rate of exchange at about $12,000,000,000, and, while the carrying charge will remain in doubt pending readjustment of her finances, it can hardly reach $500,000,000 in addition to the 52 per cent. of reparations allotted to her from Germany.

The United States debt will soon be reduced to $20,000,000,000, calling for not more than $700,000,000 interest, with annual reduction of principal, chiefly by debt receipts from Great Britain, of $200,000,000 per year, and complete extinguishment, under Secretary Mellon's plan, in thirty years.

The dead weight charges resting upon the four competing nations at the beginning of the new era will be approximately:

	Interest or Reparations	*Population*	*Per Capita*
Great Britain	$2,000,000,000	45,000,000	$44
France	500,000,000	40,000,000	12
United States	700,000,000	110,000,000	6
Germany	305,000,000	75,000,000	4

Even this enormous financial disparity hardly exceeds that of economic resources, preparedness and efficiency. Already, as against England's adverse trade balance, France has achieved a

substantial and increasing trade balance on the right side of the ledger, while the balance in favor of the United States, in the last fiscal year, reached the huge sum of $1,042,681,497. The superiority in preparedness, and in efficiency on the part of Germany at least, of the three rival countries hardly calls for remark. Never before in her history has England faced anything like the zealous and relentless competition which awaits her reëntrance to markets which perforce for the first time look to another nation for working capital, and never before has she been relatively so ill equipped to overcome the tremendous handicaps which envelop her on all sides.

However well grounded in her marvelous record may be the confidence manifested by her politicians, so notably more fervid than that indicated by her economists, in England's ability to work, though hardly to muddle through, there can be no question that she has the longest and hardest pull ahead that she has ever known.

It is high time that Americans should be apprized of the real situation. Sir Esme Howard offset in advance Sir Robert Horne. Far better for England, at this stage, the blunt truth from a responsible Ambassador than lulling generalizations from an unauthorized ex-Chancellor.

And far better for America. No one country has ever had so huge a stake in another as the United States has today in Great Britain. It was a colossal undertaking on the part of England to pledge payment in gold of sums aggregating one-half of our great national debt. But appreciation of even that magnificent commitment palls before the gratitude we should feel for her upholding the standard of integrity among nations, whose maintenance as an essential factor in the development of civilization is now, at the beginning of our new career as the banker of the world, more vital to the continuing prosperity of our people than to that of any other.

Our debt to England for proving the fidelity of our race, as distinguished thus far from others, to recognition of just obligations, is no more measurable in dollars than hers to us in honor.

No doubt, as we are told persistently, it is our duty to help "the world"; but even obligations have degrees. Our first duty

is to the one great country that has established all Anglo-Saxons, our people no less than hers, as deservedly and unmistakably preëminent in financial integrity among the races of the earth.

It has become a cardinal principle of Great Britain, under the avowed headship of the King, to do nothing that might by any possibility impair the friendliness of, or give offense to, the United States. In honor, no less than in consideration of our own material welfare, we should respond in kind and make fidelity to our race second only to loyalty to our country.

THE NEXT CONFERENCE ON DISARMAMENT

I

ITS MEANING TO GREAT BRITAIN

BY LIEUT. COMMANDER THE HON. J. M. KENWORTHY, R.N., M.P.

AMERICA has made the chief contribution towards world peace since the Armistice. The Washington Conference for the discussion of Naval Armaments, initiated by the American Government in the person of the President, had valuable results; and although the British Admiralty was hostile and the British Government at first suspicious or indifferent, the results were of great value to Britain.

Briefly, the effect has been to check the race in battleship construction. These great mastodons of the sea were of doubtful utility, even in the Great War. And that war was fought largely in the narrow seas. Their utility in an Atlantic or Pacific war, owing to the great distances to be traversed, is even more doubtful. But so long as one Power was building ships of the line in the shape of heavily armored and armed battleships of immense size and cost, others felt themselves bound to follow suit. It was like the days when all women wore bustles. Whether these aids to beauty suited a particular female figure or not, every lady had to carry one. Furthermore, the Admirals in all navies had been brought up in battleships, and few of them had seen service in torpedo boat destroyers or submarines. In consequence their minds were orientated to the battleship, and they could not make the intellectual *volte face* to visualise the naval warfare of today as a matter of three dimensions, with submarines below the surface, sea-going warships on the surface, and great seaplanes, of a design not yet attempted, scouring the clouds above the sea. The cost of these great luxuries had reached sixty million dollars

apiece. When this historic Conference met, a new race in the most costly type of warship was being run between the United States, Britain and Japan. It was not that there was any particular enmity among these three Powers, but the naval staff in each country felt that a potential naval enemy was part of the constitution, and, without a bogy to frighten the taxpayer, the money to pay for a vast navy could not be extracted from his unwilling pocket. So strong was this urge that even the Admiralties of impoverished France and Italy were projecting programmes of battleship construction, though their Governments claim to be unable to pay their debts or peg their exchanges.

Now, it was natural, and probably inevitable, that at the gathering of the nations at Washington to discuss naval armaments, the Admirals should muster in full force. Every nation sent Admirals. Every Admiral has a proper pride in his profession, and the command of great fleets in peace time and, thrilling thought, their deployment for action in some historic sea battle, is the dream of every naval officer's life. But the politicians felt another urge, and especially the British politicians. This was the bitter cry of the overburdened taxpayer. Even Britain, whose great strength and prestige has always rested on sea power, whose very existence depends upon the security of her trade routes in wartime, and whose only means of bringing pressure to bear on a strong military power on the Continent of Europe is her naval strength, felt bound to acquiesce in the arrangements proposed for the mutual stabilization of naval strength. All the world knows that, in spite of the naval experts, battleship construction has now practically stopped throughout the world, and many fine vessels completed or on the stocks have been ruthlessly scrapped or used as targets for artillery and aeroplane bomb-dropping experiments. If this agreement had not been reached, the United States, had she taken up the gage and accepted the challenge, would have outbuilt or bankrupted Britain and Japan, severally, in ten years. But it would be as sensible to call a conference of jockeys to abolish horseracing as to convene the Admirals to limit competition in naval armaments. They found themselves compelled to acquiesce in a cessation of battleship building. But they and their natural Allies, the armaments-

making and armor-plate-rolling firms, found salvation in another direction. No limit was set to the building of so-called light cruisers. Only, their size was limited to 10,000 tons apiece and their guns to a calibre of 8 inches. Today the Powers principally concerned, the United States, Japan and Britain, with some assistance from Italy and France, have embarked on a new race in cruiser construction. Naval architects and scientists are prostituting their great knowledge, gifts and brain power to the evolving of a miniature or pocket dreadnought, miscalled a light cruiser. One of these new units of naval strength already costs more than a pre-war dreadnought battleship. The latest cruisers building for the United States, Britain and Japan, are costing round about fifteen million dollars apiece. They are powerfully armed, the more recent British cruisers carrying nine 8-inch guns; and it is credibly reported that the Japanese Admiralty has a design to carry twelve 8-inch guns within the limit of 10,000 tons displacement. They are of immense speed, already reaching 35 knots in a smooth sea, and speeds of 37 and even 38 knots have been spoken of. These vessels render obsolete nearly all other light crusisers already in the water. It is quite obvious that a new race in naval construction has commenced, and if we are to have peace in our time, a new Conference is urgently required at which some check can be put to the further building of cruisers. It was the British Admirals who objected to a limit on the number of cruisers, but it is the British taxpayer who has waked up, and will demand the correction of this error.

It is the same with torpedo-boat destroyers. These are of such size and cost today that they approach the old light cruiser built before the war. No limit has been set to their size, speed, number or cost, and if the Admiralties of the principal naval Powers get their way, they will build immense fleets of these potential commerce destroyers to the beggarment of the taxpaying public and the disturbance of the peace of the world.

It is quite evident that the real British interest lies in a general limitation of naval armaments to include all types of war vessels. It is not unreasonable to suppose that the other Powers would agree to the British cruiser fleet being somewhat the stronger, owing to the immense length of trade routes to be defended.

But we now come to the greatest menace of all where Britain is concerned, and that is the submarine. This dastardly weapon has lost much of its potency against war vessels. Many means have been devised for its detection and destruction, and although in the late war it somewhat circumscribed the actions of the strongest fleet, its great victories were really won over helpless merchant vessels. In the old days of the *guerre de course* or cruiser warfare, the unalterable law of the sea was that when a merchant vessel was made prize, her crew, and especially her passengers and non-combatants, should be treated with humanity and carried to safety. But the submarine cruiser captain, even with the will, has no means of obeying the old law of sea warfare. He did not have, and will not have in the future, the spare crew to take charge of prizes and convey them to port, nor could he take the crews and passengers of captured vessels on board his frail and crowded craft as prisoners. What was done in the late war was to sink the vessels out of hand and trust to luck, or to allow the crew first to take to the boats possibly hundreds of miles from land in nasty weather, and then sink the vessels; or, worse still, sink the vessels and then murder the crews deliberately. This was the policy of sinking without trace. It was the policy which sank the Lusitania. It was the policy which probably did more than anything else to bring the United States into the war on the side of the Allies.

Now, in the Great War, the German submarine was late in starting. The German Admiralty was a little slow in the uptake, and took some time to appreciate the potentialities of the submarine. When its full utility was discovered, the oversea bases did not exist to which the submarine cruisers could retire for repairs and refreshment. Again, the real type of submarine cruiser, or rather submersible commerce destroyer, was not evolved until toward the end of the war.

In another great naval war we need not expect the seaborne commerce of the world to get off quite so lightly. In a war of England and the United States of America against Japan, or of France against England, both sides would have ample overseas bases for their submarines, and it would be impossible to blockade these pests into their home waters as was done to the Germans

and Austrians. The modern submarine cruiser can remain at sea for weeks, can dive on the approach of superior forces, and in deep water will be as difficult to find as the proverbial needle in the haystack. Also the hunting of submarines, once located, is done by a multitude of small craft specially prepared for the purpose. It will not be easy for these flotillas to operate far from home. It is true that, as the aeroplane and seaplane develop, a new menace to the ocean-going submarine will appear; but a modern submarine can carry aeroplanes herself. These can scout wide for the approach of aircraft carriers and can report even the big ocean-going seaplanes and larger airships themselves.

Apart from all questions of humanity and the ethics of warfare, Great Britain has a vital interest in the suppression of the submarine, because she will starve if her merchant shipping is driven off the sea. At the Paris Peace Conference in 1919, a half-hearted attempt was made to declare the submarine illegal in all navies, but it was defeated at the start by the French Admiralty. The submarine is cheap, and is a weapon *par excellence* of the weaker naval power. All the English succeeded in doing was to prohibit the building or ownership of submarines by the Germans. Some attempt was made behind the scenes at Washington to sound the naval experts and politicians present as to their willingness to declare the submarine an illegal weapon. Both the American and Japanese experts were inclined to be favorable; but the French, supported in a measure by the Italians, stood out against the great reform. But when the next Washington Conference takes place, we may expect the English to press hard for the submarine being declared illegal.

It may be said that submarines can be built in secret, and that an unscrupulous power may gain a real advantage from a supposedly artificial restriction of this kind. But although it may have been easy to build the old-fashioned submarine of a few hundred tons in secret, the real menace is from the great cruiser submarine, with her immensely powerful Diesel engines and her elaborate electrical storage batteries. And it would be difficult to build this type without the various naval staffs being informed. But be this as it may, the crews cannot be trained in secrecy, and it takes longer to train an efficient submarine crew than it does

to build the vessel herself. This particularly applies to the officers. The submarine, when submerged and attacking, depends on an occasional view through her hydraulically-raised periscope. It takes some years to train an officer to operate a periscope efficiently, that is to say to be able to judge distances and the speed and direction of the moving target through this complicated optical instrument. Even if an attempt were made to build submarines feverishly, and train the crews after the outbreak of war, the other Powers concerned would have a breathing space in which to prepare the anti-submarine flotillas and other counter measures.

The need for this prohibition is long overdue. A glance at the building programmes of the principal Powers concerned will make this evident. The number of submarines in their possession, all of which may be taken as fairly modern, is as follows:

British Empire	63
United States	113
Japan	51
France	46
Italy	43
Russia	28

The number building, most of which are of the very greatest size, are:

British Empire	4
United States	15
Japan	28
France (including 36 projected but not yet authorised)	59
Italy (including 8 projected, but not yet authorised)	20
Russia	1

The details of these vessels are interesting. Most of them rely on the torpedo and the mine as their principal weapons. But the French are beginning to arm their submarines with long range heavy guns of 6-inch calibre. This will enable them to follow the German practice towards the end of the war in relying more on the gun than on the torpedo; and this can only be for attacks on merchant ships.

No submarine armed with a couple of 6-inch guns could attack a cruiser, as she is much more vulnerable to a single hit than any

surface vessel. One hole of any size in her hull, and her principal device of submersion becomes impossible. Also she is a bad gun platform for accurate shooting. But against weakly armed or unarmed merchant ships she is deadly.

Both Japan and the United States are building submarines with immense range of action and capable of making long cruises. On the other hand, the British have evolved two distinct types. We have first the submarine which began to make its appearance towards the end of the late War, and which may be described as the submarine destroyer. She carries a great number of torpedo tubes and her designers have concentrated on a high speed under water. Her function will be to cruise submerged in the most likely hunting-grounds of hostile submarine cruisers, and to destroy them by torpedoing, remaining under water herself for the purpose. The other type is really a submerged monitor, and three vessels are already commissioned, each carrying a 12-inch gun. This immense piece of ordnance formed the main armament of battleships right up to the outbreak of the Great War. The purpose of this vessel is not very clear. But it might be used for actual engagements with convoys of merchant ships, or for the bombardment of coastal towns at long range.

At the present moment, French statesmen are obsessed with two great needs of France, viz., military security and financial salvation. For the first they know well they must look to England. If England signs any pact for the defence of the French frontiers, she should demand her *quid pro quo* in two directions. She herself must seek pact of security in the air against the overwhelming French Air Force. This is a pact that may be broken. But it is perhaps more important that she should insist on a cessation of submarine building by her friend and ally, and, above all, for the support of the French Government at the next Washington Conference for the policy of outlawing the submarine. As for financial salvation, France must look both to Britain and to America, and it is to be hoped that any Dawes scheme applied to France will include a general limitation of armaments, particularly in aircraft and submarines.

Britain's interest in the naval side of the hoped-for new Washington Conference is special and clearly defined. Though she is

powerful at sea, she is also vulnerable. And she is concerned in the prevention of land warfare as a European Power. Britain is in Europe but not part of the Continent. Her interests in Europe are peace and financial stability. Any breach of the peace affects her; and her old traditional policy of "splendid isolation" is no longer possible. The Continent of Europe is a cesspool of national hatreds, suspicions and fears. Some of these are age-long and hereditary. Others are those directly caused by the unsettlement of natural and linguistic frontiers in the various Peace Treaties following the war.

A small advance might be made, also, by the further regularization of the traffic in arms and munitions of war. Those who make armaments and weapons for private profit have for long exerted an evil influence on the diplomacy of nations. Far better to prohibit all private trade in the murderous weapons of modern warfare. This is of special interest to Britain in that she wishes to prevent armaments finding their way to the Afghans, Arabs and other turbulent peoples who are her neighbors in Asia. Today the Riffs fight the French with English munitions, and the Afghans snipe British border posts in India with French rifles. It is surely to the interest of all to prohibit this nefarious traffic. The gun-running ships off the North Coast of Africa and in the Persian Gulf are more harmful than the bootlegging smugglers of liquor on the American coast. But in the same category is the sale of war vessels, aeroplanes, tanks and poison gases by the great engineering nations to their more primitive and virile fellow men in the Balkans and Eastern Europe. This talked-of prohibition of the private manufacture and sale of armaments and munitions has more in it than at first meets the eye. Modern armies depend less and less upon foot soldiers armed with rifles, and more and more upon tanks, aeroplanes and heavy artillery. Foot soldiers are cheap, and can be prepared for the field in six weeks. But they will not be the arbitrators of victory and their six weeks' training will but lead them to the shambles. By preventing the application of engineering science for gain to the manufacture of weapons, the possibility of sporadic outbreaks between smaller nations, with the risks of involving Great Powers, will be lessened.

But armies take time to mobilise, time to deploy, time to go into action. In another Great War the first battles will be joined in the air, objectives being the great centres of population in the adversary country, and the methods of attack, the use of terrible explosives, poisons and even disease germs. Britain here has a unique interest. Her capital, the greatest city in the world,—exposed to aerial attack, sprawling, congested, vulnerable, of vital importance, a great port, the seat of Government for the greatest of all Empires,—lies open and helpless to attack by French aeroplanes. No fixed defences, no arrangement of anti-aircraft batteries, no defending fleets of aeroplanes, could hope to ward off nightly and repeated attacks from French air squadrons. All that could be done would be to counter-attack Paris, Lille and other great centres of population in France. However feasible this may appear to the respective great General Staffs, humanity should, and will, recoil from the very horror of such events. Can the conscience of the world be roused to the prohibition of air attack on cities? If so, mutual fear and suspicion, the great breeders of armaments, may be appeased. For although the laws of war are habitually disregarded, the fact that the laws exist will make people less willing to bear the cost of the great bombing squadrons for the violation of such laws. It will be to the interest of the plain people in all nations to keep down military air forces. And Great Britain's interest is clear enough. She will be on the side of those who advocate the illegality of air attacks on cities and the limitation of air armaments generally.

These, then, will be the main interests of Britain at the next international conference on war and peace, wherever and whenever it may be held. It would be optimistic to hope that one conference will settle even the main questions. But it would be better to confer at seventy times seven international meetings than to remain supine while the world drifts on to another catastrophe.

J. M. KENWORTHY.

THE NEXT CONFERENCE ON DISARMAMENT

II

ITS MEANING TO AMERICA

BY CAPTAIN A. W. HINDS, U. S. N.

One of the main reasons for the great popularity of President Coolidge is that he is in favor of rigid economy in Government expenditures. In cutting these the pruning must be done with political foresight, to keep from treading too hard on the toes of those interested in having Government money spent in this or that section. Cuts in Army or Navy appropriations, however, are always more popular than in other departments, for the personnel forming the fighting forces cast practically no vote and in consequence the Army and Navy have no political influence. Naturally there is always local objection to closing a navy yard or an army post; still it is strange, but true, that it is almost impossible, due to practical politics, to close one, no matter how unimportant it may be from the standpoint of strategy.

In addition to the popularity of any move toward governmental economy, the President's hand is further strengthened, when considering reduction of armed forces, by a general world trend toward smaller armies and navies. The World War cost many lives and much money and the world is impoverished and sick. "The Devil was sick—the Devil a monk would be," applies admirably. Further reductions in the Army and Navy, therefore, not only fit in well with the President's *penchant* for economy, but reductions of armed forces would also fit in with the leanness of purse in other countries.

Before taking up the practicability of accomplishing anything worth while by a second disarmament conference, it might be well to glance at the possible saving to the United States Treasury

in case of a successful meeting of such a body. In 1923 the main items of expense of the General Government were as follows:

(1) Interest on public debt	$1,055,924,000
(2) Veterans' Bureau	461,719,000
(3) War Department	392,734,000
(4) Interior Department	354,623,000
(5) Navy Department	333,201,000
(6) Treasury Department	145,017,000
(7) Department of Agriculture	128,746,000

Items 1, 2, 3 and 5 are the results of past wars or are due to preparation for war in the future. They amount to about two and a quarter billions out of a rough total of three and a quarter billion dollars for ordinary Government expenditures during 1923—about seventy per cent. In making plans to save money items 3 and 5 are the only ones in which much can be saved; interest on the public debt and expenses of the Veterans' Bureau must go on until the debt is paid and the veterans die.

The actual saving would therefore have to take place in the appropriations for the Army and Navy, which in 1923 amounted to about $725,000,000—less than one-fourth of the total expenses of the Government. The main point is that even if the Army and Navy were entirely wiped out, the budget would still be very heavy. The cost of war would still make up a large percentage of the budget, but it is the cost of a past war and could in no way be reduced by pruning the present Army and Navy appropriations. If it is desired to get rid of the exorbitant cost of war, this country must possess its soul in patience for about half a century until the present war debt is paid and the major portion of the veterans take the long journey—and then see to it that there are no more wars in the future.

While the saving of a certain percentage of the seven hundred millions or so now representing the cost of the Army and Navy would amount to something, yet the main thing to be considered in the next reduction of armament conference is whether war can be avoided in the future, so that the cost of an actual war can be forestalled. It is not the cost of standing armies and navies that is so ruinous—it is the actual war that hurts, for wars have become so nearly national in character that if this

country should be drawn into a war in the future it is probable that practically every man, woman and child would be on the pay roll.

In thinking about the next conference for reduction of armament, neither the policies this Government desires to enforce nor the lessons of history should be neglected. Our representatives at the conference must be able to interpret the will of the nation—a difficult task indeed for, barring the Monroe Doctrine, our policies are not clear cut. The people make national policies, but the average man is so busy with his own affairs that there is not one in a hundred who is much concerned over what part the United States is to play in world affairs—and this means a great deal when trying to make an intelligent analysis of what our course should be in the next armament conference.

Who knows, for instance, what part the United States wills to take in influence in the Pacific Ocean? On the shores of the Atlantic conditions are fairly well stabilized, but China, Manchuria and Eastern Siberia are the Balkans of the Far East, and the caldron is now boiling in Eastern Asia.

Who knows our government policy in connection with the Philippine Islands? If we cast loose from them, are we to protect them against aggression by other nations? Once the Philippines are cast loose from the United States, what will Congress do in case of trouble between a weak Philippine Government and some stronger power? Will it become stampeded as it was over the question of Japanese immigration?

An outline of United States policy on the Philippine question will mean a great deal to our conferees in the next disarmament meeting; in fact it is difficult to see how they can act intelligently unless they know what the United States fleet may be called on to do in the Western Pacific. Naval strategy and national policy are closely tied to each other, and both must be clearly understood by our next disarmament conferees—if they are to avoid bad bargains.

There can be no better illustration of the interdependence of strategy and national policy than in the history of the rise of the British Empire, whose statesmen have been forced to keep themselves posted on what the British fleet could do and what it

could not do. Those responsible for the course of the Empire have almost invariably acquired the fundamentals of naval strategy, and it has paid an hundredfold. The Japanese have studied history carefully, and have closely patterned the British in treating policy and strategy together, and have prospered in so doing.

One might think it strange that American statesmen, representing so intelligent a people, cannot look as far ahead as the statesmen of the two nations just mentioned. It is not strange at all. Statesmanship in many other countries is a life work. In the United States a man spends the best part of his life in becoming successful in business, and is then called in to take his trick at the wheel of the Ship of State, ordinarily for not longer than one Presidential term. Under such conditions it would be more than strange to find Americans as able in statesmanship as those who spend their lives in diplomacy, because we simply have not had the necessary experience. In consequence, those who realize how close the coördination between policy and strategy must be always dread international conferences for fear that our representatives, lacking experience, may be beaten at the council table. In the last disarmament conference the United States gave away much more than any other nation, as the completion of our 1916 building programme would have given us by far the most powerful navy in the world. Why it was necessary to give away so much is not known; perhaps it was a case of *noblesse oblige*.

Nations are very much like individuals and when their representatives sit around the council table it is their plain duty to drive the best possible bargain. Ordinarily when a trade is in the making, it is based on what the traders have to bargain with. At the last armament reduction conference in Washington only naval vessels were considered, but the conference took into account not only war ships in commission but those building or appropriated for. As a matter of fact the apparent reluctance of the great sea Powers to meet in a second armament reduction conference indicates that the first conference would not have been possible if the United States had not had under construction the most powerful navy afloat.

If President Coolidge succeeds in obtaining acceptances for the next conference, the traders will foregather with about the following goods on the counter:

	Battleships or Battle Cruisers	Modern Cruisers	Destroyers	Fleet Submarines	Submarines	Aircraft Carriers
British Empire ...	18	57	203	9	34	6
Japan	10	28	92	20	39	3
United States	18	12	289	7	50	3

For the sake of simplicity only the three leading naval Powers are considered.

The British Empire now has twenty battleships to eighteen for the United States, but two modern ones are to replace four older battleships, so that the United States and the British will eventually have the same number, eighteen. Both the British and Japanese battleships can fight at longer ranges than the American ships, and they have superiority in speed. If equally well handled they should be able to destroy the American battleships without much damage to themselves because they could keep out of range of our guns and still hit our ships—a similar advantage to the one the boxer with the longer reach has over a short-armed opponent. Congress is fully advised of the American inferiority in this respect.

It will be noted that the United States has an apparent marked superiority in destroyers. Included in the 203 British destroyers are eighteen destroyer leaders; they are heavier, better sea boats than our destroyers. They are used by the division commanders, and in a moderate sea British destroyer divisions should do better work than ours, as the British destroyer flag boat will make better weather than our smaller flag boats and the British division should consequently be better handled.

In comparing numbers of destroyers, the number of light cruisers must also be considered. Destroyer attacks on capital ships are made from ahead. If made from astern the capital

ship is running away from the torpedo, which makes the effective range of that weapon too short. Note the marked superiority of the British and Japanese in light cruisers. In battle these light cruisers could prevent our destroyers from getting into firing position ahead of their battle line of capital ships. Not only that, but the preponderance in light cruisers would enable them to drive off the protecting light cruisers and destroyers in our own van and make it possible for the British or Japanese to get home a destroyer attack, although they have fewer destroyers than the United States. In other words, our superiority in number of destroyers is completely nullified. These two countries would have the advantage now, and this advantage will remain with them as long as we permit them to hold their present cruiser superiority.

Note also the greater number of fleet submarines owned by the British, and especially the strength of Japan in this type. Fleet submarines can steam great distances, and they have enough speed to take part in a fleet action. Ordinary submarines have a speed too low to keep up with the main body. They are weapons of chance—if they happen to be in the right place during a fleet action they are dangerous enemies, but the probabilities are against their attaining a position to be effective in a fleet fight; they are best used locally to prevent an enemy fleet from coming too near a nation's own coast or to destroy ships that do come within the submarine's area of action.

No special comment on aircraft carriers is necessary; under the present treaty the British Empire and the United States are each allowed 135,000 tons, while Japan is limited to 81,000 tons. Up to the present time the whole question of what aircraft can do in a naval war is very much unsettled. There is a well defined limit as to the amount of explosive a plane can carry—acting against the laws of gravity—and their hitting ability when kept at high altitudes by gunfire is still questionable. The weather also has a decided effect in limiting their usefulness in a fight at sea.

There are two other ideas that come naturally into the problem of what the United States policy should be at the next disarmament meeting: (1) National wealth, and (2) the sea going population of the nations concerned.

The national wealth of the United States gives her statesmen the whip hand as to the size of all navies—and after all is it not best to use the firm hand? Roughly speaking, the national wealth of the five principal Powers runs, in billions of dollars, about as follows: United States 320, British Empire 130, France 90, Italy 35, and Japan 22. Suppose the United States should "lay the cards on the table", and say to those nations that are now superior to us in light cruisers and fleet submarines: "We are going to build as many light cruisers and as many fleet submarines as the strongest naval power." What would be the result? It would undoubtedly be an immediate request from other sea Powers for a conference on further disarmament. Such a course would place the United States in a safe position at sea, and at the same time would, in all probability, obtain the desired results.

And in this next conference the sea-going population of the British Empire and Japan should be carefully considered by those representing the United States. Suppose, for instance, it should be suggested that all naval powers make a drastic cut in capital ships, and that the majority type of war vessel retained be cruisers. This would leave the United States at a distinct disadvantage for, in case of war, either the British Empire or Japan could quickly obtain control of the sea by arming merchantmen. They have the sea-going personnel to man these ships and the United States has not.

After all, the whole question of partial disarmament hinges on what international policies the United States intends to enforce. I believe the most important and most troublesome question is what course this country intends to take as to the future of the Philippine Islands. Certainly the national mind is not made up on this subject. If we do cast loose from the Philippines, and if it is true that history repeats itself, then it is certain that some other strong power will take over those islands. What would the United States do under such circumstances? Ordinarily it is a bad practice to cross bridges before one gets to them, but this is not so in the formation of national policies. Successful statesmen must be able to look many years ahead, and it is certain that no intelligent naval strategy can be worked out nor can any sound building policy be laid down unless our naval strategists know

whether our statesmen will use the fleet to protect the Philippine Islands if it is needed in that area.

If the American fleet should ever be needed in the Western Pacific, then the last disarmament conference gave our Commander-in-Chief a tremendous handicap when our representatives accepted the policy that the United States is to have no naval base in the Philippine area.

During the past three thousand years I believe it is an historical truth that those nations which have risen have been those willing to accept international responsibility, and the growth of every successful nation has been based on its sea power. It is also true that nations which have not progressed and assumed leading positions in world influence have decayed and eventually have been taken over by their stronger neighbors. All this may have been very wrong, but it has happened just the same.

It may be that national morals have changed so much in recent years that there will be no more grasping of world power and influence by the more virile peoples. If so, it will be possible to reduce armed forces to the size required for international police purposes.

In any case, our naval power is now well below that of the British Empire and we are much weaker than Japan in the cruiser type. If, and when, the Congress sees fit to appropriate for a cruiser strength equal to that of the British Empire, there will be pressure for the next disarmament congress.

The representatives of the United States in this future conference will have a heavy responsibility on their shoulders. They must be far-sighted statesmen, able to read the mind of the nation as to the yet unformed policies which will best serve the interests of the country. In particular they must know the will of the United States concerning the Philippine Islands, and know whether it will be the policy to use the fleet in that area if needed. Furthermore, these men must know the A B C's of naval strategy, for national policy and naval strategy go hand in hand.

A. W. Hinds.

UNITED DEFENSE SERVICES

BY OSCAR SOLBERT

If wars are still possible and to be feared, a government must maintain land, sea and air forces; and since this burden is necessary, those armed services, in justice to the taxpayer who foots the bill for this insurance, must be organized for maximum efficiency at minimum cost. Maximum efficiency requires unity of organization and unity of command of all fighting forces. Minimum cost requires elimination of duplication and overlapping of the different services of supply, ordnance, finance, medical aid, etc., by uniting the supply and administrative branches. Experience in the last war urgently demands in the interest of economy and efficiency improvement in the manner of preparing for wars; and what is more important it demands, in compliance with the military logic of unity of command, a change in the machinery of conducting warfare.

It is possible that the last great world struggle may have lessened the future likelihood and frequency of war, but no one will dispute the fact that causes which may precipitate wars exist today as in the past. Since we have not totally abolished war or domestic strife, a responsible government to function properly in its obligations to its people must maintain land, sea and air forces, which are necessary for the double purpose, first, of preventing war by the nation being sufficiently prepared so that it is not a temptation to an unscrupulous and aggressive enemy; and secondly, as a final means of maintaining domestic tranquillity.

The existence of the armed establishment being a necessary burden to the taxpayer, it should be maintained as economically as possible. The first step in this direction with respect to one of the services, the Army, was a long one in the most excellent Defense Act of 1920. It would seem that another logical step in applying the lessons of the recent war would be the combination for proper team play of the three defense services—the Army,

the Navy and the Air Force—under one Secretary of the Cabinet with a coördinating combined staff. Since the common object of the three fighting forces in war is victory, the question naturally arises why they should not be under a common head and so combined for recruiting, supply, intelligence, war plans, etc., that in peace there can be laid down against every potential emergency a well prepared and combined plan containing the proper rôles of each service, to the end that in time of war there may be a single and supreme authority to direct the swift and coördinate execution of the plan of campaign into victory. Such a combination of the services seems logical for two reasons: First, the military necessity of unity of command in war, and the anticipation of this function in time of peace in unity of organization; and, second, for the imperative demands of economy and efficiency.

Not until near the end of the recent war and after several makeshifts had been tried and failed were the Allied armies, in the face of defeat, forced by necessity to accept and carry out the all important principle of unity of command in order to achieve victory. This, above all others, is the outstanding lesson of the war. It teaches that however many, however great and however different are the forces to be used in the carrying out of a plan of war, the direction of these forces must be in the hands of one leader. Hundreds of experts in all branches of the fighting forces will contribute to the preparation of the plan of campaign; but if it is to be brought to a victorious execution, the sole directing power must necessarily repose in one—the most competent strategist—the Chief of the Combined Staff.

The will to coöperate between the services is not enough: what is needed is the establishment of definite machinery of coöperation. Field Marshal Sir Henry Wilson said: "The word coöperation translated into action was the way to lose a war . . . the difference between coöperation and command was the difference between the losing and the winning of the war."

With the future tendencies of warfare, unity of command will be even more important. In the past practically every war was ultimately won by the attack and physical presence and occupation of a conquered place or territory by the infantry. The

artillery, cavalry, and even the Navy were, in a sense, considered auxiliaries for the purpose of preparing and opening the way for the final taking and holding by the infantry. This may be less true in the future, since the development in services heretofore considered auxiliaries has the tendency of making the aeroplane as well as the tank an offensive arm of major importance. This tendency may even in time have the effect of reducing infantry to holding and garrisoning functions in strategy rather than attacking and capturing functions in tactics.

An army commanded in battle is somewhat comparable to the unity of command of land, sea and air forces in war. The army is composed of the different branches of infantry, cavalry, artillery, etc. The army commander may be an infantry officer. He may not be expert in the knowledge of minor artillery, cavalry, tank or air tactics, yet he commands the aggregate army composed of these, with only a knowledge of the powers and limitation of their rôles and when to employ them. In battle he guides them all, now manœuvring with this arm and threatening with another; now opening a battle with one and making the main attack with the combination of a second and third, and finally taking up the pursuit with a fourth; so disposing and employing the different branches of his army as the tactics of the occasion demand in order to overcome the enemy. It would be obviously absurd if the infantry, the artillery, the tanks, etc., were to take the field under separate commanders of equal rank, with no other means of cooperation and liaison than now exist between the Army and the Navy. Coöperation and liaison, however good, can never take the place of the definite machinery of unity of command. And to this end should they be trained and prepared in time of peace, for to train in peace under one organization and to fight under another is a sure way to defeat.

In case of a sudden declaration of war and an immediate danger of attack, the Air Force, as the first line of defense, would be first mobilized and, in turn, would protect the concentration of the Navy. The Army would be the last to mobilize and concentrate under the protection of the first two. From the time that the three forces are ready for hostilities, there is hardly an operation, at least not a major operation (with the exception of an inde-

pendent air attack), throughout the following hostilities where one of these services will act independently. Experience has proved and developments seem to indicate that they must always act in combinations, as the Army and Navy operated throughout the war in conjunction with the Air Force. In the future there may be newer necessities for the Army and Navy to coöperate. We may have submarines carrying amphibious tanks loaded with soldiers to be cast up unexpectedly on some remote and hostile shore for a swift and secret invasion or a raid. Many novel combinations are bound to materialize in future warfare based on team play between the services which are necessarily interdependent for support. Since in their employment each branch plays only a partial rôle, however necessary a contribution, they must therefore be properly coördinated by the unity of command to attain success.

Since both strategy and tactics are dependent upon movement, these two divisions of the art of war for the three services are becoming, if it may be ventured, more similar. As the invention of the tin can revolutionized warfare so that armies no longer had to live off the land and could march great distances from their bases of food supply, so has the internal combustion engine had an equal influence in reducing time and space in warlike operations. Petroleum derivatives are now the propelling forces of the Army, Navy and Air Forces. The Navy steams by oil. Motor transportation moves foot soldiers in strategical and even in tactical disposition. Artillery is motorized. Gasolene propels the fleets of aeroplanes and tanks. All supplies within the fighting zone are carried by motor transportation. The more mechanicalized the services become as to movement and uniform as to weapons, the more similar will become the whole aspect of their operations.

It will be noted that references have been made to the three fighting services throughout as if the Air Force were a separate arm. This was done in the firm belief that it must be so in the near future through the rapid development and fulfilment of the tremendous possibilities which lie in this new mode of movement and warfare that is yet in its infancy, both from a commercial as well as a military point of view. Its development will accelerate since we have here a service which is more valuable in peace than

in war, and can be readily transferred from the former to the latter purpose without appreciable alteration. It seems almost a sufficient argument for a separate Air Force that the fact of its division between the two older services "cramps its style" and creates a grave danger that, being specialized as Army and Navy auxiliaries, it will be unable readily to develop what may become an entirely revolutionary offensive and defensive power. Yet, whatever its present condition of servitude, aviation, with its power increasing so stupendously and with such astonishing rapidity, will create for itself a separate place in the art of war, despite advances in the other services. Aviation has already, while in its mere infancy, profoundly influenced both land and sea warfare. Separately, it has the extraordinary ability of leaping over armies and navies and attacking vulnerable industries and the population which supports them. For not only is the morale of the fighting forces dependent upon the psychology of the civil population, but as in the last, so in any future war, will the whole population be at war as much as the soldiers who make contact with the enemy's fighting line. The size of an Air Force of the future is unlimited, both as to the measureless space for operations and from a point of view of production. Is it a flight of fancy to imagine in the future one aviator as leader, guiding by means of wireless, a flock of one hundred aeroplanes?

The premise upon which a separate Air Force is argued is that first and foremost both the Army and Navy should at all times have their own air auxiliaries, under their own control and of whatever size required to carry out their rôles in war. These necessary auxiliary air forces, however retained as part of the older services, will be a mere trifle compared to the size that the independent Air Force must be when the necessity for its employment arrives. It is therefore most essential that the Army and Navy continue to have their own auxiliaries after a separate Air Force has been established. Supposing the existence of a large and separate Air Force, economy of training and design would still be attained if the Army and Navy pilots were instructed in its aviation schools, and the research, design and production of the aeroplanes were carried out for the three services by the independent Air Force. Again, under combined control

of the services, a joint air demonstration of all the air crafts of the services would be possible. If and when there is a separate Air Service, the question will arise of adding still another Secretary to an already unwieldy Cabinet, and at the same time still further complicate team work between the services, both in preparing for war as well as in the conduct of it. On the other hand, with a single Secretary the advantages of both a separate Air Service and the present system would be maintained under a single authority controlling the three armed branches.

Questions immediately arise as to the duties and composition of the Combined Staff. In general terms it should be composed of experts familiar with the strategy and tactics of the three fighting branches, detailed from these services and supervised by a Chief of Staff. The duties of this body would be to elaborate the defense policy of the Government as befits our geographical, ethnical and economic conditions into grand strategy and combined war plans to meet every possible emergency which might necessitate the employment of armed forces. The Combined Staff and its Chief would be under, and responsible to, a member of the Cabinet, who might be aptly styled the secretary of the Department of Defense. On this Secretary of Defense would fall, not only the responsibilities of the entire conduct of war, but also the delicate task of coördinating policy, which is not the sphere of the soldier, and of directing its application in strategy, which is hardly within the competent knowledge of the politician. Napoleon's success was, to a great extent, due to the fact that he originated his own policy of state and carried it out as the supreme commander of the resources and armed forces of France. But no head of state holds such absolute and dual capacities today. The Combined Staff, with its Chief, would be the Secretary of Defense's advisory body in all matters pertaining to the fighting forces and the conduct of war. Being a member of the President's Cabinet, he would be responsible for seeing that the national policy be properly carried out by the armed establishment. The Chief of the Combined Staff might well sit at the war deliberations of the Cabinet, where he would be a necessary aid to the Secretary of Defense in his responsibility to the Cabinet and in his exposition to that body of the war plans. At the same time he would be the proper liaison

officer to carry back to the Combined Staff a first-hand picture of the political factors that would influence the working out of the Government's policy into offensive and defensive plans.

The chief functions of the Combined Staff would be summed up in the work done by its main division: i.e., training, intelligence, planning and operations divisions. Its administrative and supply departments, though important, would have to take second place. Each of the three services, as at present, would retain its own Commander-in-Chief with its own General Staff. The duties of each General Staff would be to prepare, in accordance with the war plans of the Combined Staff, the plan of campaign for the rôle that had been designated to its particular service. The quartermaster, ordnance, etc., branches of these General Staffs would continue functioning but under the direct supervision and control of a similar combined department in the Combined Staff.

For economy and efficiency the administrative and supply branches of the three services should be combined as far as is practicable in each case to form departments, the heads of which should be members of the Combined Staff. The duties of these heads of departments would be to coördinate and control the supply and administration of all the services. Again, speaking broadly, and merely indicating the scope of work of the departments, there should be a department that would deal with the organization of transport for road, rail and air movements; a department for supply of weapons, ammunition, covering research, design, experimentation, production and repairs; another department to deal with housing construction, food, clothing, etc., a department to deal with personnel, recruiting, morals, discipline (coördinating the code of discipline for the three services) and mobilization; a medical department; a finance department, dealing with pay, costs, auditing, accounting, etc. It might not be possible fully to combine all of these services and make each one a homogeneous whole, but this should be done as far as is practicable; and such a scheme would reduce duplication, overlapping, and rivalry of the services in competing for appropriations.

With the administrative and supply branches combined, there would be an immediate release of personnel from administrative work for line service, and a corresponding reduction in expendi-

tures on overhead charges. Economics certainly would be realized by a complete coördination in procuring and distributing supplies, transport, intelligence, etc. If the coördination needed in war is not effected in peace, it must then be accomplished after hostilities begin, and the valuable time so lost may spell defeat; and defeat is expensive.

As has been suggested, the personnel of the Combined Staff should consist of a sufficient number of officers drawn from the three services. But where shall be found officers expert in the strategy and tactics of all three services to compose this super-staff and, above all, where will be found the great strategist capable of being Chief of this body? The ready answer is that such officers do not at present exist. But if they do not exist and there is a need for them, they can be created. Let officers who wish to become eligible for the Combined Staff and who prove proficient, graduate in turn from each of the Army, Navy and Air Staff Colleges, with an additional period of training with each of these services. Such officers would be eligible for a more advanced course in the conduct of war as a whole in a still higher institution of learning not yet established, but the need of which is paramount. This institution might be named the Combined War College and its curriculum would comprise the study of the science of war from a combined aspect and not as three separate activities, as well as the study of the influence of national resources, industries, commerce, finance, legislation, foreign policies, propaganda and psychology of the people on the general conduct of war. Such a seat of learning is not only logical but a necessary preparation for warfare of the future.

The duties of the Chief of the Combined Staff are of the greatest importance, and he should be well chosen. From whatever service he has sprung, it would be well that in his complex responsibilities he be aided by two Assistant Chiefs of Staff originally of the other services. In order to secure a continuity of policy in the Combined Staff work, the proposition might be considered of making these assistants in turn heirs apparent for the position of Chief. Again, for each war problem one of the three services would be the predominant partner and the Chief or Assistant Chief representing that service might be called upon to act as

Chief of the Combined Staff in supervising the solution of such problem. In peace the functions of the Chief of the Combined Staff are to supervise the activities of his Staff, particularly of the three essential sections of training, intelligence, planning, and operations, with the control over the administrative and supply departments perhaps delegated to an assistant. But upon the outbreak of hostilities he (or if for some special reason due to the peculiar character of the war the choice of Chief of the Combined Staff fell upon one of the Assistants) would come into full command of the combined conduct of war, subjective, of course, to the Secretary of Defense. This virtual dictator and his Combined Staff would remain at the seat of Government and from there direct the general course of the war, as well as the mobilizing of the nation and its resources to the end of victory.

The separate entities of the Army, Navy and Air Force would not be interfered with by the Chief of the Combined Staff after each Commander-in-Chief had received his strategic directions. When, for instance, the troops are in the theatre of operations, the Commander-in-Chief of the Army would have supreme control over them and freedom to decide his own plan of action in the field to accomplish the task assigned him.

It would naturally take a considerable period of time to get such a reorganization of the control of the fighting force to work properly, and much of it would naturally be contingent upon the formation of a Combined War College by a number of years. There would be many difficulties and considerable inertia to overcome; but if there is an imperative need of a reorganization, as there undoubtedly seems to be, the powers that be should not hesitate to make the change because of obstacles of present existing conditions, but should look forward to future requirements. This machinery of coördination and control cannot be set up over night and can only be established after thorough investigation proves that sound military and political fundamentals demand it.

OSCAR SOLBERT.

SENIORITY RULE IN CONGRESS

BY JAMES K. POLLOCK, JR.

CONGRESSES may come and go, but the seniority rule stays on indefinitely. In the American system of Congressional Committees there is no single part which is so important and influential as the selection of the chairmen, and after men have been in Congress for several years they realize that they are only units of the four hundred and thirty-five atoms which make up the House, and that their influence is *nil* unless they have secured preferment by being appointed to the chairmanship of some major committee. Realization of the power of committees over the course of legislation, and of the supreme power of the chairmen of the important committees both in the Senate and the House, does not seem to be very general, and when a group of Congressional insurgents cry "The seniority rule must go!" their cry does not bring forth a popular demonstration to support them. To be sure, the power of the Speaker to appoint committees in the House was taken from him as a result of a manufactured popular movement against him, and the effect on the procedure of the House was very great. But this exception proves the rule that Congress is generally left alone in matters of internal concern.

When a new Congress organizes, since committee assignments are so important, there is a more or less dignified scramble for committee places. Through the operations of the party caucuses, selections are finally made and later these are formally ratified by the Houses. From early years the rule that has been generally followed in the appointment of committees is the so-called seniority rule. This means that Senators or Representatives receive committee assignments according to their years of service on committees. The Senator who has served for twenty years comes ahead of the Senator who has just entered.

It has made no difference whether Republicans or Democrats

controlled Congress; the method of selection has been the same. In the House of Representatives, the rule has not been so absolutely dominant as in the Senate, but nevertheless it has been regularly followed, for no other rule has ever been devised which would work so well. Representative Luce has pointed out that in the seven appointings that took place from 1896 to 1910, about 407 chairmen were named. Of these, 265 were reappointments, 93 were promotions of men already on the committees, and only forty-nine, or an average of seven for each appointing, were new men brought to chairmanships from outside the ranks of the respective committees. The practice, then, is a universal one; it is a more or less fixed part of Congressional procedure. It is bipartisan, and its results can be observed in a Democratic Senate as well as in a Republican Senate, although the operations of the rule have been more often called to public attention in Republican Senates, since "insurgency" has been more rampant in the Republican party than in the Democratic, and less harmony ordinarily prevails in the Republican party when committee assignments are being made.

The way the seniority rule has worked in recent years is very interesting and the results of its operation give us considerable enlightenment. The chief objection that has always been raised against the rule is that merit is not considered in assigning committee places. In other words, many believe that merit alone should determine assignments, and not age or length of service. They will give instances of committee chairmen who have not only been old but have been wrong headed—that is, wrong headed to those who would like to supplant them. Senator Penrose was always heralded as a glaring example of what the seniority rule develops. He was considered wrong headed by many people, not because they disagreed with his finance measures, but because they disagreed with his machine tactics and boss rule. The argument of merit could scarcely be raised against him, for there have been few abler men in the Senate on finance matters. Senator Lodge also came in for more than his share of abuse, because he had become chairman of the important Committee on Foreign Relations in the Senate. The opposition to Mr. Lodge was not based on merit, because few men in the Senate knew as

much about foreign affairs as the senior Senator from Massachusetts.

"Seniority should not determine," men say; but those whom they suggest for committee places often bring forth a laugh. It is only natural, when Senators have waited many long years to gain preferment, that they should object to any modification of the rule that might cause their displacement. After having served in the House of Representatives, Senator Lodge was elected to the Senate in the Fifty-third Congress, and like most newcomers he was placed at the bottom of the committee list. In the Fifty-fourth Congress he was given an unimportant chairmanship, but this was no special honor since at that time there were enough committees to give every Senator of the majority party a chairmanship. In the Fifty-sixth and Fifty-seventh Congresses he was Chairman of the Committee on the Philippines, which at that time was of some importance. In the succeeding Congresses he held chairmanships of minor committees, but it was not until the Sixty-sixth Congress in 1919, after twenty-six years of service in the Senate, that he was made chairman of an important committee. When Henry Cabot Lodge came to the Senate he had had considerable service in the House, and was a man of more than ordinary ability and training; but he was given no preferment, and had to work his way to the top by service. Why should he have changed the seniority rule so that he could be supplanted by someone who was unacquainted with legislative generalship?

Senator Penrose did not become Chairman of the Finance Committee until the Sixty-second Congress, in 1911, after having been in Congress since 1897. When Senator Underwood was elected to the Senate in 1914, after having been the leader of the Democratic party in the House, he was given a minor committee assignment, being made Chairman of the Committee on Cuban Relations. When Senator Lenroot came to the Senate in April of 1918, after very able service in the House, he was made Chairman of the Committee on Railroads, which had no importance. John Sharp Williams, coming to the Senate in 1911 after having been leader of the House, was not especially recognized, being made a member of the Committee of Audit of the Contingent

Expenses of the Senate. Is it not significant to find that these able men, who have had to gain experience from service in the Senate, should not think it advisable to change the seniority rule? Would it not seem that ability without experience in the Senate would get nowhere?

When Horace Greeley had his brief but brilliant career in the House of Representatives, he was so much impressed with the importance and power of leadership of the committee chairmen that he advocated for them a scale of increasing salaries, mounting fifty and one hundred per cent. All observers of the business of Congress agree that the chairmanships of important committees call for the highest generalship. They agree that it is folly to trust the floor management of any important measure to any other than an old hand. As one writer has said: "Men may enter Congress with names however great for integrity or learning—these are not the chief passports to prominence there." Consequently a very able man coming to the Senate for the first time, or even having been there for a term, is not as likely to handle the business of the Senate with the proper dispatch and generalship as a Senator who may be somewhat less able (if we are capable of judging), but who has been in the Senate for many years and is acquainted with the intricacies of procedure and management. Of course there are bound to be a few exceptions, but we find that where there is really an exceptional case, the seniority rule is not so riveted and deep-rooted after all.

For instance, in the Forty-fifth Congress three prominent persons came to the Senate for the first time: David Davis, James G. Blaine, and G. F. Hoar. At the same time a young and obscure man came as Senator from Pennsylvania, J. D. Cameron, son of former Senator Cameron. It is interesting to find that all three of the prominent newcomers were given preferment. Senator Davis, who had been a member of the Supreme Court for fifteen years, was made the ranking Democratic member of two important committees, Judiciary and Pensions. James G. Blaine was made Chairman of the Committee on Civil Service and Retrenchment, and Senator Hoar was made the ranking member of two committees, Indian Affairs, and Privileges and Elections. On the other hand Senator Cameron, who was almost unknown ex-

cept as the son of a former Senator, was placed at the bottom of the committee list and given no special recognition.

To come to more recent times, it is found that in the Sixty-seventh Congress two Senators, who had been in the Senate but two years, were made Chairmen of the Committees on Pensions and on the Revision of the Laws, despite the fact that there were no longer enough committees to give every member of the majority party a chairmanship. Altogether there were fifteen Senators holding chairmanships of committees who had served less than ten years, most of them with only four or six years of Senate service. Only one of these fifteen committees, however, was of major importance, but the incumbent of that committee, Senator Wadsworth, had served but eight years. Although it is quite unusual to promote a younger man to an important committee over the heads of his associates of longer service, it has occasionally been done. In 1903 Mr. Overstreet was appointed Chairman of the Committee on Post Offices and Post Roads in the House, giving him precedence over two men who had served sixteen and thirty-two years respectively. The latter were consoled by appointment to unimportant chairmanships. In 1905 Mr. Tawney was made Chairman of the important Committee on Appropriations over two men of fourteen and twenty-six years' service. It can therefore be seen, and many other examples could be given, that the seniority rule is not entirely unchangeable, although it is regularly followed.

In observing the chairmen of the thirty-four Senate committees of the Sixty-seventh Congress, we find that the average length of service of a committee chairman, taking into consideration all the committees, unimportant as well as important, was twelve years. The average length of service of the chairmen of the fourteen important committees was nineteen years. These figures, of course, do not lead to absolute conclusions, but they merely indicate that length of service is the rule generally followed, and that a Senator ordinarily must have at least two terms before he can hope to be a power in the Senate.

The objection has often been raised that the seniority rule is faulty because it not only makes length of service the criterion in committee assignments, but also results in keeping in places of

importance men who are of reactionary opinions, who have ceased to think and grow. This is possible, because it is the practice not to remove a chairman without his consent. The objection stated has considerable force and there ought to be a way of making the rule of seniority in this respect more honored in the breach than in the observance. It is embarrassing to party leadership and to the Senate to have the seniority rule occasionally bring to committee chairmanships men who are not representative either of the party or of the Senate. Generally the seniority rule works to consolidate party leadership, but occasionally it works otherwise.

But the men who have been retained in places of importance have retained the support and confidence of the States they represent, even if they do not represent the current opinions of the particular time. Pennsylvania always stood behind Senator Penrose, and Massachusetts six times elected Mr. Lodge to the Senate. One must not forget, too, that the Senate is intended to be a stabilizing body which acts as a check upon the more hasty House. But in these days of direct democracy we forget about checks upon popular passions. Then again, a chairman is only powerful so long as he is followed. If he attempts to lead into paths where the majority will not follow, his influence is gone. Thus even for this objection to the seniority rule there is a reasonably good answer. The present system of committee assignments is not perfect, but what human institution is? If the present system is bad, how can we change it so that through the course of years the results will be better than we get at present?

Lord Rosebery once spoke about "that seniority which often spells senility". He had reference to keeping old men in high position after they had passed their days of great usefulness. Under the present seniority system this is possible, but we had in the Sixty-seventh Congress a good example of the way the Senate gets around the difficulty. The venerable and highly respected Carroll S. Page of Vermont was the titular Chairman of the Naval Affairs Committee. But the condition of his health rendered it impossible for him to perform the labors of committee chairman, and the duties of the position devolved upon Senator Poindexter, against whom no one could bring the charge of senility. The

difficulty of old age was thus circumvented. It is also possible under the seniority system to have a chairman who is not in accord with newly accepted ideas. But even here there is a remedy, although it may be a slow one.

New blood does not necessarily mean new ideas. Sheer ability does not necessarily mean legislative leadership. Hence a rule that would select committee chairmen on the basis of merit—if anyone is ingenious enough to devise such a measuring apparatus and make it work in Congress—would be liable to work badly and really result in a deplorable, chaotic condition in legislative matters. Merit is often connoted by seniority. Seniority in age and service has always been enhanced in its influence by the fact that the membership has been so largely new and unskilled. Old members put confidence in those they have come to know in previous sessions, and nothing could be more natural. Such a principle is followed in business and public life generally. There is sound reason for the preference, in general, of the experienced man. All other business goes on that principle, and why should not the public business?

Let us grant that the seniority rule sometimes places and keeps in positions of high responsibility men of low ability and of narrow interests. How are you going to get a system which will bring better results? Can you expect a group of men to select meritorious committeemen from among average individuals in the majority of cases? Could a Senate caucus select better chairmen by casting all service aside and choosing on the basis of merit alone? What is merit? What standards of merit can you expect a group of Senators to use? It would be very difficult to say. The fact that the system of seniority appointment has continued up to the present time is a rather strong indication that no better system has ever recommended itself. Everyone would be happy to have an improvement in any defective system. The seniority system has not worked so badly, but if there is an improvement that could be made, it is welcome indeed.

But can a purely merit basis be devised for committee appointments? In any event it would seem quite improbable. Should we select our committees by lot, as the French once did? Surely a higher quality of leadership would not be produced by pure

chance. Or should we allow a Committee of Selection chosen by the whole House or Senate to pick out the membership of the committees, as the English do in the House of Commons? In essence we follow this method already, except that the minority members are selected by a different committee from the majority members in our Congress. Thus no essential change would be brought about by the adoption of the English system.

It has been suggested that a system of election of committees by the whole Senate or by the whole House would bring better results. Under this plan the whole Senate would ballot for the membership of the different committees, just as it balloted at the beginning of the Sixty-eighth Congress for the Chairman of the Committee on Interstate Commerce. The result of this experience with open election by the Senate as a whole was not especially promising. Senator Smith of South Carolina, a Democrat, was elected Chairman of a committee of great importance in a Senate controlled by the Republicans. His own committee did not contain a majority of Democrats, and his election as chairman did not signify that he was going to lead the committee, but only that the Republican insurgents were not willing to elect Senator Cummins to the chairmanship. There is little doubt that Senator Cummins was better informed on railway and other interstate commerce matters than any other man in the Senate. Hence in this case by the use of a system other than the seniority system, merit was not taken into consideration. Of course Senator Cummins was not displaced because he was able, but rather because he was wrong headed in the opinion of the Republican insurgents who held the balance of power in the Senate.

If the House of Representatives should ballot for the membership of the different committees, it is doubtful whether it could select the committees in a year. This work has to be done for it by responsible committees because the whole House could not pass on every individual's claim to preferment, and with many new members the House cannot ballot intelligently on the qualifications of every member for committee posts. As it is now, the committee of the party caucus has a very difficult task assigning members to committees. Loud objection is often raised, and it is only after most trying and exacting work that the committee is

able to recommend the membership of the committees. If the seniority rule should be discarded, no one knows what a complicated time the leaders would have in filling the places on all the committees. The chances are there would be more complaints than at present, less unanimity, and more divided leadership.

Under existing practices the seniority rule helps the leaders out of a frightful mess by deciding at the very beginning for them that certain members will be automatically assigned to committees. The burden of the leaders is thus greatly reduced and their real task turns out to be the assignment of new members to committees, a group which usually comprises but one-third of the whole membership of the House. Eliminate the seniority rule for the assistance of the Committee on Committees, or for the whole House, if you think the whole House could select the committees better, and you would be increasing their difficulties two-fold—yes, imposing on them a task from which they would shrink; or, if they did tackle the job, placing them under such pressure and so many more difficulties that the results of their labors would be far less satisfactory than at present.

Still another plan has been offered to improve the method of choosing committees in Congress, especially the choice of committee chairmen. It is suggested that party caucuses should not designate the chairmen of the different committees, but rather should give this power to the members of the committees themselves. Thus when the members of the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate have been chosen by party caucuses, permit them to meet and choose their own chairman. In making the choice permit them to follow any guide they choose, whether it be merit, seniority, like-mindedness, or what not.

It is difficult to predict what would happen under this system. It is likely that greater opportunity would be afforded to Senators to overthrow whatever party leadership exists, and to substitute individual judgment for combined party judgment. In some cases better chairmen would be selected, but in other cases it seems almost as certain that worse chairmen would be selected. Party leadership and party responsibility would not be strengthened, although greater power to control the leadership would be given. It is questionable whether the Senate needs to increase

the power of the individual at the expense of the majority. In discussions of Senate and House procedure it must not be forgotten that the seniority rule tends to centralize power in the hands of the party leaders. Thus, if the seniority rule were discarded, the party leadership which now exists would be further weakened, and irresponsible groups would control more often than at present.

The election by the whole Senate in the Sixty-eighth Congress of the Borah Committee to investigate campaign funds has been hailed by some as an illustration of what good committees would be chosen if the seniority rule should be dethroned and the Senate as a whole given the opportunity to choose its committees directly. But in 1920 a similar committee with a similar task was selected by the Chairman of the Committee on Privileges and Elections, without the Senate having anything directly to do with its selection, and it is quite clear that this committee, known as the Kenyon Committee, was as able as the Borah Committee. The value of the argument, therefore, for election of committees by the whole Senate is not so great.

It is impossible to change one fundamental rule without affecting others. And if it is proposed to eliminate the seniority rule one must be careful to analyze the consequences of the change. When the power to appoint committees and their chairmen was taken from the Speaker of the House of Representatives, the power of the individual chairmen of committees was considerably enhanced. Suppose under these circumstances, with power diffused, as it is at present, among the Speaker, the Floor Leader, the Steering Committee, the Committee on Rules, and the Chairmen of the important committees, that the power to select the latter should be entrusted to each committee and not to the party committee. Is it not likely that there would be greater confusion, and more diffusion of power and consequently less centralized, responsible leadership than at present? And suppose, on top of this, that the seniority rule were disregarded and chairmen were selected on some other basis. Is it not fair to say the result would be that other monkey wrenches would be thrown into the already sorely over-taxed legislative machinery?

When one considers that ability and talent are recognized by

the Senate under the seniority rule, and that frequent exceptions are made to the rule to make use of Senators who are new to the Senate, the greatest objection to the rule disappears. The direction of important bills on the floor is frequently given to new Senators in recognition of their ability. Senator Reed of Pennsylvania took a conspicuous part in the passage of the recent Immigration Bill through the Senate, although he was not chairman of the committee. The fact that the rule is displaced to make exceptions does not mean that it should be discarded altogether. It only means that it is flexible enough to permit of improvement when the rule would not bring the best results.

The seniority rule does not always work to the detriment of certain sections of the country nor to the interests of conservative politicians. When Senator Penrose died, he was succeeded in the chairmanship of the important Senate Committee on Finance by Senator McCumber of North Dakota. And when Senator Lodge of Massachusetts died, the chairmanship of the important Committee on Foreign Relations automatically passed to Senator Borah of Idaho. When the House of Representatives created a new, reorganized Appropriations Committee, following the adoption of the Budget and Accounting Act, it selected to be chairman of that Committee one of the best qualified men in the House, and the seniority rule did not prevent his election, despite the fact that he was jumped ahead of three other men of longer service.

It sounds well to advocate a system of choosing committees by merit, but how is it going to be done? In final analysis, the seniority system seems just like plain common sense. Years of service is the most important factor in developing parliamentary skill and general ability for Congressional work. The seniority rule is based on years of service and hence is more likely to secure parliamentary skill and general ability for Congressional work than some other system which makes years of service only one factor in the choice. It works, perhaps, occasionally with bad results, but at any rate it works.

JAMES K. POLLOCK, JR.

MISCONCEPTIONS ABOUT THE SOUTH

BY ROY L. GARIS

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SECTIONALISM is to be regretted. There is but one way in which it can be eliminated, and that is through mutual understanding and knowledge. As the country becomes more homogeneous industrially, sectional misunderstandings will be obliterated. Many writers seem to have vague ideas that tremendous forces are at work in the South, yet do not seem to understand them. It is astonishing how little people know about the South. Huxley once said that the most beautiful hypothesis could be slain by an ugly fact. Now the facts, ugly or otherwise, must, of necessity, destroy many erroneous ideas concerning the South.

The phenomenon of the contemporaneous existence of several industrial stages, side by side, under the same government, has laid upon this country some of the hardest problems which it has had to solve. It has continually created interests in the South and West antagonistic to those of the more settled industrial and commercial communities.

While there are many persons in this country—even some historians—who believe that slavery was the cause of the war that raged from 1861 to 1865, yet it and the tariff were but the matches that set flame to sectional feelings resulting from divergent economic activities. It is necessary to correct the common erroneous conception of the causes of that unnecessary and costly struggle if one is to understand the South today. The South did not want slavery then, does not want it now and never will want it again, for it realizes that the presence of the negro has retarded its economic development.

The negro had a useful and definite place in the South's economic system prior to 1860. However, when the race conflict began after that time, industrial coöperation between the races became almost impossible and the blacks rapidly became a heavy

burden and danger to the communities in which they lived. The industries of the South were for a long time shattered by this convulsion, due both to the war and to the unreasonable and impossible legal conditions which the North had imposed. Like all other peoples who have experimented in government, Americans often give way to the notion that anything can be done by law. Nowhere has this idea failed more disastrously than in the attempt to make useful citizens of former slaves solely by a Constitutional Amendment. The situation created by this unfortunate fanaticism is being slowly but successfully worked out by both races in the South.

The negro problem has been due to their ignorance and economic weakness; to their concentration in certain narrow districts in the South; to their dependence upon credit advances; to their inability readily to take up diversified farming; to their inherent inability to become skilled artisans; and in large part to their own economic inertia and shiftlessness.

However, the negro is coming into his own by the gradual spread of mechanical and technical training, and by patiently teaching him scientific farming and how to save. His future is largely in the sphere of agriculture rather than in the factory. Realizing this, every facility is being granted him for the acquisition of land to cultivate. In the twenty years from 1900 to 1920 the number of negro farmers increased more rapidly than the number of white farmers; the acreage of land operated by white farmers decreased while that operated by negro farmers increased slightly; the value of farm land and buildings owned by whites increased 340 per cent., while that owned by negroes increased 540 per cent.; and the number of negro farm owners increased 16 per cent. as contrasted with an increase of 13 per cent. in the white owners of farms. In 1924 there were 41,454,042 acres of land cultivated by 924,868 negro farmers in the South.

The North alone now has a negro problem, for the South has largely solved its. Despite the common conception derived from newspapers, the negro's life and all of his rights are better protected, he is treated more humanely, gets better justice, is discriminated against less and his welfare looked after better in the South, than in any other section of this country. Grover Cleve-

land once said, "Before we have a citizen we must first have a man." The citizenship of the negro, like that of any other group of our people, is becoming a reality in proportion as he can learn to work and to make himself a helpful and needed factor in our civilization. Everywhere the Southerner is extending to him a helping hand and he is marching forward to a new and glorious future in the agricultural and industrial life of our nation. It is necessary to understand and appreciate this spirit of racial coöperation, if we are ever to destroy sectional misunderstandings in this country.

The eyes of the nation are upon the South. Rich in natural resources and raw materials and blessed with favorable climatic and labor conditions, it is increasingly centering the attention of thinking men everywhere. When the war closed sixty years ago, the South's industries were destroyed, her lands were laid waste and her civilization was torn up by the roots. All was gone except her manhood and her womanhood, and they turned their faces resolutely to the rising sun. Such men and women, such refinement of feeling, such deep-rooted religious sentiment and faith in God, could not be found in any other spot. Through bitter years of struggle, little appreciated elsewhere because of misunderstandings and lack of facts, this splendid Anglo-Saxon citizenship has already brought about a renaissance among the people as well as an agricultural and industrial revolution.

The South has more natural and undeveloped resources than any section of the United States. It has three-fifths of the nation's coast line. West Virginia and Kentucky each have coal areas as great as the entire coal area of Europe outside of Russia. Alabama has a coal area about equal to that of Great Britain, as well as an abundant supply of iron ore and limestone, which have already made Birmingham one of the great steel centres of the world, though it has only just begun to develop. Muscle Shoals has almost unlimited resources for hydro-electric development. Indeed, the rate of increase in the use of electricity for the South in the ten-year period ending 1923 was 212.7 per cent., while the rate of growth for the remainder of the country in the same period was 147.9 per cent.

The mountain country which stretches from West Virginia and

Virginia through the Carolinas, Georgia and Alabama, and likewise the mountain lands of Arkansas, Texas, Oklahoma and Missouri, offer climatic and natural advantages for industrial operations which practically assure its continued development into one of the greatest, if not the greatest, manufacturing region in the world. Here are valleys fertile to the extreme. Here are great stores of a wide variety of minerals, marbles and granites. Here are many streams still running their courses idly to the sea. Here are great areas of timber land. On either side of this mountain range, food-stuffs can be produced to any extent that may be necessary to feed a dense population. From the four or five million whites who now inhabit the heart of this mountain region can be recruited the most productive, the most skilled, and most intelligent native American labor in this country.

To the east of this mountain region stretch the cotton, sugar and rice growing sections, which even now produce in addition 200,000 carloads a year of early vegetables and fruits for shipment to Northern and Western markets. Here is the Piedmont country, now the centre of the textile industry in the South and destined to be the textile centre of the world. Here manufacturing enterprises are developing so rapidly that the value of the South's manufactures now exceeds the value of its agricultural output.

Below the Piedmont region are rich lands which produce grains, cotton and a wide variety of winter crops. Here is Florida, with a climate which in itself is one of the nation's greatest assets. But Florida, like the rest of the South Atlantic and Gulf Coast territory, has a variety of soil suitable for almost every crop grown in any semi-tropical region.

The lack of space in an article of this nature prohibits discussing many things illustrative of the South's numerous progressive contributions to the general welfare of the country since 1865, either in the discovery of better ways of doing things or by the intelligent uncovering and the satisfactory utilization of existing natural wealth, thereby stopping the importation into the United States of many things of very great cost and value, thus rendering the country at large wealthier and far more self-reliant. To illustrate very briefly: Northern steel makers claimed for many years that it was impossible to produce steel of a high grade from South-

ern iron ores, because of the existence in these ores of unexpellable impurities. And yet, not very many years ago, in Chattanooga, Tennessee, Southern metallurgists, by employing the open hearth process of making steel, demonstrated very clearly that the impurities mentioned could be gotten rid of economically and steel of the very highest quality produced. Later on this method, first employed at Chattanooga, was put into operation successfully on a large scale at Birmingham, Alabama.

This ingenious discovery was far-reaching in its effects, for it not only brought into prospective commercial use for the making of steel millions of tons of Southern iron ores, but it also pointed the way for the utilization by the steel makers of the North of the non-Bessemer or lower grade ores of the lake region of the Northwest, which ores Mr. Carnegie would never consent to use, because of their impurities, which his furnaces could not expel. In fact, what to do with the vast supply of those ores, unusable in Bessemer furnaces, was becoming a great problem, which this Southern discovery quickly solved, and by so doing practically more than doubled our country's iron ore supply.

The statement to Southern steel makers at Birmingham by President Roosevelt, Mr. Frick, Judge Gary and others, when Congressional inquiry was made into the purchase of the property of the Tennessee Coal, Iron and Railroad Company by the United States Steel Corporation, "that the purchase was made to avoid an impending panic in New York City," caused a rippling smile to come over their faces. The reason for their smiles was very plain, for these Southern steel makers, pursuing the method they had adopted in the making of steel, had sold to Mr. Harriman 150,000 tons of this steel. That long-headed man made the purchase because he had experienced so many costly accidents on his roads from the breaking of rails made elsewhere out of the non-Bessemer ores that he could no longer afford to use them, and also because he found, from critical examination, that the impurities, confessedly existing in Southern iron ores, had been so completely expelled at Birmingham by the process used there that the steel thus made had all the resisting powers he felt compelled to employ. That purchase by Mr. Harriman of so large a quantity of steel of highly satisfactory quality, and not the threatened finan-

cial panic in New York, was the thing which opened the eyes of the managers of the United States Steel Corporation to two things, viz.: One, that this property in the South, susceptible of such successful use, must be purchased to avoid rivalry; and second, that Gary must be built and the new process of making steel adopted there in order that the vast holdings of low grade iron ores, owned by the company, might be successfully utilized. Everyone knows that these two things were done with two important results: Pittsburgh lost to Gary and Chicago its headship as the steel-making centre of the United States, and the Birmingham properties, purchased by the United States Steel Corporation, received the capital for development which they had long needed and which, since wisely applied, has rendered this Birmingham property of the utmost value.

The rehabilitation of exhausted soils is perhaps a question of even greater moment than the intelligent reduction and conversion of iron ores. For a generation past the South has given much attention to it. The existence of deposits of phosphate rock in South Carolina, Tennessee and Florida, coupled with the means at hand of acidulation and converting it into acid phosphate, the base of a complete fertilizer, caused the erection and operation in the South years ago of numerous fertilizer manufactories. In recent years these plants have produced high grade fertilizers which have been shipped over a vast area, benefiting the great farming class by enabling these cultivators of the soil to increase production economically.

So great is the need now felt over the country at large for the production of a greater quantity of this fertility restoring material and for a consequent lessening in its price, that the eyes of the nation have been turned to the Muscle Shoals plant, where it is hoped nitrogen will be obtained from the inexhaustible air. The South has the remaining necessary materials and will supply them. This great undertaking emanating from the South will constitute another of its contributions to the nation's safety in war and greater prosperity in peace. This section, by an ingenious use of this phosphate rock in the blast furnace, is now producing a high grade of ferro-phosphorus so economically that importation from abroad has ceased. Likewise the importation of

sulphur from Southern Europe has come to an end because Southern owners and operators, by close study, have found a way to bring up from two thousand feet underground the pure article existing in the huge beds of Louisiana and Texas. The recent discovery of vast fields of potash in Texas will, without doubt, free this country of the necessity of importing this important article. So great are these fields in Texas that their value will far surpass that of all the gold-mines in the United States.

The splendid and continued growth of the textile industry constitutes one of the most interesting chapters in the story of the South's magical industrial development in recent years. Notwithstanding the fact that 1924 was a year of general depression in the textile industry throughout the world, there was a net increase of 612,374 spindles in the South, and a net decrease of 362,545 spindles in the States outside of the South. In all of the Southern States there are now 17,359,420 spindles, or 45.82 per cent. of the total machinery engaged in the spinning of cotton in the United States, compared with 5.27 per cent. of the total in 1880. The advantages of the South for textile manufacturing are shown by the fact that in 1924 the South, with 17,359,420 spindles in place, operated 49,603,270,297 spindle hours, while the mills of all other States, with 20,526,118 spindles in place, operated only 30,473,333,254 spindle hours. In other words, Southern mills, with 45.82 per cent. of the total spindles in the United States, worked 61.94 per cent. of the total spindle hours in that year. Another interesting fact is that in 1924 the Southern mills took 3,858,317 bales of cotton, which was 2,036,080 more than all other States and was 67.92 per cent. of the total consumption of cotton in the United States.

The South has never grumbled over other sections taking away some of its finest sons for bank presidents, railroad executives and factory officials. But when the South invites New England cotton mills it is merely asking for what is its own by right of all general conditions and natural laws, and is serving the best interests of the New England manufacturers themselves. For it is little short of an economic crime to haul the South's cotton a thousand miles to the mills of New England, and then haul it back in the form of textiles and sell it to the people of the South,

who produced the cotton, at a price which necessarily includes the freight both ways. The South should have been the centre of the textile industry all the time. The soundness of this argument is beginning to dawn on the leaders in that industry. The result is that the spindles in the idle factories in New England are being rapidly transferred to this section. It costs 24 cents a pound to manufacture in New England mills cotton cloth which is made in the South for 22 cents.

Another advantage in favor of the South is an excellent labor supply. The labor is white and native, being ninety-nine per cent. American-born and predominantly Anglo-Saxon in origin, while in New England it is preponderantly of foreign blood. The Southern laborer may get less in his pay envelope than the New England laborer, but he has more to show for his week's work than the New England operative, and he is more contented than the latter. The industrial leaders do everything possible for the laborer's welfare, for no labor in the world is more responsive to the advantages of its surroundings. The mill employees attend the finest churches in the section. They have also the advantages of textile schools. The children of the mill people have the advantages of standard schools. They have Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations, community houses, gymnasiums, ball grounds, play grounds and recreation parks. Around every house is a plot of land from which garden truck is supplied the year round. There is no more comfortable class of cottage than the average home provided for the mill laborer. Health conditions are excellent. Cleanliness results in a low death rate, for the South has a lower death rate than any other large area of the United States. Thus, the Southern factory benefits through a small labor turnover, while the cost to New England mills through strikes, lockouts, and shutdowns for other causes is a tremendous factor. There is not a manufacturer in the South who would not match his operatives against a like force from any plant in any other section or hesitate to wager on a larger production. Despite statements to the contrary, there is comparatively little child labor in industrial work in the South. One New England State has 50 per cent. more child labor than all the Southern States combined.

The future of the South is not confined to the development of the textile, steel, furniture and like industries, which are now being located near the sources of its raw materials. In agricultural progress it has exceeded the wildest dream of a few years ago. The means possessed by the South and the intelligent steps taken years ago for the restoration and maintenance of the fertility of the soil are now bearing fruit. Better farm practices, including more careful preparation and cultivation of the soil, use of commercial fertilizers, use of better seed, testing of seed before planting, the planting of varieties better adapted to soil and climatic conditions and of higher yielding capacity, control of insects and diseases, and more diversified crops, have greatly improved conditions.

Much misunderstanding exists concerning illiteracy in the South. Indeed many persons have been taught to believe that the Southerner is a bloodthirsty, lawless, irreligious barbarian. Nothing will dispel such erroneous conceptions more effectively than the Biblical admonition, "come and see." Mr. B. C. Forbes is authority for the statement that—

> Almost every second city in the South now has an institution of higher learning, either a full-fledged university or a creditable college. One finds more churches throughout the South than in any other part of the United States. More money is being spent in the South on new hospitals than anywhere else. Edifices for fraternal organizations are springing up. The South is leading the country in building ambitious hotels. It spends more money for the privilege of enjoying grand opera than any other section of the country outside of New York and Chicago. Art galleries are coming to life in the South. Nowhere are beautiful civic parks blossoming into existence more rapidly. Impressive new churches are being built all over the South. For example, Atlanta, Ga., has 285 churches; Nashville, Tenn., 231; Dallas, Texas, 200; Birmingham, Ala., 160; Fort Worth, Texas, 151; Winston-Salem, N. C., 90; Jacksonville, Fla., over 80; San Antonio, Texas, 77; Greensboro, N. C., 56; Lexington, Ky., 52. The South today is spending almost twice as much on its public schools as the whole of the United States spent in 1900. Look at the growth of public school expenditures in the South; 1900, $35,037,600; 1908, $65,150,000; 1920, $211,199,000; 1922, $323,067,000. The Julius Rosenwald fund alone has brought into being more than 2,000 negro schools.

Much of the so-called Southern illiteracy exists in the Appalachian plateau in Kentucky, Virginia, Tennessee, and North

Carolina. If one means by illiteracy the mere inability to read and write, perhaps there is or rather has been considerable illiteracy in this section. Illiteracy in this sense, however, does not prove anything about one's brain capacity. By that test we were all recently illiterate, and furthermore, as J. Russell Smith puts it, "gentlemen are born, not made with print." He states further, "if the time ever comes when the requirements for citizenship are based on intelligence rather than information, perhaps these people will make a better showing than the multitude in cities who have just enough education to read the sporting pages of the newspapers." As one of these mountaineers put it, "we-uns that cain't read or write have a heap of time to think, and that's the reason we know more than you-all."

In these mountains one will find the purest Anglo-Saxon blood in all the world. In most places books and magazines have killed out the age-old practice of singing ballads, but the collectors of this form of folk lore have made in Southern Appalachian a rich collection of Elizabethan song. Shakespearean language long in disuse in England and in the Atlantic Coast Plain where these people once lived survives in Appalachia. In 1917 Cecil J. Sharp, Director of the Stratford-upon-Avon School of Folk Lore and Folk Dancing, stated: "These missionaries with their schools! I'd like to build a wall about these mountains and let the people alone. The only distinctive culture in America is here. These people live. They sustain themselves on the meanest food. They are not interested in eating, but they have time to sing ballads." It is from these mountains that Alvin York came. There are thousands and thousands of Alvin Yorks there, in whose veins flows the best blood in all the world. The future of the South lies largely in their hands.

"Young man, go South," is sound advice these days. Yet the South of today is merely a rebirth of the old South. With all of her new material prosperity she has lost none of her culture, none of her hospitality, and none of her thoughtful consideration for the feelings and rights of others. She loves justice and right, and her womanhood and manhood are still her greatest asset.

Roy L. Garis.

SCIENCE AND POLITICS

BY PITMAN B. POTTER

ARE our modern scientists waving us back to the mediæval law of nature as the basis of our politics?

We are all more or less familiar with the way in which Roman jurists and philosophers and mediæval ecclesiastics and publicists attempted to define moral, legal and political rights and duties by deduction from certain supposed facts concerning the nature of man and the nature of human life on this planet, with the general principles of morality which they entailed. Man is by nature weak, it was said, hence there is a duty resting upon all of us to help one another in time of need. Different regions of the earth produce different fruits, therefore men have a right to engage freely in commerce for the distribution of the good things of life. Morality and public and even private law in all their detailed rules could be derived from a rational understanding of the nature of man and the natural conditions of his life here below.

We are also pretty well aware that this type of reasoning became obsolete or began to decay rapidly about a century and a half or two centuries ago. The older philosophers had pretended that the law of nature could be discovered by the unaided intellect, from introspection or meditation on the nature of things. Yet they had disagreed frequently and violently among themselves concerning its content. Moreover, their conclusions concerning its content, and concerning the inferences to be drawn regarding the detailed rules of law and morality which it enjoined, seemed in each particular case nothing but unsubstantial speculations revealing chiefly the idiosyncracies of their author or rules of action reflecting his personal tastes or even his material interests. They seemed to have little foundation in reality. Men came to regard this political and legal philosophy as a dream, and a highly personal dream, of no concrete importance to society as a whole. They turned elsewhere for the rules of law and social action.

The latter part of the eighteenth century, on the other hand, saw arise a great wave of enthusiasm for popular rights, and in the end men saw this movement sweep over the entire Western world, leaving in its wake some twenty-five Revolutionary and Republican States in the United States, Latin America, and Western Europe. Britain, France, and Spain all felt the devastating influences of the new force of the popular will. When the last and somewhat belated waves of this tide had swept over the scene in 1830, 1848, and in the decade 1910–1920, popular sovereignty had destroyed Imperial Germany, Austria, Russia, and Turkey as well, and shaken even remote China and Japan.

Now this revolutionary movement has ordinarily been regarded merely as a movement of opposition to monopolistic political authority, to royal autocracy at home and imperial domination of suppressed nationalities abroad. It is perfectly obvious, moreover, that many of the developments to which reference has just been made were produced by nothing so much as by international rivalry and war in which the movement for popular liberty played only a partial rôle. Certainly the revolutionary events of 1776–1918 are not remembered in connection with the decline of the influence of the law of nature in the period 1600–1750 as described at the beginning of this paper.

Yet the connection between the two is a direct and a relatively close one. The law of nature and its accompanying duties had been preached mainly by ecclesiastical persons and jurists trained in the law of Rome and high in royal favor. The leaders of revolution and national independence have not infrequently been persons of freedom of thought and belief. And the result of the popular movement was to place will—the will of the people—in a paramount position, in defiance not only of the will of the sovereign but in defiance also of any rational theories or principles of justice or established laws which the jurists or learned philosophers or ecclesiastics might bring forward. While the revolutionists appealed to a doctrine of natural rights to sustain them against established authority, they did not so frequently speak of the law of nature. Nor could the fact that their appeals to natural rights were designed to serve ulterior practical purposes be wholly ignored. The appeal to natural rights was not accom-

panied by a pledge of subservience to any natural moral laws or duties. Will rather than reason became the motive power of society and the state and the source of legal rules respecting men's rights and duties, particularly their rights.

During the last few decades this development has taken a striking form in the attempt to decide all questions of government by popular vote. The vote required has, of course, usually been a majority vote, and that fact has emphasized the striking character of the procedure. The application of this method of decision to technical problems and to the choice of persons for public offices for which technical qualifications were necessary has emphasized the situation still further. The result is a sharp conflict between the ideal of government by popular will and the ideal of government by science or reason.

The situation just described has finally produced a demand for a return to natural law as the basis of law and government. It is the object of these pages to exhibit some examples of this reversion or demand for a reversion, to point out certain differences between the old natural law to which we may be bidden to return and a true basis of social action, and to notice briefly some of the limitations upon the possibility of such a return and also upon the possibility of escaping such a return to what must seem to many reactionary and mediæval ideals.

In the year of grace 1922 Mr. Frank Exline, a lawyer in Denver, Colorado, published a volume which was entitled *Politics* and which carried the modest subtitle: *A Proposal for a Political System which will Automatically Produce the Best Government Possible in any Given Community.* In spite of certain patent prejudices and emotional complexes which distort his perspective, and in spite of its pretentious claims to provide a panacea for all political ills, the author and his "small work" make a distinct and sound contribution to current political thought in the direction in which we are looking. His chief contentions are that natural law or reason must rule the state rather than human will, and that what are now needed are not means of exercising the popular will but means of discovering the law. The author prefers judges to discover the law in reason and nature rather than legislators to decree statutes on grounds of policy. And he urges an abandon-

ment of the ballot and all such paraphernalia, seeing that public opinion and popular will are delusions and snares, and the establishment of government by experts under a merit system of selection—government by judges and professional civil servants on the basis of science and law.

For Mr. Exline's views we may find some interesting corroboration in two works by such established authorities as Professor Ernst Freund of Chicago and President Lowell of Harvard. In his little work on *Standards of Legislation*, published in 1917, Professor Freund explored the limitations upon legislative action provided not merely by Constitutional provisions, themselves the product of the popular will, but by the nature of human behavior and psychology and economic and social facts of one order or another. President Lowell, in his *Public Opinion and Popular Government*, has explored the limits upon the effective action of public opinion and discovered the fact or drawn the conclusion that public opinion cannot and does not function effectively on technical questions but must be confined to questions of policy alone.

Without going in detail into the views of Professor Duguit concerning the nature of law and the modern state and the necessity for—the actual practice of—basing state action mainly on social and economic facts of one sort or another, we can find in the present practice of government in the United States many other examples of the sort of thing here described. The whole merit system of selecting civil servants is in point. So for the legislative library, the investigating commissions attached to legislative and executive bodies, and all the mechanical and statistical apparatus of governmental departments. In spite of the great expansion in the bulk of statutory legislation in recent years, so frequently cited with pride or condemnation as evidence of the vigorous operations of the popular will in our day, it may well be that the tasks of government are actually being carried on, as Mr. Exline would wish, more and more by reason and science and less and less by the fiat of popular command.

In the international field the same phenomena are observable. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries "the law of nature and

of nations," as the phrase went, were so inseparately connected that the latter, now known as international law, consisted chiefly of speculations concerning justice, sovereignty and similar abstract properties. Attempts were made to apply the results to actual life in the face of violent national passions or royal military activities. In the cynical eighteenth century, however, the noble views of Grotius and the elevated teachings of the contemporary Vattel were largely flaunted and rejected as having no claim to authority even in principle. The practices of the nations improved somewhat in tone during this century, it is true, but this was due to other factors such as the decay of religious hatred and the rise of commerce. Moreover, the students of the law adopted these practices and the voluntary agreements of the nations rather than principles of reason and justice as the foundations for their conclusions on what the law was, and they practically dismissed the question of what the law ought to be entirely from their minds. This lasted throughout the nineteenth century, so that by 1914 the customary and conventional law had entirely displaced the philosophical law of nature. What the nations willed to do in their relations with one another, as indicated by their treaty agreements and their often headstrong practices toward one another, was made the basis of the law.

The reaction has now set in. More and more frequently voices are raised to protest against the arbitrary fiat of international agreements or international practices and demand a return to reason and justice.

Thus in the same year which saw the appearance of Mr. Exline's book there was published in Washington a little work by Mr. Jackson H. Ralston entitled *Democracy's International Law* which carries over into international relations the views of Exline's *Politics*. Before giving his attention to international questions the author spends some time on national law and reaches conclusions very similar to those reached by Mr. Exline. In the international field a demand is made for attention to "true international law" rather than "easily accepted conventions" and iniquitous practices. What must be sought is the "fundamental law". Usage and custom are contrasted with reason and justice. And the rights and interests of the people, of the common man, of

democracy, must be placed above those of kings and courtiers, natural human and national rights above accidental political power.

Other observers of the World War and the treaties with which that war was terminated have protested against the unreasoning assertion of national policy in defiance of the rights or interests of the weak and in spite of economic and psychological facts of common knowledge. Into such criticisms of current nationalistic policies we cannot go very far without detecting some insincerity and some suggestion that a policy often seems unreasonable to a student of one nationality but quite just to another. However, when all allowances for such factors or influences are made, the protest against arbitrary international action and the strong demand for a return to sound international practice remains to be satisfied.

These views are all gathered together and applied both nationally and internationally by Professor Krabbe of Leyden in his volume on *The Modern Idea of the State*, also published in this country in 1922. Professor Krabbe finds that law and not sovereignty or will is the true basis of the state, and that law is based not upon will but upon an objective feeling for right, "a natural and universal human impulse." In the operation of this feeling, knowledge of competing interests and a sense of balance are needed, but a mood of desire or command would be out of place. And in the international field also law is to be derived not from the authority of the state but from "men's sense of right". A great retrenchment of the habit of self-assertiveness is demanded and a reliance upon the ethical and impersonal power of the law, a law based entirely on essential interests and rights, not on national demands and agreements.

Now it is curious to note that in the international field the original reaction against the natural law was placed precisely upon the ground that the current speculations concerning the rights of nations were unscientific and arbitrary or capricious. Throughout the past century or more Anglo-American and German students of international law at least have prided themselves upon the scientific character of their results in comparison with those of an earlier day and a different method. International

law, it is claimed, has become more scientific rather than less scientific as it has been based more and more on the history of practice and the compilation of voluntary international agreements.

An explanation of this apparent contradiction indicates the way out of the dilemma as a whole.

Everything turns upon the method of determining the content of the natural law. The weakness of the natural law of the earlier period derived from the highly personal and speculative method relied upon by its devotees in discovering its principles and in deducting therefrom the rules of action to be followed in national and international life. The reaction of the scholars who became disgusted with this state of affairs was not, however, to criticize this method merely but to discard the concept of a natural law entirely. The step which they then took was to put bodily in the place of the supposed law of nature a system of what they called "positive law" not only discoverable by an entirely different method of study, namely the empirical method of observation and induction, but essentially different from the law of nature in its inherent character and sanctions.

That this was a more or less accidental action or attitude appears from what was going on at the same time in the field of natural science—in the sense in which we use those terms today. Philosophers prior to Bacon had attempted to learn not merely the secrets of moral and social nature by speculation and deduction but the secrets of physical or material nature as well. A reaction in the direction of empirical methods now appeared in this field as it did in the field of moral science. But the natural scientists never pretended that they had ceased to study nature and nature's laws. They did, indeed, eschew for the time being a study of the more fundamental problems of nature and confine themselves to surface phenomena and means of dealing with these phenomena; and there is no denying that many physicists and chemists developed the professional engineering point of view and scoffed at "laws" of nature and "pure science" entirely. Today, however, with the increasing success of empirical science in unravelling the deeper secrets of physical nature, the natural scientists are becoming increasingly concerned again with

the old fundamental principles of matter and motion, but on the basis not of speculation but of observation and inference.

In the field of social science the error committed by a wholesale abandonment of reason and natural justice for will and human practice is beginning to be repaired. It is seen that the defect of the law of nature school was in method, not in the fundamental concept. The criticisms of the peace treaties of 1919–1920 have come as much from economists, geographers, and business men as from moralists, although the cry for a reversion in the international field is clearly tainted with a greater element of moral speculation of the unscientific type than is the appeal in the other field. And the main object of a group of students of political science who met in Wisconsin in September of 1923 in what was called a National Conference on the Science of Politics was not so much the immutable natural laws of political life but methods of investigation and measurement to permit them to reach reliable conclusions on concrete problems. The call is for a return—or an advance—to the methods of empirical and inductive scientific inquiry and conclusion.

What, then, is to be said in reply to the claim of the positivist student of international law that he has been scientific in his methods all along? The reply is that he has been scientific in his methods but unsound in his fundamental assumptions. If the denial of the existence of a law of nature were sound, and the corresponding assertion that a law of consent or agreement decisive, the method of study of the positivist would not only be unimpeachable as method but it would lead to a sound result. If the positivist had represented his observation of practice as an attempt to discover what the nations believed or declared the content of the natural law to be, he would have been on higher ground himself, albeit he would thereby credit the nations with more enlightened and generous views than they actually held. The truth is that the positivist student of the law of nations was led into his error chiefly by the cynicism regarding natural right and justice manifested by the nations themselves.

If the scientific student of international law, or rather of the laws of international relations, really wants to correct his position and, incidentally, that of the erring nations, he must indeed make

a sharp turn in his aims and methods. He must begin to study not merely what the nations have done and agreed upon in the matter of the treatment of aliens, and must not conclude that what they have done defines the law on the matter. He must study the economic and social causes and effects of differing modes of treatment applied to aliens and the internal evolution of the same. He must discover in this way the requirements in the treatment of aliens necessary in view of the essential economic and social facts and the limitations of international life. In the same way he must discover the way in which an international conference must be prepared, organized, and conducted, in view of the nature of the business of international negotiation, the statistical, psychological, and dialectical problems involved.

It is unnecessary here to suggest in detail what must be done by the scientific student in the national field. The investigation of national problems in this manner is so familiar to us now from tariff commission studies, reference library studies, and so on, that the whole question here is that of persuading the people of the state to accept the results and act upon them without waiting for the pressure of events to compel acceptance at the price of suffering and death. And this raises the most interesting problem of all in connection with the return to natural science as the basis of government: shall the idea of the free action of the popular will be abandoned and the "expert" be installed in power over our lives and destinies? Can such action be taken? What will follow if it be not taken?

There is no slightest chance that the expert will be made king or czar at the present time. In the field of medicine people do not trust the physician implicitly, nor the architect or builder in the field of construction engineering. Still less will they trust him in government and economics. In both fields science is still so far from certainty that many decisions or choices are not so much rational decisions or voluntary choices as acts of faith, adventures into the unknown, hopeful experimentation rather than confident reliance upon established values. Moreover, we cannot forget the desirability of maintaining some stimulus of and check upon the scientific expert to compel him constantly to improve and sustain at a high level his own work. In many matters the lay-

man will insist upon deciding by an act of reason and will combined many matters which might in many cases be left to the expert. The decision will be misinformed and largely controlled by interested parties playing upon popular ignorance and emotion. In that sense the popular action will be neither rational nor fully voluntary, and it will be neither consistent, uniform, nor reliable. But it will be insisted upon until the people learn the value of scientific treatment of public questions and until a science of economics and government is developed which can claim the confidence of the people.

On the other hand, to attempt to stem the reaction to the natural law would be to fly in the face of necessity. The simple fact of the matter is that we are compelled to reduce our governmental practice to a scientific basis. Population is becoming too dense, the resultant interrelations of interest too complex, the dependence of individual upon individual, of individual upon group, and of group upon group, too great, to permit us to retain the ramshackle methods of an earlier day. Governmental actions must be based on accurate information, a balanced synthesis of consideration for all legitimate interests, and all possible mechanical expertness in form and procedure. The pressure of greater demands upon government requires not merely an increase in the range and extent, the quantity, of governmental work, but a qualitative improvement as well. It requires greater precision, greater regularity, greater continuity, greater effectiveness. And these qualities can be obtained only by scientific refinement of procedure, of personnel, and—most important of all—of the bases upon which decisions are made. This is inevitably going to compel a return to government under the laws of nature, leaving for unscientific, non-rational, volitional decision at any given time only those questions not capable of scientific solution. Having wandered far from the life of truth and reason in the land of ignorant wilfulness, and that for a reason both unsound and unnecessary, society must return to the true basis of health and happiness once more.

PITMAN B. POTTER.

WHAT TO DO WITH THE VIRGIN ISLANDS?

BY VALESKA BARI

For eight years we have been holding the Virgin Islands. Bought during the war to shut Germany out of a possible submarine base, their importance was eclipsed by the signing of the Armistice, and with it vanished most of our interest. Eight years is not a long time, but as we talked about buying the islands for fifty years before the purchase was completed, it seems not unreasonable that we should ask ourselves what we intend to do with them.

Our connection with the Virgins dates back to the Civil War. During that struggle the blockade of the Southern ports would have been vastly more effective if the Government had had a base in the Caribbean from which to operate against privateers. As soon as peace was declared, Seward opened negotiations for the purchase of the islands; Denmark agreed; a popular vote to determine the willingness of the islanders to transfer their allegiance to the United States carried almost unanimously; the King bade farewell to his subjects; but at the last moment Sumner, waging a fight against all Administration measures, killed ratification of the treaty.

Ever since that date every disturbance in Central or South America has brought up before Congress the question of buying the Virgins. Cleveland's dispute with Britain over Venezuela defined sharply the weak position of the United States, separated from the territory over which we claimed the jurisdiction of the Monroe Doctrine by a sea dotted with islands belonging to European Powers, with no near base of our own. After the Spanish War negotiations were again almost completed, but this time it was the Danish Parliament which rejected the treaty, presumably because of German influence. The building and possible defense of the Panama Canal made the acquisition of St. Thomas

a constant subject of discussion in naval circles, but the clinching argument was the sinking of the *Lusitania*. With such a base as the Virgins, German submarines could have done unthinkable damage to our commerce. Negotiations were put through quickly. For sovereignty we paid $25,000,000—which amounts to $300 an acre for land worth for peace-time purposes possibly $20 an acre—a poor bargain except in the light of war insurance when one disaster might have cost far more.

Every move and every argument for the purchase of the Virgins has been in connection with war, but now that we have them we have taken no steps to develop them as a military outpost. St. Thomas is an unfortified Gibraltar, an island formed by the sinking of the earth, leaving above water only the tops of a mountain range. Its shore line is a series of harbors and inlets, the port of St. Thomas being one of the safest in the West Indies. At the gate of the harbor stands today a battery, put up by the British when they occupied the island during the Napoleonic Wars; facing the entrance is a fort, built by the Danes in 1671; on a commanding hill stands Frederick's Fort, a wooden tower erected in 1702; and back of the town stands a second tower, once inhabited by pirates but now converted into a water-tank for the Navy nurses who occupy the surrounding quarters.

To these defenses we have added nothing, and, with the desire of the American people to live at peace with the world and particularly to develop friendly relations with Latin America, there is little likelihood that public sentiment would permit any threatening fortification; but until we give evidence of other policy every demagogue in Latin America can—and does—point to St. Thomas as an outpost of aggression.

If we are not to make the Virgin Islands a mere naval base, we have the alternatives of selling the islands to some other Power, of turning them loose, or of considering them a part of the nation and adopting a constructive policy which will make them eventually regular members of the national family.

To sell the Virgins to some other Power is a suggestion more easily made than carried into effect. To avoid any more complications than already exist we wish no new Power to acquire territory in the Caribbean. At the present time there exist

the independent nations of Cuba, Haiti and the Dominican Republic, and the colonial possessions of Great Britain, France, the Netherlands, Venezuela and the United States. For strategic purposes none of these other nations needs the Virgins, nor, of course, would we sell them to any nation which wanted them for military advantage; and on a peace-time basis no nation is anxious to acquire the smaller islands of the Caribbean as none of them are revenue-producing. For this reason to turn the Virgins loose would not be an act of emancipation but a matter of turning them out, like orphans, into a friendless world.

If we are to retain the Virgins,—and that seems to be the only prospect in view,—can we as a democracy give them, ultimately, anything less than equal citizenship and a place of equality in the national family? Other nations have no principle against frankly holding strategic points with no thought of making the inhabitants citizens of the mother country, but for a democracy to hold another people indefinitely as a "possession" has an ugly sound.

We still govern the Virgin Islands in accordance with the Act "to provide a temporary government for the Virgin Islands", passed by Congress at the time of purchase, which simply provided for the assignment of an officer of the Army or Navy to replace the Danish Governor and continued the local laws as under Danish rule; a rule which, though more liberal than the government of any other European colony in the West Indies, made no pretension to democratic principles. At the present time the Virgin Islanders are citizens of the islands only, and Congress has not stated what time must elapse or what conditions must be met before they will be given American citizenship and a more responsible participation in their government.

In the absence of a stated principle as to what constitutes fitness for a people to be made a part of the nation, we may reasonably assume that the standards required of a people should be fairly similar to the standards required of individuals who ask admittance to our shores. Aside from the matter of quota restrictions we exclude individuals who are diseased, criminal, illiterate, immoral or likely to become a public charge. Suppose we apply this standard to the Virgin Islands.

As to disease the islands would probably pass muster today. In the old days St. Thomas had an evil reputation, but likely due as much to disease brought to the port as to disease originating on the island. For water supply the Virgins are dependent upon rainwater stored in cisterns, and often in the past this supply was insufficient. Along with other improvements we have constructed watersheds and reservoirs to provide a far larger supply, so that proper sanitation is now possible and diseases caused by water contamination can be controlled. Yellow fever, typhoid and small pox have been wiped out; malaria has been reduced; trachoma, once prevalent, has been largely eliminated; and hookworm, the handicap of many tropical countries, is rare.

Of crime there exists according to police records about the same proportion and of the same type which may be encountered in small communities in the States. With British islands within rowboat distance, bootlegging is inevitable, but drunkenness is rare. Crimes of colored men against white women are unknown, and a woman can go alone about the islands with no thought of molestation. A day in the police court is mainly an airing of neighborhood squabbles before a judge, usually dismissed with a scolding all around; but the negroes seem to enjoy summoning each other into court—one of the rights acquired under American rule, as under the Danes minor cases were settled informally and undramatically by a layman. The administration of justice is hampered by the fact that some of the islanders are not unwilling to go to jail, where food is plentiful and outside work cannot be demanded of persons incarcerated for misdemeanor; and to avoid this complication fines are often imposed without alternative of jail sentence, and the court is frequently placed in the undignified position of running accounts with offenders, collecting its fines in 25-cent installments.

Passing the Virgins on the points of disease and crime, there remain the tests of literacy, morality and self support, items which reflect the everyday relationship among members of the community. As to literacy, the census taken at the end of 1917 indicated that twenty-five per cent. of the islanders were illiterate, a percentage higher than that in the States, but much better than the rate existing in Porto Rico after twenty years un-

der American rule. Beside the handicap of lack of education, illiteracy indicates dependent and undemocratic relationships. As to literacy Denmark herself makes a better showing than we do and the high rate of illiteracy in her colony indicates the inferior position in which a large part of the islanders were held.

In considering the points of morality and self support we must remember that ninety per cent. of the islanders are of African descent, held in complete slavery up to 1848. Behind them they have African standards and traditions, a tropical lack of industry, and a dependence upon masters and a masterful government. Monogamy is not in the African tradition, and the slaves were introduced into conditions which did not teach it. At the time they were brought to the Virgin Islands concubinage among the whites in no way detracted from the standing even of the clergy; and the partial censuses of former days show as high as eighty-five per cent. of illegitimacy.

Every community typifies its special social problem—the single man of ports, the single working girl of cities, the widower of pioneering farms. The Virgins are typified by the old woman living alone, her husband or "protector" gone, her children in their own relationships. These women fill the market place or squat in doorways along the streets, eking out a bare existence by reselling a few handfuls of fruit and vegetables; living in shacks made of old boxes and tin cans on land for which they pay, perhaps, twenty-five cents a month ground rent. Whether we class this social background as immoral or merely unmoral, it denotes at least an un-American standard of personal and family responsibility.

For the past fifty years the Virgin Islands have not raised enough revenue to pay for their own administration; and for their support next year Congress has voted $395,000. Under slave labor the islands were fairly prosperous agriculturally while cane sugar was high and indispensable; and as a free port St. Thomas flourished before steam changed the routes of navigation, particularly while Denmark stood neutral in the long European wars. With emancipation and the development of beet sugar and steam traffic, vanished the peculiar advantages which the

Virgins had enjoyed, and they began to balance their budget by incurring public debts. In the immigration phraseology the Virgins are not only "liable to become a public charge," they are already a public charge, with every prospect of remaining so until they learn the lesson that with the rights of democracy comes also the obligation of standing on one's own feet.

If we are to hold the Virgin Islands in a form of political dependence until they can pass the tests of admittance, what type of control shall we exercise? At the present time they are governed by a naval officer assigned by the President to act as Governor, who has also a staff of naval officers. Legislative functions are in the hands of the Colonial Councils, the majority elected by the islanders, and a minority—also islanders—appointed by the Governor. The judiciary, appointed by the President or Governor, are qualified lawyers and not naval officers. This is the form of government established by Denmark, a civil rule whose executive officers under our administration have been Navy men assigned temporarily to that service.

This assignment of naval officers to the administration of the islands has its advantages and its drawbacks. It stresses the fact that the islands were bought for their military value and intimates that we regard them and their future only in that light, an imperialistic threat which tends to strain friendly relations with Latin America. Also it gives the islanders the feeling that they possess a fictitious war value, and that we can pay forever for the privilege of occupying the islands. So far as personnel is concerned, the islands have undoubtedly had the services of abler men than would have been sent to so small a community if selection had been made by political appointment. However, assignment to duty in the Virgin Islands is for a period of not more than two years, and much of the eight years during which we have owned the islands has been spent in educating the five Governors who have occupied that position. The present Governor has made a searching study of economic and social conditions, and probably knows better than anyone else the conditions and possibilities of the islands, but his two years have now expired, and unless a change is made in the system he will be transferred to other duty and a new Governor will start at the

bottom of the educational ladder.[1] Not only is two years a short time in which to tackle a problem which contains many conditions very different from those encountered in other lines of naval experience, but the fact that it is a temporary assignment from naval duty tends to hold the first interest of the officials in the Navy rather than in the islands.

The Virgin Islands are probably the only territory which we have occupied where the accusation has not been made that American corporations were unduly interested; but all the land and concessions are owned by Danes or Virgin Islanders, and virtually the only Americans on the islands are the officials, the detachments of Marines and the Navy people at the Navy Yard. In place of the objections made elsewhere that our officials favor the economic interests of American corporations, we have the objections that the Government people keep to themselves, that their interest in the islands is rootless and temporary, and their point of view military. The Danes complain that we are not paternalistic in our viewpoint and methods, but many Americans would consider that the free medical, maternity, hospital and dental services, the long lists of pensions given to islanders, the gift of water and sewer systems, and the general extension of schools and public works at Federal expense, were possibly too paternalistic. On the other hand one hears speeches by colored orators demanding all the machinery of democratic government, speeches reminiscent of Patrick Henry, the Rights of Man and the struggle of the American colonies for independence.

Recently the Colonial Council of St. Thomas adopted resolutions asking that consideration be given the question of political reform, to which the Governor replied asking that attention be concentrated rather on improving economic and social conditions; and so long as the Federal treasury is the chief source of revenue no American Governor is likely to give up clear control of expenditures. The echoes of "Taxation without representation" fall flat when the supposed victim is supported rather than taxed. We may question seriously whether a people who do not support themselves can ask to control their affairs, but if we rule them for

[1] Since this was written Captain Philip Williams has retired from the Governorship and has been succeeded by Captain Martin E. Trench, U. S. N.

the reason that they are dependent we owe them the obligation of a constructive policy directed toward putting them on their feet.

We are giving for education much more money than Denmark provided and the planters complain that we are making the negroes unfit for the only type of labor which exists for them to do. It may be that the planters are right, that education which is given and not earned creates a relationship exactly contrary to the purpose which we are striving to attain.

We are spending more money on maintenance and improvements than has ever been spent before, but it may be no wiser to encourage a community than it is to encourage an individual to a standard of life for which he cannot pay. Through countless blunders we have learned that planless charity must be replaced by an intelligent, constructive course of action. May we not apply the same principle to the Virgins?

The present Governor of the Virgin Islands has directed his administration to the improvement of social and economic conditions, but in two years no man can do more than take a few steps, and his successor may choose to walk along other paths or in other directions. To make the Virgin Islands, and the islanders individually, self-supporting, will be no quick and easy task. However, if we can afford to give money outright each year, we can afford scientifically planned investments.

Denmark sat back and allowed the islands to run down, but because she failed to develop them is no reason why we should not tackle the job. Denmark was a small country, with little money to invest, with no natural reason for holding the islands, and a fair certainty of selling them for purposes which made their condition a matter of no consequence. On the other hand we have them now, with no chance of getting rid of them and excellent reasons for continuing to hold this strategic position, with plenty of money to invest in legitimate development, and everything to gain in prestige and friendliness with Latin America, if we can demonstrate our intelligence and sincerity in handling the problem.

VALESKA BARI.

THE OTHER REJECTED AMENDMENTS

BY EWEN CAMERON MAC VEAGH

In the recent rejection of the proposed Child Labor Amendment, we have witnessed a political event that had not occurred for over sixty years, and that had taken place only four times in the history of this country. Since the adoption of the Constitution, over two thousand amendments have been introduced in Congress, but only twenty-four of them have actually been passed by that body. Of these twenty-four, nineteen have been ratified by the necessary three-fourths of the States. The other five have failed to secure that ratification, two of them by the narrowest of margins. The last of the five is the Child Labor Amendment, and with its career and fate everyone is more or less familiar. But for the stories of its four equally ill-fated predecessors, it is necessary to glance back into the less widely known corners of history.

I.—*Apportionment of Representatives.* Two such measures were passed through Congress in 1789. They were in fact, Articles One and Two of the list of twelve amendments proposed to the States by the First Congress. Articles Three to Twelve were ratified and are known as the first ten Amendments to the Constitution or the Bill of Rights. But few people now recall that the original Bill of Rights had, as designed by Congress, twelve and not ten clauses and that the first two clauses were rejected by the States.

The first of these two articles was designed to fix more narrowly by the Constitution the limits within which Congress might provide for the number of Representatives. Article One of the Constitution itself provides that each State shall have at least one Representative, and that the total number shall not exceed one for every thirty thousand of the population, but otherwise the question of number is left wholly within the discretion of Congress. There was a considerable opposition to leaving so broad a power in the hands of the Legislature, and consequently

an amendment was introduced and passed through Congress in the following form:

> After the first enumeration required by the First Article of the Constitution there shall be one Representative for every thirty thousand until the number shall amount to one hundred, after which the proportion shall be so regulated by Congress that there shall be not less than one hundred Representatives nor more than one Representative for every forty thousand persons until the number of Representatives shall amount to two hundred, after which the proportion shall be so regulated that there shall not be less than two hundred Representatives nor more than one Representative for every fifty thousand persons.

In the debate in the House of Representatives on this measure, Fisher Ames of Massachusetts made strenuous efforts to fix the number of inhabitants per Representative as high as possible in order to prevent the membership of the House from being too large. He expressed the opinion that his fellow citizens would become dissatisfied with too numerous a representation. He believed that a large body could not maintain a high standard of quality, and said that the House would be a better check on the Senate, if filled with men of independent principles and eminent ability, than if it consisted of a larger number of inferior characters. Incidentally, it is interesting, in the light of these remarks, to observe that the importance and influence of the House in comparison with the Senate has waned in much the same proportion as its numbers have been increased.

This proposed amendment came within one State of being ratified, ten out of a possible fourteen States acting on it favorably. These were New Jersey, Maryland, North Carolina, South Carolina, New Hampshire, New York, Rhode Island, Virginia, Pennsylvania and Vermont. Pennsylvania first rejected the amendment in March, 1790, but a year and a half later she reconsidered her action and ratified it, the President sending a message to Congress to that effect in October, 1791. Delaware rejected the proposal, and the legislatures of Massachusetts, Connecticut and Georgia failed to take any action upon it whatever. The silence of Massachusetts is remarkable, for there the State convention, which had ratified the Constitution, made the first suggestion to Congress that there be enacted an amendment such as this.

The general verdict of the historians has been that this amendment was happily rejected. Up to now, certainly, Congress has regulated the membership of the House more or less successfully. However, the limitation of that membership is not yet a dead issue, for the question of another increase in accordance with the 1920 census is at present under discussion and there are many violent opponents to any move to enlarge the membership beyond the present number of 435. But, even if this amendment had been adopted, Congress would under it have had a free choice today between 200 and 2200! The amendment, therefore, would not have been of much practical help in solving the present problem of whether to keep the membership down to 435 or to continue increasing it decennially.

II.—*Salaries of Members of Congress.* The next proposed amendment to die at the hands of the States was one by which it was provided that any change in the pay of the members of Congress should not take effect until after the next election. This was Article Two of the twelve proposed amendments proposed in the First Congress in 1789. It read as follows:

> No law varying the compensation for the services of the Senators and Representatives shall take effect until an election of Representatives shall have intervened.

John Vining, of Delaware, in reporting the resolution to the House, gave what today sounds like a somewhat naïve reason for the amendment. At any rate, the reason illustrates most clearly the gulf between the character of our Representatives in the eighteenth century and that of later Congressmen. Vining explained, in all sincerity, that the committee in proposing this measure were actuated by a single reason, which was that there existed, to say the least, in every man's breast a disagreeable sensation occasioned by having to set a value on his own work, and that though this could not be helped in the first Congress, it might and should be avoided thereafter! Even the opposition adopted the same tone. Theodore Sedgwick, of Massachusetts, stated that, in his opinion, there was little chance of Congress abusing the power given it to fix their own wages, for gentlemen were generally more inclined to make such wages moderate than excessive! But it is only fair to add that a considerable body of

public opinion did not share, even in 1789, this same belief in the scruples of existing or future Congressmen about fixing their own salaries. However, there was also some opposition to the measure on the more practical ground that it would enable a member to handicap a possible rival by decreasing his successor's salary without diminishing his own. But this objection was ignored, and the amendment was successfully passed by both Houses of Congress. It was, however, ratified by only six out of the fourteen States, namely by Maryland, North Carolina, South Carolina, Delaware, Vermont and Virginia. The legislatures of New Jersey, New Hampshire, Pennsylvania, New York, and Rhode Island rejected it; while Massachusetts, Connecticut and Georgia did not act upon the proposal.

Though the amendment thus failed of ratification by the necessary three-fourths of the States, the issue it was framed to meet has burst forth with considerable violence each time the country's attention has been drawn to the matter by a raise in Congressional salaries. The first time such a raise was effected, in 1816, an amendment similar to this earlier one was proposed, but it was allowed to die in Congress. In 1873, when the salary of the members was raised from $5,000 to $7,500, such a storm of indignation rocked the country that that measure was repealed the next year. In the course of the storm, the Senate of Ohio raked up this long forgotten amendment proposed by Congress eighty years before and triumphantly ratified it! Such action suggested an interesting constitutional question as to the limitation of time in which a proposed amendment must be ratified, but the question then remained academic, for no other State besides Ohio expressed its indignation in this particular fashion. Various new amendments to the same effect were introduced, only to perish at the hands of Congress; but it was not until nearly thirty-five years later, in 1907, that the members dared again to place their annual compensation at $7,500. That time they succeeded in retaining it there, despite considerable agitation.

Once more, in 1925, this compensation has been raised; today it stands at $10,000 a year. Perhaps it is not an unjust figure, and there was certainly much less popular outcry about it than

that raised at the times of the earlier increases. But, whatever the rights of the question, it does seem clear that the inevitable indignation at every increase would have been much less if the increase in question had not applied to the very men who voted it. Few will rise up today to say that Congress is made up of gentlemen inclined to underrate their services; and in such a day and generation, we may well regret that five more States did not ratify the wise amendment on this subject that the First Congress proposed.

III.—*Titles of Nobility.* The next almost successful amendment had to do with the rather surprising subject of titles of nobility. In Article One of the Constitution, it is provided that no title of nobility shall be granted by the United States and that no person holding any office of trust or profit under the United States shall, without the consent of Congress, accept any present, emolument, office, or title of any kind whatever, from any king, prince, or foreign State. It was this clause that made necessary special legislation in the last war to enable members of the Army and Navy to accept the decorations of other countries. The provisions of the clause seem strict enough to preserve our Republican simplicity, but in the early days of the nation there was considerable agitation to raise higher the bars against any encroachment of royal perquisites. The conventions of Massachusetts, New Hampshire, New York, and Rhode Island, when called to ratify the Constitution, proposed that this clause be amended so as to remove the requirement of Congressional consent and thus make it impossible for anyone holding office ever to accept any decoration or gift from a foreign Power. It was also proposed in the First Congress that an amendment to this effect be passed along with the Bill of Rights, but the suggestion was not acted upon. Twenty years later, however, in 1810, an amendment on the subject was proposed by Senator Philip Reed of Maryland. It was passed by Congress and submitted to the States in this form:

> If any citizen of the United States shall accept, claim, receive, or retain any title of nobility or honor, or shall, without the consent of Congress, accept or retain any present, pension, office, or emolument from any emperor, king,

prince, or foreign power, such person shall be incapable of holding any office of trust or profit under them or either of them.

Thus it was sought to prevent the acceptance or retention of a foreign title or honor, by a citizen of the United States irrespective of Congressional approval. Rigorous as the measure sounds, various amendments to it were proposed in the Senate with a view to making it yet more drastic. It was suggested that the penalty be increased to comprise deprivation of citizenship. One Senator was so keen to bar out the taint of royalty that he proposed to apply this penalty to all "who shall intermarry with any descendant of any emperor, king or prince or with any person of the blood royal"!

However, when these fireworks of political display had died away and the amendment in the form given above had passed the Senate by a vote of 19 to 5, and the House by 87 to 3, it failed of ratification by just one State. Maryland, Kentucky, Ohio, Delaware, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Vermont, Tennessee, Georgia, North Carolina, Massachusetts and New Hampshire—twelve in all—signified their approval of the amendment. New York, Connecticut, South Carolina and Rhode Island rejected it; while Virginia apparently took no action in the matter. But, though the amendment had not actually received the approval of the necessary three-fourths of the seventeen States then in the Union, for a long time there existed a popular belief that it had been adopted. In fact, in the official edition of the Constitution printed for the use of the members of the Fifteenth Congress, this measure was included as the Thirteenth Amendment!

Such printing led at once to a resolution of inquiry, and it was discovered that, although most people believed that South Carolina had ratified the amendment, such was not the case. The Senate of that State had acted favorably in the matter, but the lower house of the Legislature had failed to confirm such action, so that South Carolina's approval was withheld. However, the public belief in the matter was not easily shaken and the error persisted for over thirty years, the resolution being printed as the Thirteenth Amendment in editions of the Constitution and of school histories until the century was almost half over.

The immediate cause of this proposed amendment has never

been satisfactorily explained. Nathaniel Macon, of North Carolina, on reporting the measure to the House, remarked that he considered the vote on the question as deciding whether or not we were to have members of the Legion of Honor in this country. He did not amplify these remarks, but perhaps he had in mind the embarrassment that members of such a foreign organization might cause our Administration in its dealings with other Governments. There seem to be, today, certain Americans who feel impelled to justify the red ribbon in their buttonhole by telling other countries not to take too seriously the official requests of the United States as to debts and such unpleasant matters. Had there been no red ribbon, there might have been less keen championship of the foreign nation, and the administration now may well be sighing that there are not stricter laws against such a "present, pension, office or emolument"! But Nathaniel Macon gave no reasons, and we are left to wonder whether it was this or some other situation that the amendment was framed to meet.

Possibly the measure was simply an outburst of the popular sentiment against all things foreign that manifested itself in various ways in those troubled times. Such feeling caused the passage by the Tennessee Legislature of a law forbidding the citation of any English statute or decision before a court of that State, and only by the earnest effort of Henry Clay was this prohibition confined to such English acts and opinions as occurred after the Revolution. Other States enacted statutes to do away with any reminders of foreign methods of government, and all these, along with this constitutional amendment, seem founded on the same unreasoning "hundred per cent." Americanism.

Or perhaps it was the presence of Jerome Bonaparte in this country a few years before, and his marriage to Elizabeth Patterson of Baltimore, that prompted the amendment. The Bonapartes had filled many thrones in Europe; might they not aspire to found a royal line even on this republican Atlantic seaboard? *Niles's Register*, many years afterward, refers to an amendment having been adopted that prevented any but a native born citizen from becoming President. Such a provision was already

contained in Article Two of the Constitution, so the writer was in error; but he may have had in mind this measure in relation to titles of nobility and the idea that it was aimed against Napoleonic encroachment. The same writer goes on to say that when Jerome Bonaparte was in this country, the Federalists proposed the measure, under pretense of fear least he should reach the Presidency through "French influence." They really believed that the Democrats would oppose the measure as foolish and unnecessary, and that the Federalists would then be able to make political capital of this opposition as proving the subserviency of the Democrats to the interests of France. But the Democrats were too wary to fall into the trap; the amendment obviously could do no harm, and they agreed to it almost unanimously, so that it passed through Congress with scarcely a dissenting vote.

Whatever the real reason was for the introduction and passage of this measure, its failure to be ratified cannot be said to have affected, to any extent, the course of history.

IV.—*Protection of Slavery.* The next member of this ill-fated procession of measures was the so-called Corwin Amendment. After Congress convened in 1860, no less than fifty-seven resolutions were introduced suggesting an amendment on the subject of slavery. These ranged in tone all the way from those of the conservatives of both parties, in the nature of one compromise or another, to that of Jefferson Davis, which provided expressly for the recognition and protection of property in slaves. Finally in March, 1861, two days before the inauguration of Mr. Lincoln, favorable action was taken on an amendment proposed by Thomas Corwin, a Representative from Ohio, a former Senator from that State, Secretary of the Treasury in an earlier Cabinet, and later Minister to Mexico. The measure was passed in each House by just the bare two-thirds majority required, the conservative Republicans joining with the Democrats to support it. The resolution read as follows:

> No amendment shall be made to the Constitution which will authorize or give to Congress the power to abolish or to interfere, within any State, with the domestic institutions thereof, including that of persons held to labor or service by the laws of said State.

The avowed purpose of this measure was to reassure the Slave States that national legislation would not undertake to abolish slavery within their borders. But the amendment might have had more far-reaching results. In the course of the debate on it in the House, Owen Lovejoy, of Illinois aroused the mirth of his fellow members with this question:

> Does that include polygamy, the other twin relic of barbarism?

To this Mr. Phelps, of Missouri, replied:

> Does the gentleman desire to know whether he shall be prohibited from committing that crime?

which again rocked the House with laughter.

But it is to be pointed out that the subject of these jests was not as idle as then seemed the case. With this provision in the Constitution, a State might have set up and recognized polygamy without interference from the Federal Government. Perhaps even the Eighteenth Amendment could not have been passed!

Mr. Lincoln appears to have approved of the proposed amendment as a means of pacifying the then thoroughly aroused South, but it was ratified by only three States, Ohio, Illinois, and Maryland. Two of these were Northern, and one was a Border, State. The Abolitionists of New England sternly rejected the measure and the South spurned it. In general, it was rejected as too slight a concession to the slave-owners to hold even the eight Slave States still left in the Union, let alone bring back the seven erring sisters that had already seceded. Had there been any indication that the amendment would serve to stave off the approaching conflict, there is little doubt but that it would have been more generally ratified. There were probably sufficient people in the North desirous of averting a rebellion, even at the cost of such a measure, to have secured its adoption, had not its futility been apparent from the outset.

Thus languished and died the Corwin Amendment, but its corpse served to raise one more question of interest before becoming buried beneath the oblivion of the passing years. Early in 1864, with the prospects of a Northern victory growing rapidly brighter, Senator Henry B. Anthony, of Rhode Island, introduced

a resolution to repeal the proposed amendment. Perhaps he wanted to insure that the Government should have a free hand in dealing with the slavery problem and feared lest, if the measure remained before the States, it might yet become ratified by the necessary number. Or perhaps he considered that the measure had been superseded by the Emancipation Proclamation and was best removed from under foot. History does not tell us his purpose; but his resolution was simply referred to the Committee on the Judiciary, which discharged it from further consideration without action some months later. The Senator's motion, however, suggests the question whether Congress, having once proposed an amendment to the States, can recall it before the States have ratified in sufficient numbers for it to have become adopted. The answer to this is difficult; many legal experts believing that Congress has no such power; but the question seems likely to remain an academic one for some time to come.

Thus perished four proposed amendments to the Constitution. They enjoyed, till recently, the distinction of being the only amendments that weathered their way through Congress to meet their fate at the hands of the several States. Sixty years had gone by since the last of them, before the proposed Child Labor Amendment came to join their ranks. Yet perhaps we go too fast; it may be that some States which have rejected this latest measure can yet ratify it into the Constitution—possibly even eighty years hence! But those are questions for the lawyers to settle.

EWEN CAMERON MAC VEAGH

TWO POEMS

BY MUNA LEE

PORTRAIT

THERE is a living peace within these woods,
A darkness and a quiet; and there seems
A Presence brooding over all its streams,
A Presence that above its cedars broods.
And sound is in the silence—the long sound
Of sweeping cedar-boughs; a sudden fall
Of unseen waters; or a bird's sharp call;
While secret rivers murmur underground.

And toward the lake fed by the forest springs,
Singly at nightfall shy, wild creatures go;
Over the fern, across the rocky weir,
Seeking again deep waters that they know,
Swiftly they pass, the furred and wingéd things—
Eagle and osprey, panther and spotted deer.

BLINDMAN

I HEARD one praise his love
  In a voice that shook
With passionate exaltation of
  Her brow and look.

Dull to my sight, to my heart,
  I saw his love pass by;
Nor knew if he were blind
  Or I.

WASTE JOURNEYING

BY CONSTANCE LINDSAY SKINNER

"How can I tell, unless I smell
The Carthaginian Rose"—Edna Millay

You go from me, seeking the fabled rose,
The breath-fleet, death-sweet rose, that blows
Where Carthage sleeps and, sleeping, keeps
The attar of her dreams—as petals close
When over the terrace the long dusk creeps.
I would not stay you; tread, if tread you must,
Her callous, too much trodden dust.

But here, Most Dear, I tend a mystic rose
Not Carthage knows, nor time nor snows,
In earth made new and virginal for you:
A rose of dire, unquenching fire
That flames on grief like song upon a lyre.

QUESTION IN TIME OF ETERNITY

BY ARCHIBALD MacLEISH

At the last day, at the Judgment, the Lord God
Will say to you that sit on his right hand,
"Come unto Me ye blessed and be glad,
Be sealèd unto Me with eternal bond.
Hungry, ye fed me, strange, ye took me in,
Sick, succored me, sad, gave me comfort. Come!
Forget now, lost in the Eternal One,
Your deaths, your lives, yourselves, all, all but Him."

But unto us, "Ye others! Ye that looked
Dazzled in your own eyes and saw Me not,
Ye deaf that heard nor opened when I knocked,
Ye lonely ones that dug at your own root
For beauty and found only beauty, go,
Go seek yourselves, go seek in the dead brain,
Go find the thing ye seek and still alone
Seek on, seek on forever. Go your way!"

And we will turn to go and one will say,
"Which are the chosen, Lord?"

THE POETRY OF CHARLES MONTAGUE DOUGHTY

BY SAMUEL C. CHEW

To the generality of readers Mr. Doughty is *homo unius libri;* and even the *Travels in Arabia Deserta* remained till lately one of those "broad expanses" of literature of which most adventurers among books were content to be "told." Now at length they are breathing its "pure serene"; but meanwhile Mr. Doughty's poetry is still neglected, and it seems worth while to attempt to redress the balance which has been so heavily over-weighed by his great prose masterpiece.

The author of *The Dawn in Britain* springs from the strength of ancient English blood.[1] The Doughtys are traced far back in the annals of Suffolk and Lincolnshire, and the Hothams (his mother's family) were large landowners in Yorkshire from a period shortly after the Norman Conquest. Charles Montague Doughty was born in 1843. His mother died shortly after his birth, his father when he was but a little boy; and he was left almost alone in the world. After a full eighty years the sense of bereavement still remained with him, inspiring the lines in *Mansoul* which begin—

> Death cannot dim thy vision, in my heart,
> Dear Lodestar bright; whereby I daily set,
> My shallops course, in Life's solicitous voyage.

Ambitious to enter the navy, the boy received his early education at the Portsmouth Naval School; but his health was insufficiently robust for the arduous career of his choice, and from Portsmouth he passed about 1860 to Caius College, Cambridge, where in 1865 he took an honor's degree in the natural sciences. His life at the university was interrupted for a year of wandering in Scandinavia. Here he collected material for a monograph on *The*

[1] Mr. Doughty has confirmed the biographical facts herein recorded for the first time.

Jöstedal-Brae Glaciers in Norway (1866). These geological studies were of value to him during his later travels in Arabia. A botanist also of no mean quality, his sensitive love of flowers imparts a fragrance to many pages of his verse. From this early time dates also his interest in popular superstitions and folk-lore. His knowledge of Scandinavian languages and literature brought ingredients to the strange and individual style, both in prose and poetry, which he moulded from many and diverse materials.

The year 1866 Doughty passed at Oxford in private study. Since the Past cannot but exert a strong attraction upon the geologist and folk-lorist, it was this perhaps that drew him now to the study of Anglo-Saxon. Very evident is the influence of Early English poetry upon his own verse: the heavy beat of the accents, the abundant alliteration, the strong clashing epithets, the harsh yet stately march of the rhythm, the heroic view of life—these characteristics of Doughty's poetry have their far-descended historical justification. It was at Oxford, too, that he made a happy acquaintance with Chaucer and Spenser, in reading whom, as he has told me, he, a lonely man largely dependent upon his own guidance, found his true vocation and came to know that in their art lay his future, near or far off. In the Muses' Garden (described in *The Clouds*) there walks with Cædmon

> Dan Galfred; in whose worthy hand, a book,
> With golden leaves, his Muses song; whereon
> He looketh, oft pensive smiling; whiles he goeth.

There, too, is Spenser, "the Prince of Britain poets," meditating "his laurel verse". Of later poets—even Shakespeare, Milton even—there is no mention in Doughty's verse; indeed, invoking Spenser he exclaims—

> Dear Master Edmund, since from thy pined flesh,
> Thou wast unbound; is fallen thy matchless Muse;
> Alas the while! on many evil days:
> Wherein, as waxed untuneable; can mens ears,
> Now, no more savour thy celestial lays!

The first fruits of these benign influences were not to ripen for forty years. Meanwhile, with frail health overtaxed by study, he determined to seek the help that might come from change

of climate. Behind this physical need was the desire to learn foreign tongues and become acquainted with alien modes of thought. And behind these incentives was the impelling motive of all his wanderings—a yearning to grasp any clue to the mystery of life. He would prove all things and would hold fast that which is good. He would escape from "the busy-idle cares which cloud upon us that would live peaceably in the moral desolation of the world." When the nomads of the Arabian wilderness with persistent curiosity inquired of him: "Art thou not come to spy out the country?" or: "Art thou not some banished man?" it was Doughty's wont to reply that he was a *Saiêhh*, "a walker about the world," "God's wanderer, who, not looking back to his worldly interest, betakes himself to the contemplative life's pilgrimage." *Mansoul* is the record of this life-long spiritual quest.

So it came about that he took his long departure from England, and having sojourned a year's time in the Low Countries, turned southward; and on the Riviera found a paradise of warmth and earthly beauty and happiness. Thus began his devotion to the "summer lands". He passed through Italy and was at Naples, and actually upon the volcano's summit, during the great eruption of Vesuvius in 1872, an experience of which he tells in the *Arabia Deserta*. Whether the narrative of an eruption of Etna, found in *Mansoul*, is based upon a similar adventure, I do not know. From Italy he went westward, spending part of a year in Portugal and Spain. Thence he crossed to Algiers. The relics of Moorish civilization in these countries were his introduction to the culture of the races among whom he was soon to pass the most eventful years of his life. He came to Egypt and then to Asia Minor, where, after a hesitation which led him to retrace his steps some way homeward, he again set his face to the East. Greatly desiring to travel in Bible lands, he came to Damascus some time in 1874. In the Peninsula of Sinai he ascended the two holy mountains; and following in the footsteps of Burckhardt, he penetrated as far as the great Nabatæan monuments of Petra. Of Sinai and of Petra he has recorded his impressions in *Mansoul*. With native guides he journeyed through Moab and Ammon; and at Maan his imagination was fired by reports of the rock-hewn monuments, unknown to Europe, at Medain Salih (or

El-Hejr; the Hegra of Ptolemy), three hundred miles farther along the pilgrim way. He resolved to take the hazard of visiting them—an adventure not to be assumed lightly. For two years he remained in Syria, perfecting himself in Arabic; but when at length he attempted to make interest with the British consul and the Ottoman authorities at Damascus, the boorish consul rebuffed him and the Turkish officials were politely discouraging. Persevering nevertheless, he discovered that the Damascus-Mecca yearly pilgrim-caravan passed by El-Hejr. It was a simple matter, unnoticed at first among the thousands of pilgrims, to join the *haj;* and when the Pasha discovered his presence he accepted the *fait accompli* and even granted Doughty some protection. Thus, in November, 1876, Doughty began his travels in Arabia.

An outline of his itinerary would be a dull and useless substitute for his own magnificent narrative. It suffices to say that though the monuments at Medain Salih were perhaps a bit below his expectations, he there, while waiting for the returning *haj,* caught the fever of further exploration, and from the benevolent Pasha he obtained letters of commendation to the nomad chiefs and a supply of drugs, for he had now to depend for a livelihood upon chance opportunities to dispense medicines. This Christian European leech was left to his own resources among the fanatic nomads. In various places he suffered indignities; at one town he was long held prisoner; from Hail he was ignominiously expelled. Elsewhere, especially at Aneiza, he was treated with rough kindness. Through twenty months increasingly frail health multiplied the burdens of the way. The last part of his wanderings provided the severest hardships, for near the coast he experienced that violent harshness which the nomads seldom fail to exhibit on the confines of settled government towards any unprotected stranger. The Prince of Taif, however, rescued him from his fanatical and bloodthirsty tormentors, and he was given safe conduct to Jidda, where he arrived sick and penniless in August, 1878.

Doughty was not the first European wanderer in the interior of Arabia. Several explorers, chief among them Burckhardt and Burton, had traversed the arc of the circle whose points rest upon Yambu and Jidda; Palgrave had crossed the country from north-

east to southwest; and other men had penetrated one district or another on political, commercial or scientific missions. A full account of these adventurers is given by Dr. D. G. Hogarth in his fascinating book, *The Penetration of Arabia*. All Doughty's predecessors had traveled under the protection either of disguise or of strong official endorsement. Such endorsement had been denied him; and with fine intrepidity he never considered even the possibility of native disguise or of the pretense of religious conformity; his sense of the honor due alike to his family and his country forbade. Confronting the twin perils of Arabia,—"famine and the dreadful harpy-face of their religion,"—he maintained his Christian character, not hesitating, when alternately threatened and cajoled, to reveal a certain contempt for "the solemn fools' paradise" of the Moslem religion. This unswerving avowal of his race and faith is the highest testimony to the courage which enabled him to accomplish his unique journey. With this endurance were mixed the elements of gentleness, humaneness, and sympathy. He had to exercise shrewdness and to keep a watchful eye upon the fluctuating moodiness of the Arabs. When despitefully used he was moved to indignant protest but never to base supplication. To his mild nature the humanity of the nomads often responded with hospitality and "God-speed". More often they regarded him as a curiosity to be questioned during the illiterate idleness of the tents. He observed their heavy cares and pathetic pleasures, and during halts of the caravans and in the long evenings he set down what he saw and heard in little note-books, making no concealment of his records though alarmed protests were often voiced against the "magic" which he was concocting.[1] Very frequently, when drooping upon his camel beneath the intense heat or when, leaving the clustered tents, he lay out alone under the stars, his thoughts turned to the problem—

> What were indeed right paths of a mans feet;
> That lacking light, won't stumble in World's murk.

And never was he mindless of his true vocation as a disciple of the Muse of Britain.

[1] These note-books, the basis of the *Arabia Deserta*, are now in the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge.

More than forty years later he described Arabia in lines as hard and rugged as her volcanic rocks:[1]

> An upland Plain and desolate wilderness;
> Far from the paths of men. . . .
> One of the great waste places of the Earth.
> In Winter chill, in Summer the Sun's Hearth.
> Whereon there falleth seld a life-giving rain:
> A weary ground, which seldom shadowed is,
> Of any cloud; which stiffened lies as bronze:
> A glowing grit, under Sun's fervent gaze;
> Or scalding sand. The lean Inheritance;
> Of men that dwell, disherited of the World,
> In wandring Tribes: sith World began, remained
> Unsown; wherein the locust is brought forth.
> Void silent solitude: Like unto a Strand,
> By day and the clear starry night alike;
> Of the everlasting Gulf of Heavens Height.
> A dewless Coast, whereas few rusty ribs;
> Craigs of wild goats be seen, of shapeless rocks.

These memories of "the tented Children-of-the-East" inspire the poet's prayer—

> Remember them for good: and fill their mouths,
> For Want their portion is, from year to year.

Having returned to England, Doughty's "incessant labour" during the decennium 1879–1888 was the composition of the *Travels in Arabia Deserta* (1888). It is not my present purpose to attempt any "appreciation" of that incomparable record. The pleasant task has been accomplished by Dr. Hogarth, by Mr. Edward Garnett, by Colonel Lawrence, and by various other critics. More profitable, did space serve, would be some indication of the relation of the book to other narratives of travel—Burckhardt's *Travels in Arabia*, Burton's *Personal Narrative*, Palgrave's *Narrative*, Warburton's *The Crescent and the Cross*, Curzon's *Monasteries of the Levant*, and Kinglake's *Eothen*. Considered more broadly, Doughty's work might serve as the culmination of the entire history of the influence of the Levant upon English literature.

[1] Another admirable evocation of these far-off memories may be found in the review of Dr. Hogarth's *Arabia* which Doughty published in *The London Observer*, March 19, 1922. This review has been reprinted privately in an edition limited to 25 copies.

One pictures the poet-traveler, conscious of a vocation as yet unfulfilled and meditating the theme of a long poem as he lay out upon the desert sands beneath the stars. His championship of Christianity among the Moslems may have suggested a Christian subject; association with the nomads directed his thoughts to life in primitive society; pride in England impelled him to choose an English theme. These three motives—Christianity; Primitivism; England—are intertwined in the story of the bringing of Christianity to Britain. Years passed while the travel-book was written. Then the idea of his epic poem took shape slowly in his mind. The assembling of materials was the work of several years, and the actual writing of the epic, Mr. Doughty has told me, occupied nearly a decade. In 1906 *The Dawn in Britain*, an epic poem in six volumes, was published.

The reception given this long, ambitious and difficult work resembles that accorded to *The Dynasts;* but whereas Mr. Hardy's epic-drama has won its way to recognition as the greatest English poem of this age, *The Dawn in Britain* remains little read and seldom spoken of. There are serious stumbling-blocks in the reader's path, for Doughty makes no concessions to ignorance of semi-legendary British history. The involutions and contortions of the style, the archaistic vocabulary (for which he had the great precedent of Spenser), and the syntactical peculiarities, have alienated benevolent readers who are, moreover, irritated by the suppression of the apostrophe in the genitive case and by similar eccentricities. The abundant use of secondary ictus necessitates the employment of accents as guides to the proper scansion of the lines. An additional difficulty is the punctuation, which is not grammatical or syntactical but rhythmical and elocutionary, following a system not very logically worked out.[1]

The details of *quellen-studien* are happily beyond the scope of this essay; but it may be said that the primary "source" of *The Dawn in Britain* is probably the outline of British history which Spenser introduces into *The Faerie Queene* (Book II, Canto x).

[1] Doughty's system is analogous to that which, according to modern scholarship, was employed by Elizabethan poets and printers. And it may not be amiss to note that Baudelaire, in one of his letters, objects to changes in punctuation made by his printers, insisting that his purpose is to indicate pause and stress, not the grammatical interrelations of the parts of his sentences.

The poet has also drawn upon Holinshed and his fellow chroniclers, upon Geoffrey of Monmouth and other older native sources, and upon Dio Cassius and the rest of the Roman historians.

The stately monotony of the blank verse, like the tread of unnumbered hosts, harmonizes with the remorseless and monotonous passing of the human generations who appear and vanish again during the vast epoch (from the taking of Rome by Brennus to the revolt of Bonduca) covered by the story. An effect is gained of vague grandeur, but there is confusion in the reader's mind as the narrative wanders on, as king gives way to king, as now Briton and now Roman triumphs, and as the new faith out of Syria wins converts from the ancient religion of the isle. An ill-defined allegory of the struggle of the forces of light, symbolized by the meek Syrian missionaries, with the forces of darkness, symbolized by the woad-stained devotees of Druidism, may be read into the poem; but in general it is singularly objective, without hidden meaning and with no purpose save the grand one to tell the tale of the dawn of civilization in the poet's well-loved land.

Defective in the larger matters of composition, the epic is rich in striking and beautiful episodes. The following is a characteristic example of Doughty's manner. At a time when mighty Julius had become "an handful of common cinders," in far-off Syria a new Light dawned upon the world:

> Pass other years: and seemeth that her first peace,
> Returned to earth; and truce in weary hearts!
> Then, in a night, which lightsome seems as day,
> Sounded in Mona's temple-cave, divine
> Voice, saying; Him worship, all ye Briton gods!
> Dear Muse, which from this world's beginning, was
> Seated, above, in heavenly harmonies;
> Reveal that Radiance to mine hungry ears,
> Thine eyes behold; what sacred Light, far off,
> Like new wide Dawn, (for which, men's eyes have watched,
> From age to age,) now kindled on the earth!
> Whiles Night lies, as a cloak, whelmed on our Britain;
> Tell me of Land, under East bent of heaven;
> Wherein, is born, the Everlasting Prince
> Of Peace, Sun of night-darkness of our hearts!

I would gladly quote a score of passages from this poem; but it must suffice to send my readers to such episodes as that of the first meeting of Brennus and Fridia (Book ii); the descent of Brennus's armies upon Italy (Book iii); the story of the nymph Agygia (Book iii); the coming of the second Brennus to Delphi (Book v); the voyage of Joseph in Mnason's ship (Book vi). In Book vii there is a tremendous vision of Hell where fiends gather in council how to prevent the coming of the saints to Britain. "Disdain, tiptoe-stalking demon," "blind blasphemous Despair," "heart-nipping Envy" and other devils gather with a rabblement of—

> Punks, spectres, bugs; earth, well and mountain sprites,
> Skrats, woodwives, goblins, of earths forlorn night;
> In guise of werewolves, fitchews, and strange shapes.

In Britain battles innumerable are fought and "sounds of insult, shame and wrong" echo through the poem. The characterization of the Emperor Claudius (Book xiv), though not confirmed by modern research, is a remarkable revitalization of tradition. The harangue of Caractacus to his "blue barbare host" before the battle (Book xvi) is a fine example of Doughty's rugged eloquence; and the picture of the same chief, a prisoner in Rome (Book xx), reflects the poet's own large-hearted patriotism. In the end, there sounds again the motive of the gentle human love which has been brought to war-worn Britain by the Syrian saints—

> Love is here lowest stair to the Infinite Good,
> Love-labour easy is: is aught so hard,
> But will attempt it love? with panting breast!
> For love, love lightly would forsake the world!

There is much evidence in the *Arabia Deserta* of Doughty's interest in folk-traditions, especially such as, possessed in common by various branches of the Semites, illuminate the Old Testament narrative. One such legend, picked up from the nomads, tells how Adam and Eve, "cast forth from the Paradise, fell down in several places of the Earth: whence they, after age-long wandering, meet together again, upon a Mountain." This is the theme of *Adam Cast Forth*, a sacred drama published in 1908. The simple story is told in rude and unadorned fashion, yet with much

of primitive nobility. The rock-strewn wilderness through which our first parents move and the smiling oasis to which they come are alike suggestive of Arabian landscape; and the unquestioning obedience to the will of God is characteristic of "the tented Children-of-the-East." But the drama is too remote from Occidental ways of thought and life ever to be popular or widely read. And equally alien to our lives is the narrative poem of *The Titans* (1916), the opening lines of which are typical of Doughty's austere grandeur—

> Neath Heavens high stars, whereof we some see cease,
> To shed their light, whilst other some increase;
> There nothing is at any stay. This House
> Of Middle-Earth, which Time brought lately forth;
> Our Inn, in bosom of Gods Universe;
> Is full of variance, tiding ever forth.
> Alone the everlasting Throne stands stedfast.

But this Dantesque sublimity of utterance is not sustained throughout. The Titans, defeated in warfare with gods and men, are cast into a pit. In after ages the "living corse" of one "great Eothen-statue" is found by men who remove it to their market-place, where buried loin-deep the Titan returns to life and, as a yoked laborer, is subdued to the service of man. There is an allegorical suggestion of man's gradual conquest and utilization of the forces of nature; but it is not clearly realized and the general impression is confused. Despite passages of power and beauty, *The Titans* is the least excellent and most difficult of Doughty's poems.

Meanwhile Doughty's intense patriotism and love of England —her past, her traditions, her greatness, her countryside—were leading him to take anxious thought for her immediate future. In politics he had adopted an idealistic Toryism which attributed to other Conservatives a high-mindedness and disinterestedness equal to his own. Of mere blatant imperialism there is no trace in his thought; but, for all his long dwelling in the East, he does not see eye to eye with such opponents of British policy as his fellow traveler in Arabia, Wilfrid Scawen Blunt. Doughty viewed with increasing alarm the growth of German power and

accepted as sincere, and as bound before long to be put into practice, the enunciations of German world policy. He came to believe that his mission was to arouse England to an awareness of her imminent danger and to utter a call to national service. In 1909 he published the dramatic poem *The Cliffs*, and in 1912 its sequel, *The Clouds*. The first of these was written while the earliest German dirigibles were circling above Lake Constance. Doughty voices a passionate prophecy of war's imminence and of the terrible part to be played in it by the new astounding inventions of science. Few things are stranger in literary history than the fulfilment of this vision; not merely in such details as the actualities of submarine and aerial warfare but in the clairvoyant sense of the spirit of a people threatened with immolation—the horrors of invasion, the confusion of an undisciplined country, the realization of the world-shaking ambitions of the foe, the kindling consciousness of the necessity of self-sacrifice. The theme is the secret landing of German spies upon the coast of Kent on the eve of war; the drama ends with the warding off of the danger from overseas. The poet seems to have felt that the warning was not sufficiently drastic; and in *The Clouds* he depicts "War, invading war! in England's midst." With scathing satire he attacks in both poems the bungling and selfish politicians in charge of England's destiny. Intense moral indignation and austere patriotism are combined with a naïve belief in the absolute justice of his country's cause and the utter malignity of her enemies. In both poems are many passages of great eloquence, such as the magnificent soliloquy of old John Hobbe with which *The Cliffs* opens (perhaps the finest lines in all Doughty's poetry); or the chant of the Sacred Band with which the same poem closes; or the vision of the Muses' Garden in *The Clouds*. Both poems are lightened and varied by quaint and charming interludes in which, during the night while the human actors sleep, the gnomes and dapper elves come from their hiding-places to disport themselves and to play their part in the protection of England. A whimsical and tricksy fancy which one might not have associated with Doughty save for odd hints in the *Arabia Deserta* creates in the fantastic play of these sprites the very atmosphere of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and of *Nymphidia*. The scene of the elfin wedding

is as pretty a bit of fairy poetry as is to be found in our literature.

It remains to say something of the latest and noblest of Doughty's poems—*Mansoul; or the Riddle of the World* (1920); though the less need be said since it has secured comparatively wide recognition. All Doughty's life has been a spiritual quest, a ceaseless groping for light through the murkiness of the world. At home, as in Arabia, he has pursued (in Pater's words) "a dimly discerned mental journey." The sense of this is one of the many impressions made by a perusal of the *Arabia Deserta*, for, as Dr. Hogarth well says, "reading Doughty's personal adventures, one feels him to be less an individual than a type of all his kind undergoing a certain trial of spirit." Joseph of Arimathea and his companions are upon such a journey in which the blindly groping woad-stained Britons join them. Adam, cast forth from Paradise, pursues his quest, as do the Dawn-Men who wage war against the Titans. Through the centuries Britain, ever groping, has followed the same quest; and the two prophetic war poems are appeals to the younger generation to persevere upon the path. *Mansoul* is yet another and more definite allegory of the way of the soul. The poet, Minimus, traveling in the company of Mansoul, enters the world of the dead and confronts the old prophets, sages and founders of religions with the persistent question: "What were indeed right paths of a man's feet?" Zarathrustra, Buddha, Confucius and Socrates give answers characteristic of their thought, but all the sages bow in ignorance before the final mystery of death; and the words with which the poem closes and which "abide, a Perfume, in our hearts," are those of Jesus: "Fear ye not, little flock; God is Love."

Mansoul contains many other elements. There are grand passages of Syrian and Arabian landscape. The elves and gnomes reappear at their graceful sports. And there is a vision of Man's City, a City which hath foundations, towards which humanity is painfully making its way. . . . It was in his lovely Kentish garden that I last saw Mr. Doughty; and as I call to mind the old poet's kindly eyes, his gentle voice, and serene bearing, and majestic head, he assumes the dignity of a type or abstract of all humanity, a stranger and pilgrim upon the road.

SAMUEL C. CHEW.

"THE EARTHLY PARADISE"

BY AUGUSTUS RALLI

It was a cherished belief of childhood that the Garden of Eden still existed, that it would be possible to journey to the spot and approach as near as the beam of the fiery sword allowed; perhaps even like Cain in Byron's tragedy to linger before the gates at twilight to catch a glimpse of the gardens. Great was the child's disillusion to learn that the Garden had long since vanished and only vague tradition pointed to the site. The belief was recalled by the saying of a British soldier in Mesopotamia during the Great War: that if this unpleasant place was Paradise, Adam and Eve were justified in committing any sin to escape from it. Something like these mental processes will appear in our appreciation of literature. The student brought up on the Classics and thinking their fame to be as strongly founded as the earth he treads on, will shudder at the first blast of what has been called Leslie Stephen's east wind. He will be told that something of the mildew of time is creeping over the Waverley Novels, that even Shakespeare had a message for his audiences which has not reached us, that out of a hundred books that have survived the centuries about ninety-nine have lost their freshness. We might supplement these statements by examples such as William Hayley, esteemed a great poet in his lifetime, now remembered by the accident that he was Cowper's friend. The three stages are thus made clear: what once appeared an enchanted domain is forbidden by the fiery sword of the critic; and a latter-day public, typified by the sardonic soldier, denies that a Paradise existed.

From Leslie Stephen's favorite east wind we will take refuge in the milder climate of Pater. He instances from Gaston the special effect of contemporary poetry on sensitive youth, crystalizing the truant and irregular poetry of his own nature, and, because it was the latest achievement of the human soul in this matter, having the advantage of a personal presence. This

brings us to our reason for selecting *The Earthly Paradise* as representing Morris at his best. Duly deferring to those critics who claim for *The Defence of Guenevere* a special charm which Morris never afterwards recaptured; who are impressed by the mighty figures of *Sigurd;* who discover some of his most beautiful work in *Poems by the Way*, we will none the less adhere to our choice. We will even better our instruction by eliminating the more elaborated second half, which includes *The Lovers of Gudrun*, and we will subdivide still further by selecting *Jason*, *The Prologue*, and the first four Greek stories only as expressing all that was good in Morris's nature. Time will prove the critics right, and our favorites may be the first to fall like ripe fruit, for only style can make the ship of song weatherproof as it sails the ocean of eternity, and these poems lack the final hardening touch. It behooves us all the more, while a gap of years still shows in the century since Morris was born, before the language has turned the corner, to remember Pater's saying and recapture in our souls some of the happiness overflowing from his. The western gate of Eden facing the sunset is still open and we can enter the blessed confine. Time may be when the critics will advance their fiery sword and forbid us all approach.

We will first note about Morris that, unlike the typical poet, he was well at ease upon earth. Life has been defined by biologists as the continuous adjustment of internal relations to external, and the same is true of mental life; therefore to have imagination in excess hinders the mind from responding rhythmically to the fact. Perhaps the higher interest of a poet's life lies in this ill response: the unhappy marriage, the ruptured friendship, the wasted affection, the disappointed hopes; and because Morris impressed his imagination to serve the fact, his life may lack this higher interest. However, we doubt not that he would rather have lived happily than have left a name to point a moral or adorn a tale; and if he lived happily it was because he succeeded in externalizing his emotions. Only in his Homeric rages, and one other more notable thing to which we shall attend later, do we discover a personality transcending his daily occupations. He retained through life the friendships of his youth, and yet he is said not to have been an intense friend. The ugly Victorian age re-

volted him, but instead of merely lamenting, he founded a decorative art to bring beauty to the dwellings of the humblest. He felt keenly the injustice of the social order and the sufferings of the poor, and he became an active Socialist. He was a tremendous worker, often exceeding nine or ten hours a day in his task of weaving or dyeing or printing. His biographer observes that after his death the great difficulty was to realize his absence from the things which he had loved so well, "from his books and manuscripts, from his vats and looms, from the grey gabled house and the familiar fields". Even his poetic imagination was stayed by the mountains of Iceland; and that he was more impressed by his second visit proves that his mind had not worked in the interval and produced vast shapes beyond reality, as would have been the case with poets like Shelley or Coleridge, the seed of whose imagination was in themselves. Only we note that at Kelmscott he took a solitary walk, wet or fine, when his day's work was concluded. Otherwise he was not a lonely man; his mind did not make innumerable returns upon itself; and with one exception he found things in the outer world to correspond with its movements.

An exception there was, for Morris was above all a poet, and he conquered the world by his imagination. He was haunted by the fear of death, and to this flight of the mind into a region beyond fact is due his greatest poetry. That we wish to escape death, and yet it is death which makes life sweet—this is the riddle he could not solve, as all his critics have pointed out. The worldly-busy man does not usually concern himself much with the thought of death; the piers of his life bridge are set firmly in the river bed of fact; unlike him who walks the airy suspension bridge of art between birth and death. And yet even here, as we saw with his decorative and Socialistic efforts, the final result will be practical. There are means by which man becomes immortal in the flesh, and art is one; but what is implicit in all art is explicit in the art of Morris. W. H. Hudson affirmed, in his delicate youth, that he could have forgotten the fear were he assured of at least another thirty years of life; and he and others have remarked that such fears do not visit persons of strong body and active habits. Were it merely a matter of pursuing business or pleasure to forget the evil thought, we should gain little: hence the pathos of Dr. John-

son's saying that not one of the brilliant crowd whom he saw at Ranelagh would dare to go home and think. Our object is to be rid of fear, for fear prevents happiness, and happiness rightly used expands the soul: a happy man least fears death, as witness Othello's immortal words on landing at Cyprus. The past is beautiful because, as we look back upon our lives circle within circle, fear is withdrawn. It is otherwise with the unfilled circle of the present where the cares of the world prevent us from finding in beautiful earthly things symbols of heaven. We will endeavor to show how Morris used his art to make man conscious that he is immortal, and restore to him for a moment the finer life he lived in one of those completed circles of the past.

We selected as his most typical work *The Life and Death of Jason*, originally intended to be part of *The Earthly Paradise*, *The Prologue* and the first four Greek stories: *Atalanta's Race*, *The Doom of King Acrisius*, *Cupid and Psyche*, and *The Love of Alcestis*. It is one of the literary paradoxes that such simple art, at so late an hour, should have captured the public; for the public naturally suspects a late worker in simple things, and turns rather to the head of the centuries—to *The Canterbury Tales* or *The Faerie Queene*—for its narrative poetry. Morris worked no miracles with language—he deals in well-worn rhymes and metres—and his characters are but slightly individualized. He was no psychologist like Browning, no consummate jeweller like Tennyson, and he did not, like Swinburne or Baudelaire, so use the sound of words as to suggest the dream-emotions of the soul. The ebb of the romantic tide had long set in, and critics and prose-writers were at work upon the land reclaimed from the sea. Wordsworthians apologized for admiring *The Prelude* and *The Task*, and superior persons pronounced Byron's romances and *Childe Harold* affected, and only praised him as a satiric and therefore second-rate poet. The highest mood of the soul wrought in gold or ivory by the finest graving-tool of the artist became the law.

And yet Morris placed in the Temple of Art vessels of gold not wholly refined from ore, and the god received them. Let us briefly turn over the pages of our favorites and appreciate the emotion lying at their roots. In *Jason* it is the love of Jason and Medea—defining the conditions under which man holds his lease

of happiness from the gods—that partly re-illumines a thrice-told tale. We do get effects characteristic of Morris that he will repeat more strongly in *Sigurd*—such as the flight of Argo through the Symplegades, or the stroke of her iron beak which splits asunder the ship of Absyrtus: it is when man sets the forces of nature to work and looks on wondering or trembling at the mighty recoil. But in the speech of Circe to Medea we see the soul of Morris gleaming through the story's old brocade. That man may die without love makes even more remote that outer ocean which rings the world, into which Argo is driven, and more horrible the abyss down which her crew fear she may fall. It transforms Medea from a sorceress to a woman, and, when Jason betrays her, gives her the power to destroy her rival and even her own children.

Of *The Prologue* it may be said that the external adventures are not wholly subdued to the emotional tone. The two persist side by side, and the reader's attention oscillates between the vivid touches of mediæval imagery and the wistful spiritual refrain. Of the former we may cite the King with the falcon on his wrist and the scrivener to make notes for him; the impenetrable woods on which axes scarcely make an impression, and where the vision of a dragon's head is hurriedly seen; the need to await a breeze to land; the mystery of what lies beyond the mountains; the people who speak strange tongues; the "crock of copper", and many another old world phrase; the strange pageant of armor and altars and barbarous customs——All this is a means of escape for the spirit from our law-bound, exactly surveyed world, with its telegraphs and steamboats, its smoke blurred cities and the ravaged beauty of its countryside, and, worst of all, the ruined souls of its money hunting inhabitants. And yet, when the deeper note is struck, it never fails to thrill through the reader's soul, and diminish the mere external adventures by contrast with the strange object of the quest. Witness the following lines where the Wanderers think they have attained the desired land:

> Old faces still reproached us: "We are gone,
> And ye are entering into bliss alone;
> And can ye now forget? Year passes year,
> And still ye live on joyous, free from fear;
> But where are we?——"

Atalanta's Race is one of the most beautiful of the stories, but, even more than *Jason*, it is pictorially beautiful; we delight more in the images that pass before our eyes than sorrow for the lost happiness of those who have failed in the race and fallen beneath the sword. Only we note how immediately Venus appears to Milanion in answer to his prayer—as a contrast to what has been called the inexorable silence of God in our modern world.

King Acrisius gives the same strange adventures as *The Prologue*, also inclining to the bizarre,—as the giants whom Perseus encounters upon the Libyan plain and overcomes with the Gorgon's head; the same easy intercourse between God and man,—but we see the tide rising of that craving of the heart to become immortal on earth—which had driven the Wanderers forth—now applied to the master-subject of these stories—love. It begins with Danaë's lament as she wanders through the chambers of the brazen tower, and grows more intense when she herself is immured there. It is the homesickness of those who have lost the world and did not suspect how beautiful it was. But when Perseus woos Andromeda upon the shore, we return to the mood of Jason and Medea: how love alone can create in the individual heart that new world which the Wanderers have vainly sought over so many seas.

If the interest in *The Prologue* and *King Acrisius* is dual, this defect—if defect it is—is remedied in *Cupid and Psyche*. All the beauties of the piece are disposed in circles round the heart-hunger of the central figure. We may even wonder that Cupid seeks for his beloved a godlike immortality, for this earth is so dressed as to appear a true pattern of heaven. As the narrative proceeds the emotion becomes acuter, and Psyche as a bride is less lovely than Psyche seeking her lost love and enduring the tasks of the angry Venus. Her journey to the underworld will recur to us later, but meanwhile we note that the story expands into the culminating effort of Morris's art, *The Love of Alcestis*. Here not only do the gods hear the prayers of man and accept his sacrifices, but live with him as a brother or comrade; they aid him to attain love on earth, and would give him immortal life if they could. Morris's genius culminates in this piece, for it completes what *The Prologue* began. That which the Wanderers set out to seek

is here made the subject of the story; the two streams meet, and henceforth they part. The reader knows he can approach no nearer to the heart of the mystery, and his interest declines.

For it must be remembered that the setting of the tales is as important as the tales themselves, and as we listen we must keep in the mind's eye the Elders and Wanderers who tell them. Be it remembered also that the stories are told, not read, and we should endeavor to hear the voice and its changes as the images pass before us. And the subjects are related to the grand adventure in the lives of these Wanderers or modern Argonauts: their quest after another and still fairer Golden Fleece. Not only they, but men in all ages, because this earth is beautiful, have wished to be at home on it for ever, or to attain that state of mind where they believe that such things can be. Only love can bring it to a man alone, but to the Wanderers no longer young, and travel weary, companionship can still do something: as we know from the cruder instance of those whom Dr. Johnson pitied. Each as a solitary might smile incredibly and indulge in Hamlet-like musings, but among his fellows, amid the flowing tides of rhythm, and with golden fancies passing before the mind's eye, he is immortal and divine.

And this emotion, not confined to the page but overflowing it, is the distinctive one of *The Earthly Paradise*. We are conscious of the magic circle of Elders and Wanderers with the wonder-light in their eyes, and we reflect that we too have our friends and would like to share this happiness with them. The lyric poet is best read in solitude; and it is only thus that we can admire to the full the Virgilian diction of Tennyson, or the miracles worked in rhyme and metre by Swinburne, and catch the last echoes of their harmonies in our remoter mind. Or if we speak of them it is to quote selected passages, which we rarely do with *The Earthly Paradise*. With these stories it is the whole that concerns, not necessarily in the poet's own words but in the emotion they give off. They were spoken to an audience, and the effect is as when we gaze into one of two opposing mirrors, and see our own image in a receding line, till reflections of reflections dwindle to nothing in the long perspective. We all carry with us an imaginary world of Elders and Wanderers to whom we long to confide the

good news of a younger world when gods lived with men. Morris has made this world real to us, and the distinction is that when we speak of it or explain it to others, it does not lose its magic as beautiful things do when exposed to the light of day. The emotion is an artistic-social one which grows with telling.

If we read these stories singly, apart from their framework, we miss their essential purpose. Other poets have surpassed Morris as story tellers; he has added nothing new to familiar legends; and he has not adorned Greek art like Keats or Tennyson or Swinburne. And yet, even though it has been pointed out that he is more mediæval than Greek in spirit, the emotion is due to the beauty which we distinctively associate with ancient Greece. The familiar names of the gods, the genial climate, the islands, the blue seas, the white temples, pass before our eyes and contrast with our hideous modern life. Thus, having fixed the mood by striking the old chord in the memory, Morris compels us to accept collectively what singly we might not do—the imaginative truth of his stories. We gaze at the rapt faces of his circle, we know the thoughts of his listeners—that they yearn, as all men do, for the return of a golden age, for a simpler and more beautiful world where gods lived with men—in fact, to be immortal here on earth.

And this emotion, that rather glides from the surface of the mind if experienced in solitude, finds its way to the deep places when shared with others. Instead of growing thinner, as emotion does when spoken of, it is heightened by exchange with other minds: and this power of endlessly reproducing their own images is peculiar in poetry to these few stories. From watching the effect imaginatively on the Elders and Wanderers, we long to tell our own living circle how such things chanced in Morris's ideal world. We wish other minds to work on scenes as where the kind god pitied Admetus because he had to die,—and when he left Pherae something of his spirit remained with Admetus, so that men thought the golden age had come again,—and when Admetus summoned him to his deathbed he appeared, not like a god, but in the same dress as when he kept the herds, wearing the same homespun coat and carrying the bow in his hand and the quiver slung over his shoulder. Or how Psyche in the hall of Proserpine felt the spell of death around her and doubted whether she cared to

return for a few short years to the living world, till the goddess warned her to take the casket and begone because her eyes were growing strange.

When *The Love of Alcestis* is concluded, the peak of beauty is passed, and the reader travels downward regretting much that has gone before. The stories interleaved between the first four Greek stories gain something from their position: like the Falstaff scenes in *Henry IV* they rest the reader's mind amid the great national happenings of the play. But with *Alcestis* the two streams meet, and thenceforth they part, so that the reader is alone with the stories that follow. The social virtue of their predecessors has gone out of them, and the reader, as he follows the stream of narrative, no longer hears the comments of those who sail what was the companion *Prologue* stream, which has now meandered miles away over the forsaken country. This is not to reflect on the stories themselves, that have been praised by some critics above the earlier ones. There is a pathos, so far not attained, in *The Land East of the Sun and West of the Moon.* Aslaug, in the story that bears her name, is a more vivid individual figure—but she is alone in her world. And such a lonely world is that of the greatest of all, where Morris's epic manner begins: *The Lovers of Gudrun.* There indeed we see a human heart isolated in a land of rocks, surrounded by the untaught, and divided from civilization by green wintry seas, so that love is the one relief. Hence the reader hopes that love may be enjoyed, and as the temptation to break plighted troth looms darkly, his fears grow tense with agony, and he foresees the inevitable wreck of happiness and life.

From *Gudrun* dropped the seed that took root in good soil and bore fruit a hundred fold in *Sigurd;* but this work has been extravagantly praised of late years. It elevates human beings through the natural scenes in which their lot is cast, but fails in cumulative interest because the centre of interest is not the individual and not wholly his actions, but rather the circumstances under which actions are performed. The stupendous scenes exalt the persons into fellowship with them, so that the work of their hands is fitly compared to fire or frost or thunder. The interest ebbs and flows according as they engage in adven-

tures which suggest likenesses with the roll of the seasons or the features of a land untimely ripped from chaos. The white sword of Sigurd is "still as the moon", and the throne of King Gripir "a chair of the sea-beast's tooth". So huge are the mountains that "the floor of heaven was mingled with the tossing world of stone".

This last line gives us pause, and we have already noted that Morris was more impressed by his second visit to Iceland. Compare these lines of Milton:

> Beyond this flood a frozen continent
> Lies dark and wild, beat with perpetual storm
> Of whirlwind and dire hail.

And now consider another of Morris's lines, from a passage describing the precipices of a distant mountain range:

> And lower yet are the hollows striped down by the scanty green.

From this and the above line we deduce that Morris actually saw such sights in Iceland and retained them in his memory; and that his mind had not wandered from the time he saw the object to the time he recorded it in verse; whereas Milton's lines refer to no one thing, but are compounded of many effects, seen and read of, unconsciously refined through years of reverie and dream. And while Milton gave his whole life to *Paradise Lost*, Morris composed *Sigurd* in little more than a year.

We have dwelt upon *Sigurd* because it illustrates most clearly that Morris worked with his memory, and that out of his memory he gave us what is sublime in *Sigurd* and wistful in *The Earthly Paradise*. Critics have observed that his imagination was homesick for another age, and in his youth he took refuge in Mediævalism from the hideous world about him. In later years he visited Iceland, and that satisfied his craving for external beauty on the grander scale, so that he reproduced it as it was. But from the earlier spiritually-realized life of the Middle Ages sprang the peculiar emotion of *The Earthly Paradise* that does not fade when it is spoken of. When old friends meet they speak of the past, and memories that were growing faint in the individual live again, and the more there are to share them, the more objectively real

do they seem. Memory, like art, is concrete, and sharers of a common past suggest the emotion by recalling the time worn things of home and small material accidents—we noted how the god reappeared garbed as a herdsman—till the half faith of each member of the circle produces a whole faith, while the circle endures, in that earthly-heavenly immortality which love and friends and art and beautiful houses and gardens, and dawn and sunset, and the seasons, promise to man in health but withdraw in sickness.

For all its splendor, *Sigurd* is like a literary exercise because the emotions were felt by the mature man and reproduced by the perfected craftsman; they had not grown with his growth and reached back to an idyllic past, as did those of *The Earthly Paradise* to the days of childhood when he rode about Epping Forest in toy armor and fancied himself a knight errant. The basis of poetry is refined emotion, and as Morris, unlike most poets, could externalize his emotions and dwell much at ease on earth, his art suffered, for the mind needs two recoils from fact. *Sigurd* marks one recoil, the chosen stories of *The Earthly Paradise* that second and further recoil into the land of memory. For memory visited the shores of Morris like the Gulf Stream, and made genial weather in a northern clime.

We err in regarding life as a material thing, for man, while on earth, is a spirit, and already half immortal. He has never accepted the argument that we do wrong to knit human ties too closely because death will rend them, nor consoled himself for misfortune by reflecting that in a hundred years he and all about him will have quitted the stage. When himself about to die, his thoughts are still busy with the affairs of this world, not the next; and when his nearest die, he grieves like fallen Lucifer. The past is the only heaven he knows, and he languishes in the present because he has lost it and half his immortality beside. But when he loves or finds a friend, or reads the written words, or surveys the painted canvas, or hears the musical strains, of a master, he becomes wholly immortal in the present. Morris has achieved this effect by uniting art and love and friendship more consciously than other writers; and his lines gain in beauty as they pass from mind to mind. The mountains of his horizon

look blue some scores of miles nearer than those which only distance glorifies. He has given the soul a double reminder—to use the old Platonic phrase—of its pre-natal home. And mental progress—despite the Freudians—consists in working the broken tracks on the unconscious mind into straight Roman roads.

And so because Cupid loved Psyche and Apollo was tender with Admetus, we feel, as we read or even explain, a stronger link with our own friend or beloved, and the emotion returns with tidal rhythm—through the intermediary listening circle—to heighten our interest in the story. But Aslaug and Gudrun and Rhodope are lonely women, for though their fortunes move us, we turn the page and forget. For after the Watersmeet of *Alcestis* the two streams diverge, and despite the exquisite linking stanzas, the voices on the narrative stream scarcely carry to *The Prologue* stream. The country has grown bleaker, and here again is the obstinately recurring simile of Mesopotamia, the seat of Paradise, with which our inquiry opened. But if we shrink from attempting the bleaker country, let it not be thought that we wish to anticipate future generations and unbuild our Paradise. No: we will yet linger on the banks of the two streams like those in Morris's own magical song:

> Drawn from the purple hills afar,
> Drawn down unto the restless sea.

We cannot withdraw the former caution that these stories may be defeated of their immortality through lack of the firmest art-control; but we will thankfully note that Morris, who lived a happy life, was happy in the end, for the fear left him as it did Dr. Johnson at the last. It was Jowett who once wrote beautifully that Nature, like a kind nurse or mother, puts us to sleep without frightening us.

AUGUSTUS RALLI.

JOHN RUSKIN TO RAWDON BROWN—II

THE UNPUBLISHED CORRESPONDENCE OF AN ANGLO-VENETIAN FRIENDSHIP

BY PAUL KAUFMAN

In continuing from the previous number of The North American Review this series of hitherto unpublished letters, the reader will recall the circumstances which inspired the correspondence and which invest it with unusual interest. When Ruskin made his first visit to Venice in 1849–1859 he met Rawdon Brown, who for fifty years never left his adopted country and who uncovered and gave to the world more important documents of Venetian history than any other man. The twelve letters, written during the years from 1857 to 1864 and published in the previous issue, show how much material Brown was sending to his friend in England; they also trace the progress of editing important documents concerning the Ducal Palace, a project being carried forward by the vice-librarian of St. Mark's at Ruskin's expense. Like them, the letters which follow abound in intimate personal revelations, characteristic of the prodigal frankness with which he opened his heart to the companions of his inner circle.

Denmark Hill
14th Mar. 1864

Dear Mr. Brown

Your most kind letter in answer to my father's questions just reached him in time. . . . I was on the point of writing to you when he was struck with sharp illness, and died on the 3rd of this month, after three days of great suffering, without articulate consciousness. There was much that was peculiarly painful to me in this speechless and even doubtfully perceiving death, for all our lives there was an incapability between my father and me of understanding each other at the right time—which seemed all to collect now in one consummation of helpless and useless affection in both. However: this like all other follies & incapacities of life, must be thought of and borne—with the storms and plagues of it—as Atropos scatters them.

My mother, though she only had my father & me in this world to care for, is both in her own nature & her acquired faith (very serviceable on such occasions, however untrue) better able than I to stand against the shock—at least—the effect on me is hardening & withering, on her soft and full of tenderness. Still—I can of course help her more than she can me: and it is, for this cause—well that I have been at home—We are still somewhat stunned and unable to realize the thing, but I hope my mother is past all real danger. I will write again soon.

Ever affectionately Yours
J Ruskin

[Denmark Hill]
2nd September, 1864

My dear Brown

The reason you never hear from me is that I have always so much to say to you that I never think it worth while to begin. . . . I am a little better, but the condition of bettering seems to be absolute thoughtlessness. If I begin to attend to anything I get ill. And this is but to say I'm alive & hope to be partly myself again, some day. Lorenzi's pages seem delightful, but I can't use or read them just now. As soon as he wants more money it is unlimitedly and instantly at his service. You will be glad to hear I have just possessed myself of a portrait of the Doge Andrea Gritti [a Doge of Venice 1523–38]. It is my notion of Titian's work, and that is all I care about it. I bought it of the Dean of Bristol, after it was exhibited at the British Institution, where it looked well, and I've been hoping to get it ever since, & have got it at last. It is probably the last picture I shall ever buy—for though I have enough money for all useful employment, I can't afford picture buying at the prices the dealers have run things up to. This is fearfully damaged—said to be the only remnant of the Fire sacrifice. But it *is* Vecelli's—all over. I have got things a little into order but the mass of my father's papers and that of my own old work—coming all in review in beginning a new phase of life, is a little too much for me to deal with and other things have got into bad confusion, so that I am not sure if Ponti ever got his two last Chromos. . . .

Ever your affectionate
J Ruskin

My mother is pretty well. She is 83 today. I am trying to behave well on her birthday, to write to ask forgiveness of all injured friends.

[Denmark Hill]
Sunday, 23rd October, 1864

My dear Brown

The roll of Giotti Phots have arrived safe: they are quite invaluable. I see no evidence of retouching: if anything has been done it is so slight as not to affect their value, but they seem wholly genuine and are marvellous as suc-

cesses of photographs from colour. I have passed by the school now, and care only for the later men, but the documentary value of these transcripts, and their rendering of some fine passages (the flight into Egypt Madonna's head, for instance) as they have never been done by any copyist, renders them an immense possession to me. . . .

Ever your affectionate
J Ruskin

[Denmark Hill]
23rd February
1865

My dear Brown

It is not often, now, that things give me real pleasure, but I was really dancing round the room with delight, this morning, at *and* over those Titian documents—and in pride at having been permitted even in this merely instrumental way, to share in bringing them to light . . . let the work be done just as he [Lorenzi] thinks it ought and carried down to whatever point it is fittest to close it at. . . .

I am busy again—people plague me for lectures and so on—and I want to read and dream, not to talk—one can't get any peace in this present world—I wonder if the worms and *chemical* affinities are so disagreeably disturbing in the other.

Ever affectionately Yours
J Ruskin

[Denmark Hill]
18th Dec. 1865

My dear Brown

. . . I am nesting close, working quietly at stones and flowers. . . . I have had several letters from Lorenzi lately, very full of pretty sayings, which I can't read, of which I made out the gist to be that he wanted more funds. I have directed my Union bank people to send fifty pounds . . . but could you now get some notion of the limit he means to touch, for me?

My mother is well, on the whole; and this quiet life seems good for me, and I am just as cheerful one way as another, *not* cheerful anyhow. But stones are nice things.

You might think from the book of dialogues [his book, *Ethics of the Dust*, about stones, jewels, crystals, etc.] that I had found out a way of amusing myself pretty well. But it is not so. I only go to school as a duty. Hundreds of nice people and nice girls (though I say it) like me more or less—and I might see as much of them as I liked and they all more or less bore me—except one; and—I bore her—or her father at least—which is the same thing. Is not fate a strange thing?

Ever your affectionate
J Ruskin

The girl, Mary, mentioned in the preceding and following letters, appears to have been a Miss Mary Leadbetter (afterwards Mrs. Capes). She is one of the characters, called "Mary" in the dialogues, *Ethics of the Dust*. Ruskin's marriage with Euphemia Gray had been annulled ten years before the time of this writing.

Interlachen
June 11th, 1866

My dear Brown . . . I have been for some days on my way to Venice! With two old friends, and two young ones . . . one of my old friends, Lady Trevelyan—who had long been ill . . . died at Neuchatel, three weeks ago. I had to do what was best I could for her husband, but the best was little, and it was all very sad. When he left me, with the two children to take care of the rumours of war were loud—and I did not like to write you till we knew what it would be wisest to do. And now at last we have had to give up all hope. . . . I should not have been so long silent, but I thought to surprise you. Your last letters . . . said you wanted to hear more of "Mary." But there is nothing to be heard of her except that she is a very good girl, whom I like to help and talk to . . . I may perhaps be able to tell you about her—some day—perhaps never—at present she is still suffering from the effects of a long illness—and does not like to talk seriously of anything—least of all of anything likely to give people pain—and least of least of all—of anything likely to give pain either to her parents or to me, and she knows she can't please both. So she stays my child-pet. and puts her finger up, if ever I look grave.—But they won't let her write to me any more: and I suppose the end will be—as it should be, that she will be a good girl and do as she is bid, and that I shall settle down to—15th century documents—as you've always told me I should.

Meanwhile, I've thus had much discomfort for this winter; and the deaths of Mrs. Carlyle and of Lady Trevelyan take from me my two best woman-friends of older power; and I am not very zealous about anything: now as soon as I get home, I hope to give you a report upon the photographs. . . .

believe me ever yours affectionately
J Ruskin

Denmark Hill
4th January 1867

My dear Brown

. . . Pray let the book be continued as long as Lorenzi and you think it useful. I am not going to make it deficient or unsatisfactory work for the sake of another 50 pounds. I have tried exercise often enough, but it has no effect whatever on my mind. I rowed regularly three hours a day on lake Lucerne—till the lake became as ghastly to me as so much molten lead. But I

am a little better and more hopeful since the beginning of the year, and I believe the French novel must come to its catastrophe—or at least show what the catastrophe is to be—before the end of it.

Ever affectionately Yours
J RUSKIN

Keswick 4th August
1867

My dear Brown

. . . Thank you for telling me now about Lorenzi, *I have written to the Union Bank, Chancery Lane, telling them to honour your draught to extent of £50*, but I think I must ask Lorenzi to wind up when this is exhausted. I am quite sure (please say to him) no money could have been better spent—or more carefully used.

I have come away to the hills this autumn in order to obtain entire rest. It is at least thirty years since I have taken a holiday of real idleness. It is in a solemn sense—a holiday to me, for it is as irksome as Sunday used to be—but it is necessary—in the strongest sense, and I am slowly recovering some health. My mother is wonderfully well—and writes me a little note every day. . . .

Ever affectionately, Yours
J RUSKIN

Before the next letter was written, Lorenzi's work was finally published at Ruskin's expense after five years' labor, also financed in the preparation, as preceding letters show, to the extent of several hundred pounds by his patron. The title of this valuable compilation is *Monumenti per servire alla storia del Palazzo Ducale di Venezia ovvero serie di alti Publici dal 1253 al 1797*, 1868. It was appropriately dedicated to Ruskin.

Abbeville
20th September, 1868

My dear Brown

It has been only because sometimes from day to day, and always from month to month, I have been hoping to come and see you, that I have never written you. I entirely purport being at Venice next spring . . . but I was so sure of coming last winter that I never sent my Christmas gifts. . . . . I have been ill and discomforted. I will not discomfort you by entering into any details of pain—I am now, as nearly as can be, at the same work as I was in 1852,—with better knowledge, and I hope better discretion,—and entire sympathy in your life—lived with the dead rather than the living—so far as that can be said of your active help to all who come within your sphere. Mine will at least personally be narrow enough

With faithful regards to Lorenzi
Believe me ever affectionately Yours
J RUSKIN

The intention to see his friend in the flesh—after a separation of seventeen years—was at last realized in the next year, 1869, and also in 1870 and 1872, when he made short visits to Venice.

It was on the last visit that he received the messages, "reviving hopes that had been ten years dead" referred to in the next letter. These hopes were raised by Rose La Touche whom he met in 1858 when she was nine and he was thirty-nine, and to whom he remained attached with strange but powerful affection. She finally refused to marry him solely because of the barrier which she believed was raised between them by his religious scepticism. To reconcile this real passion with former references to "Mary" the reader must draw upon his knowledge of Ruskin's temperament.

Brantwood,
Coniston, Lancashire
6th Augt. 75

My dear Brown,

It gives me the most true and warmly-vital pleasure to receive your letter this morning—a breath of the old sweet time and of friendship connected with my father's life, coming back into the coldness of my now entirely orphaned and newly circumstanced state of thought and work. This solitude (in England, at least, for your letter shows me I should not feel it so fatally at Venice,) was completed this spring by the death of the girl of whom I have before now enough pained you by telling . . . after her letters to me in Italy had revived hopes that had been ten years dead—all this being complicated with unusual need for work at Oxford and elsewhere.

It is not that I cannot take as much or more interest, and even passionate joy as ever, in what remains of Venice and of her doing;—but that I find my health broken in a way which needs absolutely to be kept as much as possible out of excitement by indignation—I must not bury pleasure, as I do in Italy, with despair. . . .

ever your grateful and affectionate
J Ruskin

A year later, in 1876, he was back in Venice for eight months with his friend, absorbed in the study of Carpaccio's St. Ursula, whom he found an artistic embodiment and idealization of Rose La Touche. On his departure in May, 1877, Ruskin saw Rawdon Brown for the last time. But their relations continued, as these last letters will bear witness, with increasing affection.

[Herne Hill]
1879. 11 Novr.

Darling—Mr.—Brown!

It isn't failing affection—but increasing however, which this Mr.—as I use it means—the reverence for your kind and eager energy of life—holding on so brightly, while I am tempted every day to strike work and sleep. Such a nice long letter too— . . . Joan's love. We're all well, and Sir, something to send you next week, with love to Toni.

Every your loving
J Ruskin

Joan Agnew, afterwards Mrs. Arthur Severn, a cousin, was his dearest relative after the death of his parents. All lovers of Ruskin know the wonderfully tender tribute to her which constitutes the last chapter of *Præterita*. Toni was Brown's faithful factotum.

Passing over a half dozen letters in similar vein we come to the final letters of the collection:

Brantwood
Coniston, Lancashire
[8 Nov. 1879]

My dear, and very dear,
—St. Bruno—

For you are a Saint—to write to me again—after this long silence of mine. But indeed I've had a sorrowful time of it about St. Marks ["St. Mark's Rest"] and have had no heart to write to any one of my cared-for friends, and my health, bad as it is, depends now wholly on my not thinking of what grieves me, but working on flowers, on birds, and the like.

Various necessary business connected with finally quitting Oxford [as professor of art], has nearly overweighted me.

Without Joan, I should have broken down wholly. She's a perpetual help and comfort. I must make her—or rather let her,—put a line into this scrap—which is only to tell you I'm not a wretch—and to send dear love to Lorenzi and Toni. . . .

Ever your loving
J Ruskin

Brantwood
Coniston, Lancashire
8th February 81
[his birthday]

Dear old friend,

I said I would write to you first. A letter came about Carlyle's death, which seemed to me to need (solemn) answer. I wrote it. Then was interrupted,

and am so tired that I have no words in me for the thousanth part of what I would fain tell you of my continual regard and honor for you, and my joy that you are still King in Venice. . . .

And now I can but send love to Toni and Lorenzi, and all you will accept from Joanie and me, and I am your ever loving and grateful figlio

JOHN RUSKIN

Rawdon Brown, Esq.

Brantwood
Coniston, Lancashire,
29th May 81.

My very dear friend,

It gives me deep joy to see your letter to Joanie and to find you so eager yet —as I see now you always will be, in doing kindnesses, when people are worth being kind to. How different, your benevolent and happily retrospective life, from the bitter and scornful misery of Carlyle's; (not that I am with the public in their shrieking at their own grazed shins—but only sorry, for that lost friend, in his heart's darkness—as I am glad for you, not lost—in the continual pleasure of your sympathy with others. . . .

For myself, I believe there is very little now the matter with me, but the last fit of illness took me so aback that I must not boast. I usually write better than this, (and am writing a good deal too), but I was up at six this morning and it's afternoon now, and I begin to find myself a little nervous in the heat. If Toni had me in your trellised room, what a lovely glass of lemonade he'd bring me! I'm a fool, I fancy—not to start for Venice tomorrow, with Joan, who's going to London—if I were once in London—there's only—Boulogne & Paris between us! I begin to feel these northern moors very dull. I'm not a peevish nor a (much of any sort of wit—lately)—and what I stay here for—when you and Toni and Tintoret are there—I scarcely know. But there are people here who would miss me, too, and I believe you would both spoil me so, there would be nothing for it at last but to send me to—St. Lazare—

Dear Love to Toni and Lorenzi—and, much, much to yourself, increasing with every year that I am spared to remember you, and to find out—as one sometimes must—what a sad thing this life would be without it's [sic] fond memories.

Ever your affectionate and grateful
J RUSKIN

Brantwood,
Coniston, Lancashire.
Easter Tuesday
'81

My very dear friend,

Your letter is more delicious to me than mine could be to you, for you can't think here, here in England. I'm plagued by foolish people telling me "not to

work": a tale of double insult to me, implying that I'm not fit to work—and secondly, that my work's good for nothing and always was! A really very dear old lady met me the other day and said by way of the kindest thing she could—"I'm so glad to hear (—she had only heard it from another old lady of the same species—) there's to be no more printing! And so your—and Lorenzi's, and Toni's compliments on my hand, and permission to work for six hours are really balm, and milk, and honey, and nuts, & almonds, to me, and I'll promise you faithfully I won't work one minute, ever, over that, and will even stop at "60" minutes—less one—to be safe. Really—I never do, now, *work*, so long—but a speech like that old lady's sometimes makes me rage in my very wood 'till I chop off wrong branches down—which is bad for both trees & me! . . .

Can't write more today but, love to you—all three—and to the Lion [of St. Mark's!]

[no signature]

Brantwood
Coniston, Lancashire
11th Dec. [1881]

My dearest Brown

I was so thankful to have your letter this morning, and to see its beautiful writing, and think how happy Toni must be in having been so much to you. . . .

I keep very well though I've no notion,—yet—of doing as I'm bid; and have just sent out an advertisement of a new book to be in ten volumes—and cut out Gibbon: But it is wonderful what a little bit every day does!

I was looking at the Ven. State papers a day or two ago—but how is it there's virtually nothing in 12th or 13th century—Did they keep no note of their sayings, then?

I hope Toni will like some things I'm saying of the Popes.

Dear love to him.

Those Misters to you are really, as affectionate as 'Lord Cardinal' to Manning—a really inseparable sense of Monseigneur in them makes me fall into them quite naturally

[No signature. In these later years Mrs. Severn often finished such letters to a few intimate friends.]

A year and a half later, on August 25, 1883, Rawdon Brown at the age of eighty, like his hero, "banished Norfolk,"

at Venice gave
His body to that pleasant country's earth.

The passing of the notable Anglo-Venetian Browning was moved to commemorate in a sonnet which must here find a place:

Sighed Rawdon Brown: "Yes, I'm departing Toni!
I needs must, just this once before I die,
Revisit England. Anglus Brown am I,
Although my heart's Venetian. Yes, old crony—
Venice and London—London! Death the Bony
Compared with Life—that's Venice! What a sky,
A sea, this morning! One last look! Good-bye,
Cà Pesaro! no lion—I'm a coney
To weep! I'm dazzled; 'tis that sun I view
Rippling the . . . the . . . Cospetto, Toni! Down
With carpet-bag and off with valise straps!
"Bella Venezia, non ti lascio piu!"
Nor did Brown ever leave her; well, perhaps
Browning, next week, may find himself quite Brown!

To a mutual friend, Prince Leopold, Ruskin wrote: "For my old friend himself I cannot grieve. He was taken out of the sight of the ruin of his adopted city—and is, I hope, now—living in the 15th century in heaven." The Prince replied: "Literally, a stone of Venice gone." When, however, in 1888 Ruskin journeyed once more for the last time to the city "throned on her hundred isles" he found a new and permanent stone erected by the Venetian authorities in grateful memory of the man who had labored so devotedly and so brilliantly to illumine her history: beneath the cast of the stone of Norfolk, presented by him in place of the original spirited away to England, and set in a hall of the Ducal palace, Venice had carved an inscription of glowing tribute to him. It is a fitting counterpart of that other inscription now placed upon the house where in 1876 and 1877 Ruskin himself sojourned during the last months of his companionship with his friend. These two enduring stones record the greatest service rendered by two Englishmen to Venice and now, like these letters, link their names forever in a memorable friendship.

PAUL KAUFMAN.

"THE GREAT DOCTOR JOHNSON"

BY CHARLES HOPKINS CLARK

So much gush is being written these days with regard to "the great Doctor Johnson" that I have ventured to subject myself to the contempt of his many admirers by taking a very different view of him. The means are at hand, for shortly after his death a score or more of his acquaintances contributed to current periodicals their recollections, and six different biographies of the man were published, making a flood of lives, Johnsoniana, etc. Of course, the most entertaining and most informing of the Lives is the famous "Boswell's Johnson", admitted to be the greatest work of its kind ever published. Macaulay says that, while other men of letters are remembered by what they have written, Johnson is remembered by what has been written about him. I may be pardoned, for the sake of the continuity of the paper, for summarizing what almost everybody knows about the man's life.

Johnson was born in the otherwise unimportant city of Lichfield in 1709. His parents were poor and he said that he hardly knew the names of his grandparents. He was scrofulous, so that as an infant he was taken for Queen Anne to "touch" as a cure for the king's evil. She touched—but did not cure. His eyesight was sadly defective, as was his hearing. He had St. Vitus's dance and, as he grew up, he developed into a misshapen, ugly creature. It would have taken no prophet to predict for him a future at least as obscure as that of the average Briton. Instead of this, he became "the great Doctor Johnson" and filled an important place in the intellectual and social life of London, the world's metropolis. He accomplished this, too, without assistance, and indeed rather in spite of himself. It is evident, therefore, that he had ability and much of it.

He read every book on the shelves of his father's book store before the old man failed in business, and he remembered everything he ever read or heard. His memory was marvelous. The

boy was sent to school, and later a friend undertook to put him through Oxford, but soon died; and that stopped the money and the University career. He tried various positions, such as teacher and usher at schools, but lost them by reason of his ill temper and his uncouth manners. Then in 1735 he married a widow who had children older than he was, and incidentally had also eight hundred pounds sterling. This money was promptly used in setting up a school, which fell down a year after it was set up, as soon as the money was exhausted.

In 1737 he and his wife went up to London. It is known that he was pitifully poor, sometimes in the Fleet prison for debt, and sometimes walking the streets all night with his friend, Richard Savage, partly because they had no other place to which to go and partly because they were so drunk that they did not care where they were. Savage died in the gutter, and Johnson would have died there but that he changed his habits, admitting that for him there was no such thing as temperate use of liquor.

In 1738, to use a current phrase, he "struck his gait." He secured work on the *Gentleman's Magazine* and began to show his talents by reporting the speeches in Parliament. In those strange days it was forbidden to report legislative proceedings, and he invented a gathering like Parliament, gave fictitious but recognizable names to prominent men there, and reported the transactions very readably and, by means of the gossip he gathered from those who were within, quite accurately. This continued for three or four years and, meanwhile, he published *London*, a poem in imitation of the Third Satire of Juvenal, and thus attracted the attention of Pope and other men of letters. A bit from this poem is often quoted:

> By numbers here, from shame and censure free,
> All crimes are safe but hated poverty.
> This, only this, the rigid law pursues,
> This, only this, provokes the snarling muse.
> Has Heaven reserved, in pity to the poor,
> No pathless waste or undiscovered shore,
> No secret island in the boundless main,
> No peaceful desert yet unclaimed by Spain?

Quick let us rise, the happy seats explore,
And bear oppression's insolence no more.
This mournful truth is everywhere confess'd:
Slow rises worth by poverty depress'd.

These lines of sweet sympathy for the poor, written when he was very poor himself, came from the man, who, later in life, closed a discussion with the declaration that a poor man has no honor, and who defended social inequality as essential to general happiness.

He became generally known as a hack writer of many resources, and in 1747 it was announced that he would bring out a *Dictionary of the English Language*. With his procrastinating ways and his slothful habits he was eight years on the work, and he spent all he got for his labor before its appearance. It is an old story how in his *Dictionary* he defined "pension" as "generally understood to mean pay given to a State hireling for treason to his country," and a few years later accepted, eagerly and gratefully, from Lord Bute a pension of three hundred pounds a year; not, as he explained, for what he was to do, but for what he had done. Still he did some things after getting it. He wrote a tract entitled *Taxation no Tyranny*, to support the Government in its policy against the American Colonies. This evidently did not strain his conscience, for he said that he could bring himself to love everybody except an American, and that the Colonists were a race of convicts and should be thankful for everything England allowed them short of hanging; and he pertinently asked how it was that he heard "the loudest yelps about liberty among the drivers of slaves."

The *Dictionary*, the *Lives of the Poets*, the story of *Rasselas*, his short-lived serials, *The Rambler* and *The Idler*, and an edition of Shakespeare, which he published by subscription, are probably his chief works; but frankly, I have read comparatively little that he has written, though a good deal about him. I did go through the four volumes of his *Lives of the Poets*, and it was a voyage of discovery, for there are fifty-three poets of whom it seems safe to say that not more than half are known to any considerable number of readers. These sketches abound in references to the different poems of the various writers and are embellished with

quotations also from many other writers. They show a simply wonderful range of reading and power of remembering.

It is said that the sketches are full of prejudice, that he hits Swift because he thought Swift prevented him from getting a degree from Dublin University when he needed it so much in his application for a tutorship, and that he hits Milton because a narrow Tory, such as he himself was, could not endure such liberality. He belittles Gray and says he has "a kind of strutting dignity and is tall by walking on tiptoe", but he does admit the beauty of the *Elegy*. However, unkind, unfair and prejudiced as the sketches may be, they mark the author as a man of amazing information.

It seems fair to say that the most important event of his life occurred in 1763 when James Boswell, a Scotchman, whose aim was to be associated with great men, secured an introduction to "Dictionary Johnson". Once catching hold there was no letting go. He took notes wherever he was of everything that Johnson said, even pulling out his pad at dinner tables to record some saying, and benevolent Johnson, with a high regard for the needs of accuracy and demands of posterity, would later aid him in their preparation.

For twenty-one years, with, of course, various inevitable interruptions, Boswell kept on taking epigrams and kicks from Johnson, who took from Boswell a puppy-like and groveling submission and a continuous adoration. Why either should love the other is hard to see at this late day. Boswell would get drunk at dinner parties and insult the guests and try to be gay with Johnson, and Johnson would take offense, sometimes at this and sometimes at nothing, and would insult Boswell in the presence of strangers. But it was a pleasure for Boswell to be tied to a famous man, and a pleasure to Johnson to be followed by a faithful reporter who would help him along with his fame. So they quarreled, made up, quarreled and made up again, and protested their undying mutual loves. The result is that Boswell gives us a graphic picture of Johnson, of himself and of the life of their day, and details conversations and discussions on all sorts of subjects, and does it with a frankness and fidelity that make it as embarrassing for any but the young people of today to read the

book aloud to a mixed company, as to read a modern novel to a similar gathering.

What has given the work special interest is the way in which Johnson himself is revealed and what the revelation is. All society did not think alike about him, yet he had many admirers and a remarkable circle of associates, and no doubt among them some friends. Among his associates were Benjamin Franklin; Captain Cook, the navigator; Sir Joshua Reynolds, the artist; Adam Smith, the economist; Oliver Goldsmith, Edmund Burke, Charles Fox, Edward Gibbon, David Garrick, Dr. Burney and his talented daughter, Fanny; Hannah More, and a host of others of less general fame. Horace Walpole, on the other hand, was no admirer. He wrote:

> The more one learns of Johnson the more preposterous assemblage he appears of strong sense, of the lowest bigotry and prejudice, of pride, brutality, fretfulness and vanity, and Boswell, ape of most of his faults without a grain of his sense. It is the old story of the mountebank and his zany. What drivelers are his disciples, who think they honor him by laying open his every weakness!

The "disciples" certainly did lay open an abundance of weaknesses, if that is the word, as may appear. And to begin with, let us take a look at the man. Miss Burney, afterward Madame D'Arblay, author of *Evelina*, a novel that was about as generally known and read in its day as it is unknown today, described him as follows:

> He has a naturally noble figure, tall, stout, grand and authoritative, but he stoops horribly, his back is quite round, his mouth is continually opening and shutting, as if he were chewing something. He has a singular method of twirling his fingers and twisting his hands. His vast body is in constant agitation, seesawing backward and forward. His feet are never for a moment quiet, and his whole person looks as if he were going to throw himself quite violently from his chair to the floor.

Miss Reynolds, sister of the artist, went more into particulars. She said:

> On entering Sir Joshua's house with poor Mrs. Williams, a blind lady, who lived with him, he would quit her hand or else whirl her about on the steps, as he whirled and twisted about to perform gesticulations, and, so soon as he

had finished, he would give a sudden spring and make such an extensive stride over the threshold as if he were trying for a wager how far he could stride, Mrs. Williams standing groping outside the door, unless the servant took hold of her hand to conduct her in, leaving Dr. Johnson to perform at the parlor door much the same exercise over again. But the strange positions in which he would place his feet, generally I think before his straddles, are scarcely credible. Sometimes he would make the back part of his heels to touch, sometimes the extremities of his toes, as if endeavoring to form a triangle or some geometrical figure, and, as for his gestures with his hands, they were equally strange. Sometimes he would hold them up with some of the fingers bent, as if seized with the cramp, and sometimes at his breast in motion, like those of a jockey on full speed, and often he would lift them up as high as he could over his head for some minutes. But the manœuver that used to engage the attention of the company was his stretching out his arms with a full cup of tea in his hand in every direction to the imminent danger of their clothes, perhaps of a court dress. Sometimes he would twist himself round with his face close to the back of the chair and finish his cup of tea, breathing very hard as if making laborious effort to accomplish it. What could have induced him to practice such extraordinary gestures, who can divine? His head, his hands, his feet often in motion at the same time. It was not only at the entrance door that he exhibited his gigantic straddles, but often in the middle of the room, as if trying to make the floor to shake, and often in the street even with company, who would walk on a little distance till he had finished his ludicrous beat, for fear of being surrounded with a mob; and then he would join them with an air of great satisfaction, seemingly totally unconscious of having committed any impropriety.

These pictures suggest something of his appearance, but it may be worth while to note how he dressed:

At home he wore a rusty suit of brown clothes, a little shriveled, unpowdered wig, small for his head, black worsted stockings, ill-drawn up when indoors, the neck and sleeves of his shirt and the knees of his breeches left unfastened, and he wore a pair of unbuckled shoes by way of slippers.

Add to this that he declared that he had "no passion for clean linen" and reverted kindly to the time when people changed their shirts once a week, and you can get an idea of what he appeared to be. But, careless as he was about his own personal habits, he once angrily threw from a window a cup of coffee because the waiter had used his fingers to put in it a piece of sugar; yet he drank tea every day with Miss (or Mrs.) Williams, and she was so blind that the only way she could know when to stop pouring was when her fingers were hot and wet.

At dinner at Mrs. Macaulay's, where a number were together, she talked long about the natural equality of mankind. When she had finished her harangue, Johnson rose from the table, and with great solemnity of countenance and a bow to the ground, said to the servant who was waiting behind his chair, "Mr. John, pray be seated in my place and permit me to wait upon you in my turn. Your mistress says, you hear, that we are all equal."

Adam Smith describes his manners in the house:

> I have seen that creature bolt up in the midst of a mixed company and without any previous notice fall upon his knees behind a chair, repeat the Lord's Prayer, and then return to his seat at table. He has played this freak over and over five or six times in the course of an evening.

A pompous acquaintance, whom he did not like, came up to him one Sunday with, "Doctor Johnson, we have had an excellent sermon today." "That may be so," said the Doctor, "but it is impossible that you should know it."

After a heated argument, which, by the way, was the kind he said he enjoyed, he finished his opponent with, "If I have said anything you understand, I beg the pardon of the rest of the company."

Mr. Cholmondely stopped the carriage in which Johnson was riding and attempted to speak to him, but got no attention. Someone said, "Here is Mr. Cholmondely." "What if it is?" said Johnson, and went on reading a book.

Someone attempted to introduce a friend: "Here is my friend, Mr. Vesey, Doctor Johnson." "I see him," said the Doctor, and turned away.

Sir Lynch Cotton asked Doctor Johnson what he thought of a neighboring peer. "A dull, commonplace sort of man," he answered, "just like you and your brother."

Dr. Bernard, president of Jesus College, Oxford, unintentionally offended him with a passing jest, and, by way of apology said at once, "I meant nothing, Doctor Johnson." To which polite remark Johnson answered, "If you mean nothing, say nothing, sir!"

These specimens out of many are from the sweet and cordial converse of one who laid down the positive rule of conduct that "a man has no more right to say an unkind thing than to do an

unkind act, and no more right to say a rude thing than to knock one down." "Sir," said Johnson to Boswell, "I look upon myself as a very polite man." Miss Reynolds records that he piqued himself on his punctilious observance of the rules of politeness, particularly towards the ladies. Here are a few instances:

A woman gave her opinion that women were most attractive in conversation—and Johnson told her that he thought they were most attractive when they held their tongues.

A young woman told him she thought that Sterne's writing was pathetic. "That's, dearest, because you are a dunce."

Two young women, overwhelmed with his greatness, visited him and one delivered a prepared address of eulogy. He received it with "Fiddle-dee-dee!"

Another was praising him when he interrupted with "You should think of what your praise is worth before you pour it over me."

I have said that the most important date in his life was 1763 when he met Boswell. The next most important for him was 1765 when he met the Thrales. Henry Thrale was a successful brewer, a university graduate and a cultivated gentleman. He invited Johnson to dine with him and his brilliant wife, a woman who translated Greek and Latin, knew the modern languages and wrote poetry. They were captivated with his conversation and asked him to visit them. He was suffering from an attack of hypochondria, to which he was accustomed, when he feared that he would become insane—perhaps better, more insane. They had a house in Southwark and a villa at Streatham. In each an apartment was set off as his. He called it home and made it so, at least as much his as theirs. What a change was this luxury for the prisoner of the Fleet, the all-night wanderer of the streets of London! He maintained his own lodgings and there he entertained a half dozen unfortunates who hated each other and had no love for him. In 1781 Thrale died and soon after Mrs. Thrale closed the house with Johnson on the outside. She had had all she could stand. In her recollections she wrote:

My hours, my carriage, and servants had long been at his command, who would not rise in the morning till 12 o'clock, perhaps, and oblige me to make breakfast for him till the bell rang for dinner. He was much displeased, if the

toilet was neglected. Veneration for his virtue, reverence for his talents, delight in his conversation, and habitual endurance of a yoke my husband first put upon me and of which he contentedly bore his share for 16 or 17 years, made me go on so long with Mr. Johnson.

Many of his sayings have become classics. That useful companion, *Bartlett's Familiar Quotations*, gives nine pages to Johnson and ten to the New Testament, and, indeed, only twenty to the Old Testament with its wealth of material. He was especially given to writing Latin epitaphs and prayers, and English prologues for new plays, a detention that modern playgoers will not submit to; but he wrote all sorts of things, corrected and improved plays and poems, and mentioned to his friends that in an attic in Exeter Street he wrote the famous speech of Pitt, beginning "The atrocious crime of being a young man", which many a boy has spoken. Such phrases as "Hell is paved with good intentions," "To point a moral or adorn a tale," "The gaiety of nations," "an unclubbable man," come from Johnson. One of his latter-day bits of wisdom has my personal endorsement. He said: "If any young or middle aged man, when leaving a company, does not recollect where he laid his hat, it is nothing; but, if the same inattention is discovered in an old man, people will shrug up their shoulders and say his memory is going."

Of course, Johnson was inconsistent. One of his specialties was absolute accuracy. He objected even to "round numbers" as liable to err, yet he refused to correct admitted errors in his *Dictionary*, because he would not gratify those who had pointed them out to him.

What, irrespective of his manners, puts Johnson out of modern times is the simple fact that his recognized occupation was conversation, and today people are too busy to stop and listen. He organized a number of clubs, including the famous Literary Club, where so many eminent men met and which he got sick of after the number was increased so that others wanted to talk rather than hear him. He said himself that a tavern chair was "the throne of human felicity; nothing has been contrived by man by which so much happiness is produced as by a good tavern or inn."

My own opinion of Johnson, formed, I admit, from what I have read about him, not by him, is that he was a conceited, dictatorial,

obstinate, untidy, ill-mannered old glutton and sponge. He was amazingly well informed, and, considering this, along with his tastes and manners, I should class him as a fortunately rare but choice specimen of that pride of the successful showman—the Educated Hog.

It is only fair, however, to give some other opinions on the subject. The Rev. Dr. Vicesimus Knox, master of Tumbridge School, at one time a very popular English writer, said of him:

> Posterity will forgive his roughness of manner, his apparent superstition, and his prejudices, and will remember his *Dictionary* and his moral writings, his biography, his vigor of thought, his piety and his charity. They will make allowances for morbid melancholy, for a life a great part of which was spent in external indigence and labor, and the rest by a sudden transition in the midst of affluence, flattery, obsequiousness, submission, and a universal renown.

Certainly the most noticeable feature of this eulogy is the apologetic quality which pervades it. Sir Walter Scott makes the same apology at greater length. Macaulay wrote Johnson down as "a gentle and a good man," and his verdict on any one deserves attention. Let me quote also a few lines from William Cowper, in which he certainly gives full rein to poetic license, for he makes Johnson's "faith" his choicest gift, though the man himself forbade mention of death in his presence and said that it was not dying that he feared, but uncertainty as to the hereafter. Here are the lines:

> Here Johnson lies—a sage by all allowed,
> Whom to have bred may well make England proud,
> Whose prose was eloquence by wisdom taught
> The grateful vehicle of virtue's thought,
> Whose verse may claim, grave, masculine and strong,
> Superior praise to a mere poet's song,
> Who many a gift from heaven possessed
> And faith at last—alone worth all the rest.
> O, man immortal by a double prize,
> On earth by fame, by favor in the skies.

Having given views of the man, ranging all the way from Walpole's contempt to Cowper's adoration, and, Latin being the language in which the "great Doctor" thought, talked, wrote and prayed, I will close with the familiar maxim: *De Gustibus Non Est Disputandum.*

CHARLES HOPKINS CLARK.

CAMPO SANTO

BY STARK YOUNG

I HAD seen the lady four or five times already during my days in Pisa, at the Campo Santo and at the hotel. Her name, Miss Hutchinson told me,—who, in her capacity of London born with ten years' experience in New York journalism, knows everything before it happens,—was Signora Amati, Mrs. Amati that is, for she was plainly American by birth, and she lived in Milan. She was not tall, not short; she had fine grey eyes and a generous wide mouth, with a sort of agreeable but shy nose. I had observed that her hands were beautiful but very still. In her intercourse with people she smiled affably; at the hotel, with the managers and waiters, she was direct and polite. I used to see her at the Campo Santo, walking about, gazing quietly across the vista of the place or looking up at the columns. She bore herself simply and quietly and had, as she walked, a kind of casual exaltation.

One day I stood in the Campo Santo at the north end. I saw the high, slender shafts, the shadows, and heard the silence under that open sky and along the galleries. I had been there for some time and, in a place so perfect and remote, thoughts had come into my mind of the dead and the way we begrudge death to those we love, wishing to keep them with us as long as possible, as if when their moment is over they had not better go, before their betrayal by the body's decay, by their body's slipping away from under them and leaving them mocked and denied, with so much less than they by nature are.

I stood leaning, I remember, against the wall there, with gentle thoughts of people I had known as a child, now long dead, and of some who had been so dear and lovely and had got now very frail and old. The picture came to my mind of a monument that I used to see in my childhood. It was an angelic canopy in some old graveyard in the South. Some one named Banks had set it up. That marble canopy with its kneeling angel beneath was doubt-

less wretched stuff, the sculpture of putty and dough surfaces that every one has seen in cemetery angels. But all I remember is that kneeling form in its long robes, those hands pressed together and held in front, the marble lilies at the breast; it was a kind of elegy of life, commemorating some moment, something seen once among the trees through a window perhaps, a revelation or long vista seen for the first and ultimate time, something, then and there brighter and more memorable than any moment before, of life's eternal supplication and quietness.

Around me, as I thought of the childhood monument, were the four walls of the Campo Santo and the shadow of the roof that rests one side on them and the other on those lines of slender columns that enclose the court. Down the long gallery that the high outer walls and the lower wall around the court make, my eye ran; and from there I looked up at the columns rising grey and slender against the light; I saw the line of a cypress and a stretch of blue sky; on the far side of the court the columns' white marble shone in the light, and they defined themselves against the shadow beyond, with its glow of frescoes and old sculptures. There were four cypresses within the court and in the centre an altar or pedestal with yellow roses climbing round it. In the air above, against the blue of the sky, white pigeons were flying. And now and then a sound from Pisa came faintly and almost lost, and the crackle and darting rustle of the tiny life in the grasses and plants nearby. But the more subtle silence of the eye lay everywhere.

Then after a while, standing there thus, I was aware of Mrs. Amati approaching; her pace suddenly quickened, I felt, at the sight of me. She bowed as she came nearer, looking me in the eye and smiling at least courteously as she passed. Whether she had already intended so I am not sure, but she seemed now to be on her way to the exit into the piazza. She had meant to linger, doubtless, but finding me there had not stopped; this I judged because I saw that she had left a book behind, which at that moment I saw lying on a ledge not far away. I took the book up, read her name inside and would have gone after her with it if I had not known that she would be already half way across the piazza, past the duomo even and the baptistery. When I returned to the hotel, I reminded myself, I could send it up to her room.

I began to turn over in my mind the thought of the belief that certain people might attach to this place. The earth in it was brought, in fifty-three shiploads, they say, from the Holy Land by the Crusaders seven centuries ago; longer than that, indeed; and was to be regarded as blessed and consecrated ground. But whether that be taken in good faith or merely as one more instance of folly and superstition, might be to some minds another question; to mine, I pondered, it was not so. This plot, this place with its long galleries of shade, their walls painted over in doomsday and Calvary, Crucifixion and pageantries and damnation, now all ghosts; or beneath them the tombs and monuments; these slight columns of marble beginning so far from the ground and running high up to the marble fretwork with the arches; and the sky above; have given to the sacred belief of the place a visible body and form. To that which for their minds was holy and special, these believers have given a holy body, given a tangible shape, and so have saved it from charges of superstition by making it in the visible world what in their souls they believed it invisibly to be.

Some while after, half an hour perhaps, I saw Miss Hutchinson coming, as she had said she would that day, to see the Orcagnas again. What she thought of Pisano and his building, I do not know, nor of the open sky and the white doves flying overhead. They were not in what seemed to be her line. But Orcagna's frescoes, she said, convulsed her. If they had once been full of religious terrors to such as lived in the seven deadly sins or once been awful and majestic to serious minds, they were no longer so to her, Miss Hutchinson said. She adored those writhing damned with their garnish of hell fire; she delighted in those pot-bellies stuck with forks; she could never survive this divine Christmas Pantomime of tortures and salvations.

These were the things Miss Hutchinson began to chatter of as she came crackling across to me. The Campo Santo seemed about to be her theme for the morning if I had not led her otherwise. I had the idea that I would ask her what she knew about Signora Amati, for I was sure that if anyone this side of God would know the woman's story she would. My dear, she said, she knew all about it, from an English friend who lived in Milan part of every year and who had talked often of the American lady.

There had been bits, too, about the Amati from others here and there. One of those themes out of life that we could talk of forever. We could sit down could we not? One's legs were only human, and what about the steps there at the east end of the Campo? It was shady there and you could smell the roses that grew at either side. We took one of the walks that cross the Campo Santo, Miss Hutchinson snatching up a poppy as she went, and passed on down the shaded gallery till we came to the far end, where stands the bronze griffin or eagle or whatever it is that the Crusaders brought back from the Sultan's loot, and sat down facing each other on the low steps.

"Not poppy nor mandragora," Miss Hutchinson said, musing as she sat looking at the red flower in her hand and began pensively to pull it to pieces.

I encouraged her—

"Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world—"

"Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep—" She threw away the stem of the poppy—"ah, well, does any one of us forget what there is to forget? As to this lady who seems as daft about this place as you are, my dear friend, where shall I begin?"

I waited while she chose the first thread of her narrative.

"Well, it appears that Signor Amati, the late Signor Amati, for he died last winter in Milan, was a banker and of a good family. He was of course the second husband. But she appeared to love him devotedly. I suppose with some women love is the refrain and these various men are only the verses of the song of life; but we won't get on that theme, will we?

"This Amati was a cultivated Milanese, a family well connected. I'm told they even had a pope, one of the more famous ones who built themselves tombs from Roman ruins. Cultivated and something of a Turk, with great eyes that suggested everything, you looked again at Signor Amati. I saw him myself once in the railroad station; my friend pointed him out to me. 'There's a kind of cosmos of passions and dreams about that face,' I said to my friend, 'I wonder if he amounts to anything'—used the same sentence later in my article on some poet or other who came over from some poetical country, Flanders I think, to visit us in London. Perhaps after all she—I must say *she*, for

come to think of it I never had heard her name. We might amuse ourselves guessing what it is. Mary? My God, no! Gertrude? Evelyn? Something ironical perhaps, Sue?" Miss Hutchinson laughed; she was enjoying herself, and sat there smiling in the sunlight and waiting to hear herself and what she could say next.

"Perhaps after all she married a mask; everyone is crazy about masks nowadays, what with Gordon Craig and Reinhardt and the return to Greece and Java. I'm all for Java if we must return—the abstraction, universality and finality of the mask and its beauty! Well at any rate he died. Heart trouble. He was a doomed man when she married him. His malady had made him cross and wild and uncertain, impossible and wonderful by turns no doubt, and that may have drawn her to him, my dear, who knows? Drawn her to him and held her. She had come to Italy after her tragedy in America, not very strong herself and so bitter and dark over what life had done to her that she vowed she would never see any of her family again, nor any of the people who had known her and knew her affairs. I'm not sure that she even had letters from them after she came over here. And with no great amount of money. When that should be spent and she had had a good rest under these skies and a chance to forget, she meant to find employment, chaperoning for a smart young ladies' school in Florence, perhaps, or even teaching; she was prepared for that, as you shall see, in some branch of learning or other.

"That accounts for our heroine so far. I was thinking of her this morning; saw her as I crawled out of bed and lit a cigarette, standing in the garden there by the fountain, very still, with the sound of the water near her—*eh tien, tien*, these Italian fountains! I was thinking of her first marriage, that opening chapter in her story; opening chapter and climax, I suppose; that's what interested me. You've heard nothing of it?"

"No, absolutely nothing."

"Dreaming on past the world, beyond the moon!"

I smiled, letting her accuse me as she liked, and she went on.

"Well, this ought to bring you to when I tell you. How the manager of the hotel would adore such a piece of history! I'd have half a mind to tell him if my coffee weren't so odious morning after morning.

"Mrs. Amati came of a modest family in Louisiana. Her father was not a rich man, he was a carriage builder in a town. But he had a great respect for education and saw to it that his daughter, whose mother seems to have died soon after Mrs. Amati was born, learned something. Which must have made her a marked girl in that town—" Miss Hutchinson added caustically.

"What town?" I asked.

"Where she was born, of course," she replied.

I said, "I see."

"At any rate she grew up more or less educated, may God help her, and took a position in the grammar schools.

"You can imagine the flutter of pride among the little carriages. A year passed, of the teaching, and she was twenty or so, I gather, when a young man came to town and opened a bond office, a blazing sort of place that not everybody trusted, but he stationed a secretary there, as they say of regiments, and he was in and out, sometimes absent for two or three days, sometimes for a month at a time, while the golden stenographer doubtless went on informing clients and visitors of his dates, making notes, God knows what. The stenographer was a local young lady, and gradually married some one in the town. I don't know the first husband's name, we'll say X——, Mr. X——. Mr. X—— behind his office had a room with a piano and the walls lined with books. He loved music, he loved poetry, he must have seemed marvelous to a serious girl in such a town, who at best had never known anything for men but cavaliers and statesmen. He and such a young lady met each other, as they naturally would, such a young man, such a young lady. People want to be sure to bring them together; you know people delight in making a match where they find two with ideas in common, odd ideas, of course. At any rate the two married and were very happy. She was, certainly—I mean Mrs. Amati, whoever she was then—strange one should not know her first name, *non è vero*? I find my mind wandering about in a Cimmerian gloom, for the ghost I follow has no name to call.

"Everything went very well. But her husband used to be away a good deal, from time to time, it seems. His business took him here and there on these trips, sometimes quite far, not always. Simply that he would be called away from home, and went. Time

passed and after a while they moved to Texas, San Antonio, where they took a house. I was there myself once, doing a bit of Mexican revolution.

"In San Antonio his charms—and I daresay hers—got them into the artistic circles, whatever artistic circles there were to get into—art does circle, my dear, you must admit. When there were distinguished visitors, opera singers or concert tours, poets reading their works and so on, all gentry to whom honorable suppers were to be given, the two were invited. He even made glittering addresses of welcome, or people said they glittered. A good manner and highly periodic oratory, darling; you know what that can be among the gallant sons of the Southland. But the trips kept up. Every now and again he had to say goodbye to his wife when his business called him away. Sometimes as far as Chicago or farther, if it's possible to go farther; what do you think? He would be gone, leaving her there at home, and whether he wrote much to her or not I don't know —we never know the important things in any story, my dear; that's why literature is a luxury not indispensable like food."

That meant that Miss Hutchinson would light a cigarette. I expressed no thought.

"And where was I? His journeys from home, ah, *c'est ça.* What she thought his business was, I don't know. What everybody else thought it was, I fancy, bonds and huge cloudlike enterprise. Her family, whoever there were of them, shall we just say her family, had rather objected to her marrying. They knew so little of the newcomer. And so, what with moving off to Texas and this coolness, she was about cut off from her father and ah, yes, I believe there was a sister in the offing. Two or three years passed; one would have said it was a very happy marriage. And then one day there was a notice in one of the Chicago papers of an attempt to rob a bank somewhere up in Minnesota, and in the course of the hold-up one of the bandits had been killed. It was her husband. My dear, will you imagine it!"

There was a pause before Miss Hutchinson went on.

"There's your catastrophe, not to say tragedy of blood! I picture her going down in the morning, into that divine light of the Southwest—can't you see her taking up the paper—

which the boy on the bicycle had screwed up into a twist and shot on to the lawn without stopping—untwisting it and reading this news. What must she have thought!

"This would be about the worst thing in the world, wouldn't it, to find that nothing had any bottom to it, and that the most wonderful thing in your life was built on lies? A good thief you could stand. I'd love him sooner than one of your small mean grafters—the scope of his adventures I might have seen as a part of that poetic and, if you like, wild imagination that made him so fascinating—I'm sure this man of Mrs. Amati's was fascinating—and made him the silver tongued orator at those musical banquets and affairs of honor. A marvellous thief would not be so bad then. But to have someone you loved lying to you. These years of love—or whatever you call it—all based on deception. You can imagine her reading this account in the papers, her young head clear and fatalistic, and going back over the years that she had lived with him. So that was what the trips had been."

It was the most terrible story she had ever heard, Miss Hutchinson said; she adored it.

For a long while we sat there, with the sun coming up higher in the heavens and the shadows growing shorter, and talked of these events. We discussed love and the nature of love, Miss Hutchinson with her eyes shining; her story had quickened her mood. I found myself talking of the Campo Santo. In this place, to my mind, was gathered up the last harmony of love, which death at last assembles and quiets, taking away what it can of its own kind and leaving what does not die.

"But darling, darling!" Miss Hutchinson exclaimed, "Who can follow you? Not I, by the rood! *Dio mio*, we need cheering. I'd better rattle the bracelet." She shook her wrist, naughtily. "There's a sound! Like an Englishwoman coming into the room with a poodle, or like a new poem, *The Poodle of Heaven;* don't you love it!

"At any rate, we'll have to agree, it was a sorry deal that this woman drew of love. She loved both these men, and what did they do for her? One of them deceives her from the very first, the other with his moods and whims like a spoilt child I don't doubt, and a sick man's egotism, and letting his heart stop on her

at last like that, much she got out of it with him. Perhaps they loved her each in his own way such as it was. Each may have loved her as much as he could but couldn't love her as she did him. There's a theme, as abstract as any of yours, darling—to love another person all one can, but not to be able to love as much as the other—the parts of two people's beings flowing toward one another, but one of them has in many places nothing to meet the other with. If ever there's to be a pessimist I should think Mrs. Amati might be one in her own right."

A little wind blew over the ground in front of us, sending waves across the light grasses. Miss Hutchinson pointed to them. "I hate waves," she said, when the soft rhythms began again from one side of the Campo Santo to another. "This eternal reminder of recurrence, the rise and fall of things, their return, in us. May God deliver me from rhythms in this world for one short hour. But I daresay that would be difficult."

At any rate, she added, her feet were tired of the infernal Italian stones, the ideal would be to go barefoot and walk on one's head. She began to turn her ring round and round. Unexpectedly her odd laugh broke out, cutting like the light, somehow, of a green little emerald through the air, before she said, gaily enough,

"Well, at least she's kept close to the bank, hasn't she?"

I smiled.

"Damned silly joke, you know," she added, grimly.

"This is her book," I said at length.

"Her book and heart," Miss Hutchinson chimed.

"And I must send it up to her when I go back to the hotel."

"But I shall doubtless be leaving here sooner than you. I leave everything sooner than you, darling. I'll take the blessed book."

I opened the book, running through the pages where marked passages caught the eye. I read two or three of them, with their crowded, passionate style, so shaken and tortured with life, and stopped finally on one poem in particular where there were six verses that had been marked on both sides with lines up and down the margins.

"Shall I read them to you?" I asked.

Miss Hutchinson nodded, "Read it to me," with what thoughts in her tart and warm little head, who knows? I read—

Amor dunque non ha, ne tua beltate,
o fortuna, o durezza, o gran disdegno,
del mio mal colpa, o mio destino, o sorte.

se dentro del tuo cor morte e pietate
porti in un tempo, e ch'l mio basso ingegno
non sappia ardendo trarne altro che morte.

"But what do you expect me to say?" Miss Hutchinson exclaimed finally, when I had left off reading and waited for her comment. "I know how to buy and eat in Italian, but I can't do the poetic, as you must know—kindly translate that. I can feel it between my teeth but I can't translate the words. Tell me and then I'll leave you to your meditation."

"Michelangelo is comparing the beloved to the marble. It is none of these things, disdain, hardness, fate, that counts, but what he brings to it." I read, taking the words simply as they came:

Love, then, nor your beauty
nor fortune nor hardness nor disdain
is not to blame for my ills, nor my destiny, nor fate.

if in your heart death and pity both
you carry, and my low talent
burning, knows not to draw from it other than death.

Miss Hutchinson cocked her eye and began to turn the ring round and round, "Which means?" she said, without looking at me, and then went on drily, "Of course we see what it means. I've lost my soul but a tinge of it stays like a spot on my brain. If you will give me one more cigarette, I'll go."

She lit the cigarette and was gone. The creak of the revolving door carried her out of earshot into the piazza.

The Campo Santo was now silent, open to the clear, still sky. I thought of Mrs. Amati. In my mind's eye I could see the figure of her, moving along the cloister gallery, looking up at the columns with her quiet eyes, walking with a kind of casual exaltation. I thought of the two men that she had loved and what they had given her—

"And if from that I draw only death, the fault is mine." So that was the way she took it.

STARK YOUNG.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

DRAMATIC VICTORIANS

PARNELL. By St. John Ervine. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.
WHAT I HAVE SEEN AND HEARD. By J. G. Swift MacNeill. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.
MEMOIRS. By Sir Almeric FitzRoy. Two volumes. London: Hutchinson and Company.

The Twentieth Centurions, who rise superior to the Victorian Era, have still to explain why the fascination of this derided *régime* thus obstinately persists. However stupid may have been the period, we are confronted by the fact that of making many books about it there is no end; nor are the books unread. Here, selected at random, it might be said, are three such works, all of them recent and all of them worth while. What is it that inspires a literature so abundant?

There are, of course, the veterans who, belonging to one generation and living into the next, indulge in the luxury of "anecdotage". For twenty-five years, Sir Almeric FitzRoy was Clerk of the Privy Council in London and thus saw much of the British Constitution from the inside, and especially of the Executive. Mr. Swift MacNeill on the other hand, as kinsman of the Dean, was the most scholarly of the Irish Nationalist Members when those Members sat at Westminster; and it is of Parliament that he writes as eyewitness. In his case, our only regret is that we have not had from his pen as full a narrative as Sir Almeric's. It is a case where the Irishman might have borrowed, perhaps, a touch of the Englishman's indiscretion.

What, however, lends interest to Mr. St. John Ervine's life of Parnell is the fact that he writes of the nineteenth century, not as an ancient, but as a modern. When Parnell died, his latest biographer was only eight years old. Yet over those time-worn intrigues he yawns not once. On the contrary, he is gripped. And as he "roots" for Parnell against Healy, he waxes as warm as the

Irishmen themselves who in Committee Room Fifteen, the Black Hole of their party, fought day and night until Parnell was deposed. To Mr. Ervine, this is not mere history; it is hypnotism.

In explaining the posthumous fascination of the Victorian Era, it is usual to say that it was rich in great men. And about Browning and Tennyson and Ruskin and Darwin and Carlyle, with their contemporaries, there certainly was an Olympian manner. Here however is a solution of the problem that begs the question. Why are not manners today equally Olympian? It is, indeed, not with the demigods that these volumes are concerned. Even Gladstone is in the background, while Bright—to quote Mr. MacNeill—"regarded the House of Commons as a scene that had outgrown him". If Parnell is to be ranked among the immortals, it is not as orator, it is not as statesman, it is not as man of letters,—he had to ask Mrs. O'Shea whether Shakespeare was a poet,—it is in one capacity alone. At Hawarden, Miss Gladstone, sitting next to Parnell at dinner, asked him who was the greatest actor he had ever seen. "Your father," he retorted; and Mr. Gladstone chuckled. There you have in a word the secret of the Victorians. As actors, they were consummate. And, being a playwright, Mr. Ervine is captured by the situation. Others may see only a dull and decorous background; he discerns the drama. Parnell is tragedy incarnate.

An age of automobiles, of radio, of skyscrapers, and of mammoth hotels, surveys the Victorian Era and remarks how small was then the world. But, the world, because it was small, could be a stage. Publicity was concentrated like limelight on character dominating environment. The descriptive correspondent at Westminster—say Sir Henry Lucy or Mr. Massingham—did not pretend to be an authority on finance or law or diplomacy. He was a dramatic critic, assigned to a repertory theatre. And as a theatre of human emotion, Ireland has rivaled Greece herself.

Hence the description of Parliament as "a talking shop". How you spoke was far more important than what you said. In 1910, Mr. Lloyd George applied guillotine by closure to his vast scheme of national insurance. The very soul of Lord Morley was outraged. It was—so he declared to Sir Almeric FitzRoy—sin-

gle-chamber government run mad. To leave tuberculosis unlimited by treatment was an omission that stirred him not at all compared with the enormity of limiting talk by private members. While he would not have said that Parliament existed solely for its own sake, the use of Parliament by the people turned him, as Sir Almeric makes clear, into an unconfessed Tory.

In that small world, then, it was frankly to the stalls that the actors played their part. If the nation was admitted to the house at all, it was only to a distant gallery—to what England calls "the gods" and America "the nigger heaven". But the very fact that the world was thus small meant that man was not dwarfed by his surroundings. You compared the cathedral, not with the Rocky Mountains, but with the cathedral city, lying within its shadow. Politics, religion, letters, rank, science, formed an oligarchy, and when once you were inside the charmed circle, you were a person who mattered. You knew everyone. Everyone knew you. And nobody need worry to know anybody beyond. You were included in the cast. And if one may put it thus, cast and caste were identical. Kings, dukes, bishops were all arrayed, each for his respective part.

And the call boy was Sir Almeric FitzRoy. As a scion of the royal house of Grafton, he had the *entrée* everywhere and could place in due precedence every name in Debrett. As he is careful to tell us, it was not his fault that,when King George was crowned, a pushful baroness gained access to the seat of an absent countess. If he had wielded the Gold Stick, such "negligence or supineness" would have been unthinkable.

As actors, the Victorians took themselves seriously. Mr. MacNeill is Irish. He joined a party committed to obstruction. Yet at Westminster he became the highest living authority on Parliamentary procedure. In such awe of Speaker Peel did he stand that he was reduced at times, if not to silence, at least to stammering. So tremendous were the dimensions of Gladstone that, to his worshipper, it was a red letter day in the year 1893 when "the Grand Old Man", during a division, sat next him at a writing table and said of the Home Rule debates, "This kind of thing would have broken Daniel O'Connell's heart." "No Sir," replied MacNeill, " O'Connell would have been a proud and happy

man if he were with you and the Liberal Party working for the restoration of the Irish Parliament." Politicians, if pompous, were at least personages, not pariahs. Addressing envelopes, they displayed the historic sense.

If Mr. MacNeill could disentangle the red tape of Parliament, Sir Almeric FitzRoy was not less adept over red tape at the Privy Council. How desperately he fought against Lloyd George's proposal to associate the Lion of Wales with St. George and the Dragon! How shocked he was over King Edward, receiving an address with an umbrella for gold stick while his corns were being cut! What a trouncing he inflicts on the Dean of Windsor who, in St. George's Chapel, talked to a lady when the funeral of King Edward was approaching! And how carefully he records the troubles of the late Archbishop Temple at King Edward's coronation, and especially his unrehearsed command to the officious Bishop of Winchester—the present Primate—to "Go away!" Yet even Sir Almeric was imbued with the Victorian reverence. To Mr. Ervine, the late Duke of Devonshire was "that very tedious gentleman"—which phrase, perhaps, was not too strong for a statesman who was credited with interrupting his own speeches by a snore. But after serving the Duke as an official, Sir Almeric extols him as "an incorruptible memory". The Duke may have been tedious but he was trusted.

Sir Almeric FitzRoy thus devoted his life to perpetuating the illusions of royal autocracy. And that the King exercises an influence, none the less real because it is impalpable, is manifest from his pages. It was said of the Bourbons that they learned nothing and forgot nothing. The House of Windsor forgets nothing but learns everything. It exists by preserving the earliest etiquette and reading the latest newspaper. It is, then, the more remarkable a circumstance that these volumes should have seen the light of day. To the British Empire, especially in Asia, the throne is a sacred mystery. Draw aside the veil, tell the people that Lord Loreburn lost his temper with the Archbishop of Canterbury because, during the Durbar at Delhi, the Council of Regency met on Thursday, and you dispel the glamor without which, to write in plain terms, there is no throne in a democratic State. It is all very well for Sir Almeric FitzRoy to be angry with

a certain Mr. Fisher who was reluctant to don court dress for a royal banquet. Was Mr. Fisher, in evening dress, any less dignified than Sir Almeric's picture of the late Duchess of Devonshire, elbowing her way out of Westminster Abbey after a coronation and, in her haste, tumbling headlong downstairs, after which disaster she had to be picked up by the Portuguese Ambassador, while it fell to Mrs. Asquith's lot to replace the coronet? In this diary there is many a touch that indicates what an excellent reporter Sir Almeric FitzRoy would have been, had he adopted the press as a profession. But he was the very man who, at King Edward's first Council, so rigidly excluded the reporters that no record was kept of the sovereign's speech on his accession, with its curious reference to six Edwards as "ancestors". Whether Edward V, who was murdered in the Tower, and Edward VI, who as a boy also died untimely, can be described properly as "ancestors" of anybody, is a question that Sir Almeric gravely discusses. The sedate Victoria always included among her ancestors the Virgin Queen Elizabeth and even spoke with respect of the Old and Young Pretenders. But the point here is that, to Sir Almeric FitzRoy, the Privy Council at which the King is recognized as sovereign of 450,000,000 human beings, must be a body strictly "privy" or private—that is, to the press taboo. Yet he, the very guardian of the sanctuary, turns his trust into a monopoly of news and communicates to the public that which he knows only by privilege of his office. We do not complain. We believe in publicity. But if Sir Almeric's latitude is to be permitted, the reticence of the British Civil Service as hitherto understood is at an end. And there is not the remotest reason why reporters should not be employed as footmen and butlers at Buckingham Palace and Downing Street, with full permission to give their own impression of what His Majesty remarks over a glass of claret.

On the references to Lord Morley, there arises a point of acute piquancy. Rightly or wrongly Lord Morley has set on his papers the seal of absolute secrecy. It is arguable that this action is an offence against truth in history. And it is not to be denied that Lord Morley's reputation for philosophy and liberalism of thought has greatly suffered by his refusal frankly to submit his career and his character to the test of research. But it happens

that, secure as he thought in the confessional of his department, Lord Morley chatted at large with Sir Almeric FitzRoy. He told him that Mr. Asquith had the limitations of a lawyer; that Winston Churchill was "an extravagant and wasteful Minister", and that Lloyd George was guilty of "heedless" and "flagrant folly", of "incurable levity" and "strange forgetfulness". On the one hand Lord Morley appears as a vain man who, in the Prime Minister's absence, created amusement by his pleasure at presiding over the Cabinet, while, on the other, he is represented as muttering in the House of Lords that the Cabinet was one to which he was ashamed to belong. Apparently philosophic, Morley was impotent before royal attentions. The Kaiser discussed with him the scholarship of Harnack; Morley told FitzRoy he would resign if action were taken against Germany over Agadir. And on the eve of war, he said he would never side with the Slav against the Teuton or admit that Britain had obligations to Belgium. While professing agnosticism, he was superstitious over sitting thirteen at a table, and was a more "conservative" stickler for royal and ecclesiastical etiquette than the bishops themsleves. Not that Lord Morley's moods here concern us. That he had temperament is merely another way of saying that he was consecrated to literature. When, however, he locked up his archives, he did not suspect that at his elbow there was "a chield" taking notes.

It was, then, amid festoons of red tape that, in the 'seventies, there flamed from hell to heaven the red wrath of Charles Stewart Parnell. All the ornate tittle-tattle in which diarists are adept was, for the moment, consumed in the sombre magnificence of that awful illumination. Parnell's was an inspired madness that would have aroused the muse of Æschylus to grim glories of eloquence. Mr. Ervine's production of the tragedy is vivid, often reckless, always enthralling.

In the veins of Charles Stewart Parnell, there ran not one drop of Irish blood. By birth, he belonged to the English aristocracy. His family is included in the peerage. His property was land and, as he observed with sarcasm, his tenants firmly believed in the policy of "no rent". He belonged, moreover, to the Protestant Episcopal Church of Ireland which Gladstone disestablished,

and he had, at his heart, no use at all for the Pope. He was, too, an officer of militia, a Conservative in sympathy, a beau at Viceregal dances, and very much the man about town. But, like Bernard Shaw, he was an exile in the land of his upbringing. He could never cease to be English. He could never hope to be Irish. In neither country was he either the one thing or the other.

Two questions then arise—first, why did Ireland choose him as leader; and secondly, why did he seek any such position? Mr. Ervine—born, be it remembered, in Belfast—answers the first simply enough. Ireland, says he, must have a chief. "Parnell," so he states, "was the corner stone of the Irish arch. When he fell, it fell." In fact, "we may doubt whether the Irish, to whom terror and intimidation and corrupt practice and mean bargaining are the instruments of government, are yet ready for democracy or for any rule than that of stern dictation." Parnell, then, was a kind of Czarist alternative to Dublin Castle. His authority over the Nationalist party at Westminster was Draconic. He detested the Fenians. And his jest was that, if he became Prime Minister in Dublin, he would begin by sending Michael Davitt to prison. The "Land League" of women, conducted by his sister Anna, was denounced and suppressed, which perhaps is sufficient explanation of Ireland's acceptance of Parnell. Ireland had no choice!

But why did Parnell thus give himself to Ireland? It is here that we have to probe the depths. In the Parnell family there was a strain of madness. The elder Lord Congleton—Parnell's kinsman—committed suicide. Parnell's own sister, Anna, was epileptic and drowned herself, or at any rate was drowned in the tunnel baths at Ilfracombe. Another sister, Emily, breathed her last in a public infirmary. Parnell himself walked in his sleep and was, in youth, a patient of Dr. Forbes Winslow. Obviously, he was abnormal. Typhoid fever "had affected his mind to some extent". And superstition forbade him to sign a document by the light of three candles.

Faced by such difficulties, the younger Lord Congleton joined the Plymouth Brethren. And Mr. Ervine reminds us that Parnell was brought into touch with this religious community. In referring to the Christian Church, Mr. Ervine is apt to indulge in abuse that is not quite worthy of him as an artist. To the Ply-

mouth Brethren, he applies the epithet "dismal". Parnell knew better. "I like their quietness," said he; and his entire career is only to be understood when it is realized that he was a man whose conscience, stirred by the spiritual call, had been offended by what Carlyle would have termed "the Everlasting Nay".

Refusing "conversion," Parnell plunged into dissipation. At Cambridge, his college was Magdalen. And those were days when Magdalen was a synonym for sport. That Parnell "had strong sexual impulses" is stated by Mr. Ervine. Davitt called him "a cold blooded sensualist". Anyway, at Cambridge, he seduced a farmer's daughter, deserted her and was all but "demented" when, in the river, he saw her body, dead—a "dripping white-clad form". That the girl was driven to drown herself, is fact. And, at night, Parnell would moan in frenzy of remorse for "Daisy".

Under the circumstances, it is perhaps no wonder that, caught in a drunken row, even Magdalen had to "send him down"—or expel him from the University. And a certain Miss Woods of Rhode Island, to whom he became engaged, thought better of it and jilted him. It was under this disappointment that he took up politics.

His mother was a daughter of Commodore Charles Stewart, known to the United States Navy as "Old Ironsides". And Mr. Ervine links her with Henry Cabot Lodge as a child of England who was so English that she hated English rule. Whether that reflection on Senator Lodge is just, hardly concerns us here; there is, however, no doubt that Parnell's mother, on setting up house in Ireland, treated the cause of her adopted country as identical with the cause of the American Colonies and plunged violently into Fenian intrigue. Parnell's father had to forbid the mention of politics. And, after his death, the house was raided by the police. With fabulous ignorance, they supposed that Parnell's uniform as a King's officer was revolutionary. And they seized it. Parnell, failing to enjoy the humor of it, took the incident as a personal insult.

At Avondale, where they had a country house, there was then no lack of money. On the wall of every room hung texts of scripture. Yet the essential religion inculcated by Mrs. Parnell

was hate. Her daughters were nurtured on revenge. And minds, overstrung already, were wrought to an obsession by this disastrous maternity. When Parnell decided to make something of his life, he had a will of steel, forged as it were on an anvil.

As a statesman, Asquith has ranked him with Bismarck. Isaac Butt's futile *bonhomie* crumpled in his grasp. Fenians in the United States were awed by the silence with which he listened to their schemes. He brought Home Rule into practical politics. And he achieved this triumph in sixteen short years. But he was pursued by Nemesis. For weeks at a time he would vanish. About the streets of London he would prowl at night, his coat collar turned up, his face muffled. His one hobby was assaying metals. It was the lonely magic of the mediæval alchemist. Parnell was already a mystery.

The attempt of *The Times* to ruin him by publishing letters that condoned the murder of Lord Frederick Cavendish, failed. The letters were forged. Parnell emerged triumphant. And from that blow, "the Thunderer" has never rebounded to its former prestige. But, in the very hour of his victory, Parnell was doomed. The forger was Pigott. But Parnell was convinced that his real enemy was Captain O'Shea.

The story is that Captain O'Shea asked Gambetta how to ruin Parnell. "Set a woman on him," replied the French orator, with uncanny prescience. And Mrs. O'Shea, the lady selected, fell in love with her victim. Mr. Ervine dismisses this tale as "a foolish legend". But we are not clear about his alternative theory. Captain O'Shea was never a wholehearted Home Ruler. He was frankly the henchman of Joseph Chamberlain—at any rate, his close friend. To Parnell's intimacy with his wife, he was, to put it mildly, complacent. There were three children born to lover and mistress. And during these relations, O'Shea forced Parnell to find him an Irish constituency. If Captain O'Shea suspected nothing of the scandal, he was the only man of his circle who did not suspect. It was, of course, *sub rosa* that Parnell met Mrs. O'Shea. They used assumed names, and were often taken for brother and sister. But it is evident from Mr. Ervine's own narrative that, during the Parnell Commission, the bargain

between O'Shea and Parnell, real or implied, had broken down. In the witness box, O'Shea accused Parnell of writing the forged letters. And Parnell retorted with a glare of deathless hatred. No wonder that the Nationalists regarded O'Shea as the Benedict Arnold of their country.

That Parnell and Mrs. O'Shea were deeply in love, is obvious. But we cannot take the view that, in their conduct, there was anything of hero and heroine. It was not simply, to quote Mr. Ervine, that Parnell "loved a woman well enough to break the law for her sake". To begin with, it was for his own sake as well as hers that he broke the law. And, secondly, what he really broke was not only the law, but good faith with Ireland. It is all very well to sneer at "rumblings in the dungeons of Dissent", and the "gang of ravening Methodists" led by the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes. Let us exclude morals from the reckoning and accept Mr. Ervine's statement that O'Connell, Butt and other Irish leaders were libertines. The fact remains that Parnell was a politician. He knew that his reputation was a matter not of virtue only but of votes. His offence was a betrayal of trust.

To his conduct after the offence, there is only one of two words to apply. It was infamous or it was insane. To begin with, he ran away. Next, he permitted himself to be reëlected as leader of the party, knowing that he was withholding from his followers the views of Gladstone. And, finally, he used his position as chairman to prevent a vote on his own case.

On Mr. Healy, the verdict of Mr. Ervine is severe. It is perfectly true that Mr. Healy referred to Mrs. O'Shea as "the English prostitute". And when, in Committee Room Fifteen, someone called, "Who is the master of the Irish Party?"—hitting at Gladstone—"Tim" retorted, with devastating pertinence, "Who is the mistress of the Irish Party?" But, in view of Parnell's obstinacy, strong language was inevitable.

The sequel was brief. Wrecked in body, unhinged in mind, Parnell died. And, at once, the whole world, especially Ireland, saluted him, not as statesman, but as actor. The dramatic overwhelmed every other aspect of his career. And to this day, it is this aspect that absorbs the eye of Mr. St. John Ervine.

PHILIP WHITWELL WILSON.

IN THE DAYS OF JUNE

THE MADONNA OF THE BARRICADES. By J. St. Loe Strachey. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company.

The Madonna of the Barricades is an engaging tale, written with a lighter touch than is usual in historical romance, yet it reveals the knowledge of history that might be expected of the author—grandson of John Addington Symonds; winner, in his youth, of a First in history at Balliol College, Oxford; and now editor of *The London Spectator*. We are given a cross-section of the year 1848, eventful in European history; the story centers in the June Revolution in Paris, in which an unfortunate division among the Radicals resulted in their defeat; and there is a vivid account, not only of that brief and tragic struggle, but of the social forces back of it, working out profound changes. In the words of the author: "For the first time in history the laboring population was trying to get, not merely political power, but a complete change in the whole fabric of Society." Contemporary inability to realize the significance of the conflict is suggested:

> The fact is, people in Paris had been talking a perfectly new language of which the ordinary man did not understand the first word—perhaps does not even understand it now. There was no interpreter, no one to explain. And as men turned from the totally unknown, which is always rather disagreeable to contemplate, and instead buried their minds . . . in the plans for the Great Exhibition, the spread of Industrialism, and in that "advancement of commerce" which very nearly became the national religion, in spite of the flouts and jeers of the philosophers like Mr. Carlyle or Mr. Ruskin, the beautiful dirges of Matthew Arnold, or the spiritual appeals made by the little band of Christian Socialists, Frederick Maurice, Charles Kingsley and Tom Hughes.

The hero of the story is a young Englishman of rank; the heroine, a young Italian countess, as ardent in her passionate desire to free Italy from the Austrian yoke as is Browning's Luigi of *Pippa Passes*. The crux of the situation is the desire of the Italian secret society, the Carbonari, long at work in Italy, to enlist France, in the person of Louis Napoleon, then far on his way toward power, in the struggle for a United Italy. Plotting and fighting against the Provisional Government in France, the Carbonari offer to help this political aspirant in his ambitious

aims, if he will help them. George Chertsey, the hero, an Oxford undergraduate, is drawn into the society for love of the heroine, Carlotta; is repeatedly made messenger to Louis Napoleon; and fights with Carlotta upon the barricades in the four days' revolution.

It is a romantic narrative, full of love, gallantry, adventure. From the first appearance of Carlotta, who had slept with her father under an oak tree in the New Forest, through the secret meeting of the Carbonari in a crypt under a London wine cellar, and the arrest of the lovers in Paris after the fighting, there is a constant spice of dash and danger. Carlotta, as a warrior, appears "dressed in the kind of clothes that students in the *Quartier Latin* wore in those days, black trousers, with broad black braiding down the legs, and a sort of morning coat. . . . Her shirt and collar were of a rather Byronic type, with a black silk stock arranged *à la Lamartine*, *i.e.*, with a flying end."

The heroine, with her north Italian beauty, her passionate patriotism, "as serious as Mazzini, or Garibaldi, or even as Cavour himself," as gallant a fighter as Joan of Arc, as devoted as St. Catharine, is hardly as real as the hero; perhaps because she has too many of the gifts of the gods showered upon her. The hero, who is represented as writing this account in later life, gives many a touch which helps to vivify a fateful year of youth.

The interest of the book lies, frankly, more in the picture of the times than in the story itself. As is evident in the quotation given, one is taken to the very heart of the Victorian era; many old friends from many old books walk and talk here. Here is the Oxford of the 'forties, "a curious mixture," with its gaming and drinking outside, but with its "secret and mystic charm", its deeper life going on in the Tractarian struggle, and in the inner experience of Jowett and Stanley, Arthur Hugh Clough, Matthew Arnold, and William Morris, who were beginning to make the old bones of science, philosophy, culture, live again. "I was introduced both to Clough and to Matthew Arnold. I met Ruskin in Hall, heard Pusey preach, and caught a glimpse of Newman."

Thackeray, Lamartine, Louis Napoleon, Karl Marx, and others of the period appear; those who play a part in the tale,

Lamartine, and Louis Napoleon, presented with a certain vividness of characterization, Lamartine with his flood of eloquence, Louis Napoleon with his dreamy statesmanship, and his love of the sensational. Karl Marx, in his nervous irascibility, also comes before us as a real personage. But there is almost too much of economy, of brevity, in the presentation of some of these characters. Thackeray, in the Cave of Harmony, is not quite Thackeray; one would be glad of that power of imaginative suggestion that makes a personage of bygone years really live again, though an author can hardly be blamed for not possessing Carlyle's graphic touch in pen portraiture.

One feels through the study of conditions in this year of European revolution something of the groundswell of forces astir today. Now, as then, generous youth is drawn by sympathy to the cause of the workers, and fights for them, though not upon the barricades; now, as then, there is among us at times a feeling that the "human cauldron is going to boil over" very soon; and echoes of *le cri terrible*, "thirty thousand people, each roaring fiercely like a hungry animal," are sounding still. This study of a past crucial year is done, sympathetically and understandingly, with a constant thought of the present. That sympathy is extended rather to the aims of those attempting to bring about change, than to the means employed, as is evinced by the motto of the book: "There is ever your fatal specific of physical force." (*Disraeli.*)

The charm of a genial personality pervades this tale, and there are many suggestions of ripened wisdom. Here is a quality of graciousness in presenting men and their ways, nowhere more manifest than in the friendly word for America, when Mr. Strachey speaks of Americans as "the kindliest race on the face of the earth." The reader cannot help discerning a subtle connection, of which the author was perhaps unaware, between this remark and the struggle for human rights and privileges presented in these pages. If the statement is true, it would go far to justify the experiment in liberty, equality, and fraternity made by our forefathers a hundred and fifty years ago, and it may help to still doubts that sometimes whisper questionings to our minds as to the complete success of democracy.

MARGARET P. SHERWOOD.

AMERICANA

THE LITERATURE OF THE MIDDLE WESTERN FRONTIER. By Ralph Leslie Rusk, Ph.D. New York: Columbia University Press.

AMERICAN AND BRITISH LITERATURE SINCE 1890. By Carl Van Doren and Mark Van Doren. New York: The Century Company.

WIVES. By Gamaliel Bradford. New York: Harper and Brothers.

PORGY. By Du Bose Heyward. New York: George H. Doran Company.

THE desire to distinguish and to dwell upon what is most characteristic in a national literature is a motive the value of which, like that of other motives, varies greatly with its interpretation. Nations, like individuals, achieve little progress through the false process of idealization which makes one's own limitations the most important part of the ideal. John Smith, it is true, can advance himself but little through an ambition, however sincere and fervent, to be Tom Jones; yet it is equally true that he dooms himself to mediocrity if his prevailing motive be to become ever more integrally and unmistakably John Smith. Before excellence can come into existence, there must be a desire for excellence, taking precedence of other ideals. Where this is present, inspiration, if there is any, may be safely allowed to care for itself, and imitation, or rather emulation, ceases to be a pitfall. John Smith may feel assured that the general Smith tradition will not fail to find expression through him, and he need not fear to take a leaf or two out of Tom Jones's book. In short, the value of individual self-consciousness, or of national self-consciousness, may be easily exaggerated. And there is another element which is liable to a subtle over-emphasis.

Despite the extreme caution of modern historians as to drawing general conclusions, despite the almost painful tentativeness of their thought, it is difficult to rid our minds of the assumption that the chief value of historical study is the discovery of rules of action. What should be merely a process of orientation becomes dogmatic. Surely, it is necessary for the traveller to know that he has been moving north rather than south, yet it does not follow that he ought to continue in a northerly direction: he may decide to circle the mountain, or the road to the city may lead him south again.

In a study of the beginnings of American literature, especially the literature of the frontier, a true scholarly detachment, and a constant reference to tolerantly conceived standards of excellence, are peculiarly needful. Concentration upon a national field tends to produce a narrowly national point of view, and not infrequently leads to a falsely relative standard of valuation. That the conclusions to be drawn from Dr. Rusk's able study of cultural beginnings in the Middle West are, on the whole, negative, seems to prove both the sincerity and the genuine value of his work. To know the truth about these beginnings is not to conclude that we should either glorify or disown our antecedents, but rather to go forward with that increased confidence which comes of knowing exactly what lies behind—the best human substitute for the impossible ideal of knowing exactly what lies before.

In literature the influence of the frontier seems to have been far less fruitful than in politics or business. Economic conditions necessarily limit literary endeavor—seldom inspire it. That individuality and enterprise which lead a people to assert its independence and to attempt prodigious physical tasks may find no adequate expression in the written word.

Cultural poverty, a sad educational deficiency (soon remedied, it is true), a distressing absence of taste, and the tyranny of more or less falsely romantic ideals which half stifled the beginnings of realism, seem to characterize the period up to 1840 in the Middle West. For the most part, flatness, staleness and unprofitableness are the rule. These elements are to be recognized along with an unconquerable spirit which seemed scarcely conscious of difficulties. The good and the bad side of the frontiersman's emphasis upon the thought that he is at least as good as other men is seen here. In literature, as in other matters, the American has always been willing to "greet the embarrassed gods" without feeling any deep embarrassment himself.

Nothing is more curious than the inability of those novelists who most ardently desired to be realistic and representative to attain those excellent objectives with any fulness. Hear how James Hall, who was perhaps the best of the boiling, makes Daniel Boone discourse to his fellow adventurers: "Let us creep

to yon log and rest our guns on it when we fire. I will shoot at that large warrior who is standing alone—you will aim at one of those who are sitting; the moment we have fired, we will load again, without moving, shouting all the while, and making as much noise as possible—be cool—my dear young friend—be cool." Thus, *under stress of excitement*, as Dr. Rusk remarks, Boone "forgets all dialectical peculiarities and speaks the purest English of a rather stilted kind."

Equally significant is the prevalence of a false standard of taste in oratory and in controversial writing. Even today, it may be observed, the love of pretentious inanity is more prevalent than the commonness of reasonably good journalism would lead one to expect, and large numbers of people feel obliged to listen to stilted language with a certain respect. In 1834 Daniel Drake, a university professor, who hoped that deeper learning would in time "abate the verbosity and intumescence" of American literature, could write a typical piece of Western eloquence like the following:

> Then, in the hour of death, when your hearts shall pour out the parting benediction, and your eyes are soon to close, eternally, on the scene of your labors, you will enjoy the conscious satisfaction of having contributed to rear in your native Valley, a lovely sisterhood of States, varying from each other, as the flowers of its numerous climates differ in beauty and fragrance; but animated with the same spirit of patriotism, instinct with one sentiment of rising glory, and forever united by our Great River, as the Milky Way, whose image dances on its rippling waters, combines the stars of the sky into one broad and sparkling firmament.

Verily, it is a long step from this sort of thing to Lincoln's Gettysburg Address; yet both had their origin in the same sort of cultural setting. Only genius, or extreme modesty, one must suppose, escapes the affectations of its time, be they affectations of frigidity or affectations of simplicity—whether the model be Scott or DeMaupassant. The model was usually Scott, rather than any less romantic writer, in fiction, and Byron in poetry, though Wordsworth was not unknown, and *Don Juan* shocked the moral sensibilities of the Americans, somewhat weakening their allegiance to the poet of the "sublime". For better or worse, morality and sentiment have most influenced the taste of

the American public in literature, and the excesses of these qualities have often triumphed over less obvious kinds of appeal.

With the utmost thoroughness and impartiality, Dr. Rusk has traversed every department of literature within his period: travel stories, journalism, controversial writings, schoolbooks, fiction, poetry, and the drama. His painstaking bibliography will be of permanent value to students of early American literature.

When we leave the pioneer period and advance to a consideration of the latest development in American literature, what we find is not merely the marked contrast that we should expect between the crudity of the frontier and the cultivated suavity of a more settled region and a richer social setting: that contrast is found rather between the East and the West of the earlier epoch. What we discover is rather a new freedom, a new catholicity, a new sincerity—a spirit of penetrating criticism and of responsible individualism, which (though inevitably national) transcends nationality.

Concerning a book about books, there is generally rather less that may be profitably said than about an original work. The business of appreciating appreciations may be a legitimate process carried one step too far. Certainly, critics who while rightly esteeming the originality of Amy Lowell can point out that the effort to read many of her poems produces a sort of mental "eye-strain", and who, though savoring the essential quality of Booth Tarkington, can declare that the value of the *Penrod* stories lies not in any peculiar insight into the childish soul, but in "the vigor and humor with which the puppets are manipulated"—such critics are neither indecisive nor lacking in penetration. But it seems best to refer the reader to the discussion of recent American and British literature by Carl and Mark Van Doren, without further quotation or attempt to estimate their estimates.

What seems really worth saying about this very modern book of criticism is that the Van Dorens have succeeded in convincing even a rather old-fashioned and somewhat skeptical reader of the essential integrity and worth of the modern writers. They are in earnest, these writers, and the proof of this is a certain ability to strip themselves to essentials. Great or little, of permanent or of merely temporary significance, they know what is proper to

themselves. Montaigne would applaud them. A poet like Edward Arlington Robinson, a playwright like Eugene O'Neil, is therefore unquestionably a force. Eclectic, emphatic, sometimes more radical than original, more original than constructive, the best of the newer writers have a genuineness that is the first requirement of literary expression. They have passed their work through the furnace, and have tried to "take away all its tin". This is the way of great literature, and despite obvious differences it is the way of our best modern novelists, poets, and playwrights as it was the way of the more careless, if more inspired, Elizabethans.

The literary epoch, then in which we are living appears to be, if not a great epoch, an intensely interesting and significant period. There is much bold experimenting, much challenging of old beliefs, some of it neither wise nor even very intelligible. But the essential condition for true literary expression is present. And if a preference for unconventional truth or beauty as against conventional stupidity has not penetrated so far among the mass of the people as the vogue of some of the newer writers might suggest; if the influence that has filtered down has been mainly a sort of naturalistic rebellion against restraints; if *vers libre* has encouraged school-girlish effusions, and if literary Freudianism has seemed to condone laxity of morals—still the freedom and the genuineness of the best modern writing is its own sufficient warrant.

In no other department of literature has the change in conception and in technique been more marked than in biography. We are today equally far from the naïveté of Boswell's *Life of Johnson* and the chiefly "graphic" methods of those who followed in the footsteps of Macaulay. We are inclined to demand that biography shall be as interesting as fiction, as exact as a textbook of history, as sound and true as Gospel.

In working toward the successful application of this difficult formula, no one has done better, within certain limits, than Gamaliel Bradford. He has so well mastered the incredibly difficult art of not saying what one does not mean that what he does mean stands out with remarkable clearness and with all the naturalness of simple truth. In his last volume, entitled *Wives*,

he is, I believe, at his best, revealing a certain combination of tenderness and ethical ruthlessness in dealing with feminine character which reminds one of the author of *Pamela*—whom, needless to say, he does not resemble in other and less essential respects. His real secret lies in his apparent forgetfulness of everything but his theme, and his ability to see his subject just as a woman, though always in her appropriate setting. One does not feel inclined to dwell upon Mr. Bradford's justice, his sympathy, his penetration. The truth appears to be that very common standards of humanity and honesty are all that is needed to arrive at whatever verdict upon human nature seems called for. One thinks rather of the skill with which the facts are made to present a true picture. As humane as any of his readers could wish, and writing with that tolerance which may almost be taken for granted in an artist, Mr. Bradford recreates Mrs. Lincoln, Mrs. Benedict Arnold, Theodosia Burr, Dolly Madison, Mrs. Jefferson Davis, and Mrs. Benjamin Butler, in all the unity of their personalities and the inconsistency of their characters.

Mr. Bradford could not be more impersonal in his fundamental attitude if he were an Englishman writing about Americans. His approach to American characters is as fresh and illuminating as that of Bryce to the American Commonwealth. No mere progress in scholarship, no mere general ripening of civilization, can adequately explain the production of such biographical writing as this. Though Mr. Bradford is nearer to his subjects than he would be if he had been born in London, his being an American is but an incidental ingredient in his success. Over and above his natural liking for human beings, he appears to have an unusually full and austere conception of what an autobiographical portrait should be. A desire for excellence of a special sort presides over his work, and often it enables him to discover that hidden desire for excellence in the persons about whom he writes which is the most human element in them.

It was Vachel Lindsay, I believe, who first impressed upon the public mind the idea that the negro is not merely an "amusin' critter" or an object for philanthropic endeavor, but a barbarian with the Congo in his background, and with the instincts of the savage in his blood:

Just then from the doorway, as fat as shotes,
Came the cake-walk princes in their long red coats,
Canes with a brilliant lacquer shine,
And tall silk hats that were red as wine.
And they pranced with their butterfly partners there,
Coal-black maidens with pearls in their hair,
Knee-skirts trimmed with jessamine sweet,
And bells on their ankles and little black feet.

Who can forget the distressing vividness of these lines or the still more barbaric refrain?

The rediscovery of the negro is the discovery of an American theme for American writers, but by the same token the theme is a difficult and dangerous one for American writers, and it is one that, to my knowledge, has not been handled by anyone with any approach to complete success.

To Mr. Heyward as to Mr. Lindsay, the negro appears as a portentous savage, with the Congo flowing in the back of the picture where naked men with corded muscles and the minds of superstitious children stand in the foreground. Always in his story of *Porgy* it is as if the commonplace surroundings of the negro quarter of an American city (Charleston) were on the point of dissolving and of being replaced by the scenery of the jungle or perchance the Day of Judgment. The total effect, after all, is one of realism and unreality. Mr. Heyward has not refrained from throwing around the character of Porgy, the crippled beggar, an air almost of Oriental mystery—giving way, to that extent, to the popular illusion that whatever is primitive is also profound;—and he has not altogether resisted the temptation to write a sort of epic of ferocity. The lush emotionalism of the negro characters themselves communicates itself almost too freely to the tone of the story. In short, like most tales purporting to deal realistically and dramatically with the negro, the story reeks of its subject.

That the author has penetrated rather deeply into some of the recesses of the negro consciousness, that he is right in treating his characters seriously and unpatronizingly as human beings, and that the story evokes a legitimate sympathy, cannot truthfully be denied. Mr. Heyward does permit one to see, moreover,

that the real tragedy of these people is their helplessness; but the clear apprehension of this thought tends to be lost in a general effect of bathos. The inscrutable Porgy and the brutal Crown, are rather too conspicuous in the story, whereas the most interesting figure in it is Crown's deserted mistress, who became the hitherto unmated Porgy's woman. She alone has a character. Addicted to "happy dust" and to drink, helpless under Crown's hot caresses, she nevertheless has an inherent honesty and an instinctive power of distinguishing between excellence and worthlessness that might have saved her but for the fatal instability of a primitive mind exposed to conditions it was never trained to endure. Her disappearance, not the desolation of the much less human Porgy, is a tragedy that might have been the theme of a deeply impressive tale.

Thus, this attempt to make vivid use of strictly American material results in American fiction of not quite the best quality. And in general, it seems reasonable to hold that to search too near at home for materials and for impulses may be as great a mistake as to search too far afield.

What is needed for a vigorous, elevated national literature is first of all an adequate conception of excellence, a feeling, a flair for it. And this will never arise spontaneously out of the very nature of the subject matter. In the second place, is needed a group of writers possessing a certain originality and a certain fearlessness in the expression of it; and only in the third place comes in the need of materials familiar, available, and hence usually national. In this time, so much dominated by the deservedly great prestige of scientific methods, we are perhaps a little inclined to confuse the origin of things with their goal. Because we find that the atom, or instinct, or the "festive throng", or the crude belief that spirit is the breath of the body, lies at the end of our *research*, we are liable to suppose that it is the end of our *effort*, and thus implicitly to deny the possibility of progress. But while it may be that all primitive music was jazz, and that all literature was originally local in inspiration, our sole possibility of distinction and independence may lie, not indeed in cutting ourselves off utterly from these origins, but in working away from them.

CLARENCE H. GAINES.

THE NAVY AND ITS SCHOOL

OUR NAVAL HERITAGE. By Lieutenant-Commander Fitzhugh Green, U. S. N. New York: The Century Company.

ANNAPOLIS: ITS COLONIAL AND NAVAL HISTORY. By Walter B. Norris. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company.

The Navy seems to be the sport of an ill fate which has blinded the national vision to its great deeds of the past, its priceless contributions to the founding, the perpetuation and the safety of the Republic. It is well, therefore, that we be reminded of its value, not only in bygone days but in days that are yet to come. The author of *Our Naval Heritage*, in the brief compass of a single volume, presents a panorama of the Navy from its inception to the present time. Naturally he has to dwell on the more notable episodes and characters in our history, while using all of them wisely to accentuate the primary importance of a well planned naval policy.

He has adopted a style of narration suggestive of a sailor's yarn, with the happy result of awakening and retaining the reader's attention. He touches lightly on the origin of the laws of the sea established by Minos, King of Crete; jumps to John Smith of Virginia and stories of seamen in the eighteenth century; goes back to Egypt for the birth of shipping, its development and equipment; and tells of ancient methods of fighting on the water. The chapter "Maritime Miracles" deals with early explorations, their hardships, their tragedies and their triumphs.

It is only in reaching Chapter XI, "Starting a Navy," that the author "gets on his course"; "squares away", and "steers for his destination". Yet, after a "short run", he "heaves to" to devote twenty-six pages to the terrible conditions on board vessels a hundred years ago. This chapter, "Wooden Ships and Iron Men," should be read with some reserve. The examples quoted are largely foreign, not American. The accounts given refresh our memory of what we did on the ocean during our Revolution; our *quasi* war with France at the close of the eighteenth century; our success against the Barbary corsairs, our putting an end to the humiliating payment of tribute to the piratical Moors, as the first among the nations to assert its own dignity; our maritime

victories and reverses in the War of 1812. Comparatively few among us realize the important part our Navy played in 1846 and 1847. To Commodores Sloat and Stockton we owe the possession of California and the adjoining territory, while Commodore Perry coöperated loyally with General Scott at Vera Cruz.

The Civil War and the War with Spain are not neglected, although rapidly passed over to enable Mr. Green to arrive at present times and give us his views on the World War and its lessons. In the chapter "Policies and Nightmares" he points out the Navy Department's obsession to keep its forces at home instead of at once sending abroad all craft which might prove serviceable, especially in combatting the grim menace of the U-boats. However, the pressure became so great that ultimately it was compelled to yield to the insistence of Admiral Sims, our Commander-in-Chief abroad. In telling "What Happened at Jutland" he lays the blame for the inconclusive clash of the largest fleets in history in these (underscored) words: "*England fails at Jutland, not Jellicoe. Will some day America likewise fail?*" By this he means that Jellicoe was hampered by instructions based on a false naval policy. The reviewer, who once served under Farragut, wonders whether he or Nelson would not have practically annihilated the German fleet there and then, in spite of instructions.

The splendid work of Admiral Gleaves in transporting across the Atlantic and through the submarine infested zone some two million American troops without the loss of a single soldier; that of Captain Belknap in planting the hundred thousand mines which formed the North Sea Barrage; that of Captain Plunkett, commanding the naval railway battery of fourteen-inch guns, "the most powerful artillery in use on the Allied line", are briefly described as specific contributions by our Navy to the ultimate success.

Of immediate interest are Mr. Green's analysis of the new weapons, the submarine and aircraft, in simple language readily comprehensible to the layman; his plea for preparedness; and observations on our lack of a naval policy. Only slight reference could be made to what our Navy has done in times of peace, for industry, science, exploration, humanity, and the cultivation of

friendly relations with foreign powers. These alone would require several volumes which it is to be hoped may some day be forthcoming.

The graduating exercises at the Naval Academy in May of each year attract to Annapolis a large number of visitors, the majority being particularly interested in those midshipmen students at that institution who are about to receive their diplomas and pass into the naval service with commissions as Ensigns. These visitors—at least the elders among them—would add greatly to the enjoyment of their stay in that city were they to acquire Mr. Norris's charming sketch of its history and of its leading characters and, using it as a guide book, make a point of verifying through the author's descriptions Annapolis's splendid examples of colonial architecture, erected when the city was the home of all that was once gay and fashionable in pre-Revolutionary days. While some of the old manor houses on the banks of the Potomac and James are their rivals in beauty and dignity, it may be questioned whether so many of such noble specimens of that phase of art can be found elsewhere in so restricted a locality. Nor are churches and government buildings to be forgotten in their inspection. The appreciation of these monuments of the builders' skill will be enhanced by personal touches with the gentlemen and ladies who lived in them, and with what they did in making Annapolis in the eighteenth century an American Paris. Instead of aimlessly wandering about the town to while away the hours when nothing is occurring within the Academy grounds they will, thanks to Mr. Norris, feel themselves carried back a hundred and sixty years to meet such men as Lord Baltimore, Jonathan Boucher, the Calverts, Charles Carroll of Carrollton, Benjamin Franklin, Alexander Hamilton, Lafayette, Governor Ogle, William Paca, Charles Wilson Peale, William Pinkney, Rochambeau, George Washington. Sympathy will be felt for the unhappy Governor, Sir Robert Eden, in his efforts to serve his royal master King George III, and at the same time to deal firmly yet kindly with the Marylanders who both loved and respected him.

In their walks through the town these visitors will enjoy many pleasing vistas, for Annapolis is advantageously situated on the

Severn and between two water courses that empty into it. As they gain a perspective of Annapolitan history they will be reminded that the Maryland colony was founded—and peacefully at that—by men of differing religious views.

Fort Severn, still standing in the Naval Academy grounds, was given by the War Department as the site of the Naval Academy, founded in 1845 by George Bancroft. Under the Superintendency of Commander Franklin Buchanan and his distinguished successors, aided by a corps of extraordinarily able professors, this institution has grown in extent and usefulness. The late Professor Lounsberry of Yale placed himself on record in holding the Naval Academy and West Point to be the best schools in the whole country, since in them and nowhere else is education backed by discipline. Its graduates become line officers in the Navy or the Marine Corps or pass into certain staff corps. Even if they resign in the course of time they bring to the careers they adopt trained minds and habits of industry, veritable national assets.

Space is too short to do justice to the Academy curriculum; to the quality of its entrants, the mode of their appointment, the exploits of its alumni, its temporary transfer to Newport, R. I. during the Civil War; its return to Annapolis; and its determining influence on the *esprit* of our Navy. But we cannot conclude this brief notice without expressing the hope that the book will be widely read, and the belief that probably no other institution of learning has ever produced such a man as Mahan, whose *Sea Power in History* has profoundly affected world politics since its appearance forty years ago. Some indeed there be who hold that it directly led to the expansion of the German Navy and created in the Kaiser a passion to secure the mastery of the sea—one of the underlying and not the least important causes of the World War.

CASPAR F. GOODRICH.

BROADER ASPECTS OF BUSINESS

ROBERT OWEN. By G. D. H. Cole. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

THE RELATION OF GOVERNMENT TO INDUSTRY. By Mark L. Requa. New York: The Macmillan Company.

THE PRESENT ECONOMIC REVOLUTION IN THE UNITED STATES. By Thomas Nixon Carver. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

These books give us the activities and the economic and social views of a successful business man of early days of the nineteenth century, one of the first socially minded big business men; the reflections of a modern engineer and business man resulting from experiences in taking an active part in the war-time control of industry; and the observations of a keen economist of the present day on the problems considered by the two business men.

The series of biographies in which Owen's life appears aims to get away from the ponderous official biography and present a personal, intimate, and unprejudiced account of the life and activities of the men. Mr. Cole has succeeded admirably. He is sympathetic but always able to see the humorous aspects of the failings of Owen. The book might well be called an introduction to the life of Owen, for it refers in the chapters to the places where more data may be obtained and evaluates the various sources of information. A bibliography of Owen's writings is given and an annotated list of books for the study of Owen and Owenism.

In broad outline Owen's life story is known by most people. A precocious youth, he supported himself from the time he was ten years old. At twenty he was the manager of a cotton mill. The industry in England was in the midst of the changes brought about by the Industrial Revolution. The technical advances were marvelous, but the social conditions brought about by the new industry were intolerable. Owen became the manager of mills at New Lanark and developed there the best working conditions of the time. He improved the factory, the housing, and the educational facilities. He may be called the father of welfare work.

As the result of his knowledge of social conditions and the results of his efforts at New Lanark he decided that society needed

to be reorganized. His life thereafter was given to propaganda and experiment which took various forms but was all based on the same set of ideas.

It is evident that Mr. Cole has more admiration for Owen's educational ideas than most of the others and presents them more sympathetically:

> Owen had an almost boundless belief in the effect of environment and training in the character of the child. He did not hold, as some of his critics seem to suppose, that it was only necessary to alter the environment of the adult, in order to form his character into any mould that society might require. He insisted on the importance of training as well as environment, and held that, in order to be effective, education in the right ways of life must begin from infancy. . . .
>
> His essential point is not that each individual is in every respect the pure product of his training and environment, but that societies collectively are the product of the forms of training and of social environment in which their members are brought up to manhood.

Owen was influential in promoting the Factory Act of 1819, the first real regulation of factories in England, but the politicians made so many changes in the act that he disowned it in the form that it passed and did not again promote legislation.

After the close of the Napoleonic wars England passed through a period of depression and widespread unemployment. Owen was on a committee to consider the situation and as a remedy brought forward a Socialistic proposal. In one of its aspects it may be considered the start of the Garden City movement:

> He proposed that, instead of relieving the unemployed out of the poor rates, those in authority should set aside a capital sum, on which interest would accrue, and use this sum to found "Villages of Coöperation." These villages, modelled on New Lanark, were to be economic units, based throughout on a coöperative principle. For each village a considerable tract of land was to be bought or rented on a long lease. On a suitable site, preferably near the middle of the estate, the village was to be built, in the form of a great coöperative establishment. About 1,200 souls, including men, women and children, might, he suggested, be a suitable population for each village. The main occupation of the villagers would be work on the land; but they would also have workshops and factories of their own in varying degrees. For the most part, the village would produce the goods required for its own subsistence, buying as little as possible from outside, and selling only its surplus produce in the open market.

Mr. Cole is the leading advocate of Guild Socialism. He usually writes at least one book a year setting forth the merits of that plan for social reorganization. It is not strange that he finds in Owen's ideas of decentralization the germs of Guild Socialism. An interesting account is given of his propaganda in favor of his plan. In one of his speeches he made a violent attack on religion, which in later times was constantly used against him. Mr. Cole explains it as follows:

> It marks also the first emergence in Owen of a propensity which, from this time, steadily grew upon him. For the first time at this meeting he spoke in an apocalyptic vein—as if he felt himself a prophet. Some have called this a streak of madness in him. In old age, it reached at least the point of an obsession, and, even in middle age, I think it wrecked a great deal of his work. Hitherto, Owen has been the great reforming man of business; from this point he begins to turn into the prophet and to appear as a visionary in the eyes of ordinary men. His visions were fine visions; they inspired many. But they had the defect of their quality. From the moment when this apocalyptic vein seized on Owen he could never argue a case—he could only see visions and dream dreams. And he gradually lost, I think, that firm grasp of the world of fact which had made him the greatest practical social innovator of his day. He gained instead the power of prophecy, which made him the father of Socialism and of many movements; but, in a real sense, all prophets are mad. Owen went a little mad in 1817, and he went on getting madder to the end of his days.

Readers in the United States will wish that more space was given to Owen's activities here, especially the illfated community at New Harmony, Indiana, in 1825 to 1827. When he returned to England he promoted Labourer Exchanges and a Builders' Guild, both of which failed.

A good account is given of the surprising episode of the Consolidated Union which in 1833–34 under Owen's leadership reached a high point in Trade Unionism not again equalled for fifty years, according to Mr. Cole. It declined almost as rapidly as it grew. Owenites started coöperative stores on the Rochdale plan in 1844. It is strange that Owen did not seem to be much interested in this movement, which was the only one inspired by him which was successful. In his old age he kept up his propaganda, but wandered into Ethical Culture and Spiritualism. Mr. Cole's conclusion is worth quoting:

Owen had not many things to say, and he said them many times over; but the few things were of paramount importance. At a time when manufacturers and statesmen were ready to defend in the name of progress all the enormities of the Industrial Revolution, he, a great manufacturer, stood out against them, and preached the virtue and efficiency of good factory conditions and humane treatment. When all the other "practical men" were hymning the virtues of competitive capitalism, he saw not only its vices, but the vision of another system, based on coöperation and human fellowship. When the "monitorial system" was considered an advanced educational project, and the State still divested itself of all responsibility for the upbringing of its citizens, he not only preached universal free education, but gave practical demonstrations far in advance of his time in the practice of teaching. When the workers were sinking under the despair bred by evil factory conditions, his faith and hope raised them up to strike the first concerted blow for economic freedom. Not for nothing do many movements look back to him as their founder or source of first inspiration.

Mr. Requa's book is not to be taken very seriously as a scientific study, but is of interest as showing the way some engineers and business men view the matter. The book is filled with history and statistics for which authorities are given only in a few cases. He purports to show that paternalism and communism have always been failures. Individualism is the only proper basis but it needs government regulation to prevent evils. The idea is excellently put:

We had not yet come to realize that service to the public is the prime justification for corporate existence, and that when service becomes purely selfish and looks only to corporate welfare, regardless of public welfare, discipline must inevitably be applied. It has been difficult for the executives of many of our great corporations to realize this fundamental principle. Some of them still fail to grasp it, and to the extent that this realization is lacking, just to that extent will turmoil and strife continue.

His plea for taking interest in governmental affairs is worth quoting:

Our cities and counties have become great financial institutions, the management of which can no longer, with safety to the public, be delegated to inefficient, inexperienced and ignorant public servants. We need to build up in our communities a greater realization of the responsibilities attendant upon public office; we need to realize that the profound business of the American citizen is the business of government; that without stable, beneficent, wise and efficient government our individual efforts may go for naught. Above all, our citizens

must appreciate the fallibility of human judgment. It behooves us, therefore, not only as a duty to the form of government under which we live, but as a matter of self-defense, to take a more active interest in the selection of our officials to the end that we may have in our public offices the same high type of business efficiency that characterizes the best of our private corporations.

There are chapters dealing with specific problems. The restriction of immigration is favored. A plea is made for the conservation of raw materials. The government operation of railroads is condemned on the basis of our war time experience. But government regulation is needed:

The history of this pioneer period contains ample proof that industry unaided by government cannot purge itself of corrupt, vicious, or undesirable practices. The individual of low moral character who has had such baneful effect upon industrial standards cannot be eliminated by industry save with the help of government.

The California plan for land colonization is given in some detail. Company Unions for laborers seem to be more approved than ordinary Trade Unions. He concludes as follows:

The pioneers and their descendants, the developers of our resources, the builders of our cities and systems of transportation, the leaders and workers of our industries, have together built a monument to the righteousness of individualism. It is this structure which the irresponsible Socialists, Communists and the like would destroy that they might rear in its place a structure of their own design, which would yield despotic tyranny instead of liberty, improvidence instead of thrift, class hatred instead of coöperation, the squalor of idleness instead of human happiness based upon rational employment. It is proper that we should dedicate our lives to the protection of that which our ancestors have built. It is proper that our children and our children's children should equally dedicate theirs to the preservation of American ideals as typified by American Individualism.

Professor Carver's book is probably the most thought provoking of the three. It runs counter to the cherished beliefs of a group of non-laboring class advisers of the laboring movement. He contradicts flatly their oft repeated statement that the labor movement in this country is far behind that in European countries because it has not become political. He is positive that no economic prosperity will come from political control. Their psychology is the old fighting psychology. He dares to defend openly the capitalist system, to say that wealth is becoming more

diffused, not more concentrated. In a brief but carefully documented chapter he exposes the baselessness of the claim that the present Russian Government is idealistic and peace-loving. In contrast our ideal is "freedom of contract with wide diffusion of prosperity among classes".

There is an interesting analysis of the effect of immigration and the tremendous agricultural development of the Middle West on Radical movements and our attitude toward freedom. The labor problem grew up because people that have inherited fortunes are more interested in the consumption of wealth than in its production, and because most of the employers are native born and most of the workers are foreign born. With the restriction of immigration the one cause will tend to disappear and he hopes in time the other will also.

An interesting chapter deals with the persistence of the fighting instinct as seen in labor disputes. The author develops, with convincing argument, the interesting thesis that calculated self-interest should lead the worker to cherish the employer, not to try to exterminate him. Sabotage discourages business expansion and so lessens the amount of work available. The keen observation is made that when laborers who are more prosperous than the average consumer of their products strike, they cannot count on the sympathy of the public.

The United States instead of being the most backward country economically is the one in which an economic revolution is taking place. Laborers are becoming capitalists, capitalists will be forced to become laborers. The evidence that laborers are becoming capitalists is seen in the growth of savings deposits, the spread of workers' holding of corporate securities and the development of labor banks.

In the chapter, "The Higher Strategy of Labor," is laid down a programme. It should discriminate between predatory and productive methods of getting a living (no one should get anything without giving service in return) should provide popular and universal education (so that there will be no overcrowded nor undercrowded occupations and so no poorly paid occupations), and should uphold the democratic idea that any useful occupation is respectable (aristocratic countries are ham-

pered in getting an adequate supply of talent to direct business). A constructive labor programme will strive to increase the supply of capital, for this will provide for the expansion of industry and so benefit labor. He sums it up by saying that the "higher strategy of labor consists primarily in increasing the number of the factors other than labor which are necessary to effective production rather than fighting against those factors". The development of labor banks mentioned above is an excellent illustration of this higher strategy.

In the chapter "What Capitalism Is and What It Does" it is stated that it has abolished famine but has not prevented inequality. The inequalities are not essential and tend to disappear. The fundamental factor in the start of Capitalism is the repression of violence; this leads to property and property leads to exchange. With security capital accumulates and invention is promoted. Security needs to be not only against violence but also against fraud. The Government should not take from those who have industry and foresight and give to those who have not. He declares that the laboring class is best off in those places where labor is treated as a commodity, Samuel Gompers and the Clayton Act to the contrary notwithstanding. The chief achievement of Communistic Russia has been to promote the private ownership of land among the peasants.

The author's ideal is a balanced industrial system, "a system in which every essential industrial function is as well and as adequately performed and as well paid, all things considered, as every other." In this system the bargaining power of capitalists and laborers would be equalized. There would be no need for trade union or social legislation. Labor could easily gain a voice in the management of business.

The book ends with a plea for universal and free education, for the idea that business is respectable, for the development of thrift, for the restriction of immigration, and for the enforcement of Prohibition.

James D. Magee.

AMERICA AND TWO LEAGUES

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS: 1892-1916. By Viscount Grey of Fallodon, K. G. Two volumes. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

THE SENATE AND THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS. By Henry Cabot Lodge. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE FOREIGN POLICY OF CASTLEREAGH: 1815-1822. By C. K. Webster. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company.

THE FOREIGN POLICY OF CANNING. By H. W. V. Temperley. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company.

AN AMERICAN PEACE POLICY. By Kirby Page; with an introduction by John H. Clarke. New York: George H. Doran Company.

FACTORS IN AMERICAN HISTORY. By A. F. Pollard. New York: The Macmillan Company.

From Paris, Aix-la-Chapelle, Troppau, Laibach and Verona, in 1815–1822, to Versailles, Cannes, Genoa, The Hague and Geneva, in 1919–1925, may seem a far cry, historically and diplomatically if not geographically; as also from Alexander I, Castlereagh and Canning to Woodrow Wilson, Henry Cabot Lodge and Frank B. Brandegee. Yet to the student of affairs whose vision embraces backgrounds and who can trace processes from effects back to causes, there is a vital and essential relationship between them; so that the latter cannot be justly understood without an understanding of the former. It might seem extravagant to say that had there been no Holy Alliance in 1815, there would have been no League of Nations in 1919. Yet he must be strangely lacking in perception who does not see that the one called into at least attempted activity the principle which in the last analysis had, in connection with the other, both objectively and subjectively, a determining influence; and recognize striking resemblances between some of the dominant figures in the two eras. Each of the two groups on international conferences had for its ostensible objects the reorganization of Europe after a devastating war which had transformed the political map of that continent, and the safeguarding of the world from any more such conflicts. Each was dominated at the beginning by a conspicuous and powerful Chief of State who was at once an idealist and an autocrat, and whose imperious insistence upon his own policy wrought his own defeat. Each

strove, sometimes directly, sometimes insidiously, to implicate America in European affairs; but failed to do so. The former gatherings caused the Monroe Doctrine to be enunciated; the latter caused it to be reaffirmed with a greater emphasis than ever before in its century of existence.

Alexander I, it will be recalled, would trust no envoy to represent him, but insisted on attending in person every meeting of the Holy Alliance, from Paris to Verona; precisely as Woodrow Wilson a century later insisted on going personally twice to Paris and Versailles, for the organization of the League of Nations. And at the second conference, at Aix-la-Chapelle, that autocratic idealist disclosed the real purpose of the Holy Alliance in terms which, all unconsciously and unintentionally, were repeated with almost literal exactness by Woodrow Wilson in what he himself described as the heart of the Covenant of the League of Nations. That was a "universal union of guarantee" to maintain all legitimate sovereigns on their thrones and to protect the integrity of their domains; the prototype of the famous Article Ten of the Covenant of the League. The parallel between the two is completed by the facts of history that it was British objection to Alexander's proposal, expressed and made effective by Castlereagh and Canning, that caused the fall of the Holy Alliance, and that it was American objection to Woodrow Wilson's modern version of the same proposal, expressed and made effective by Henry Cabot Lodge, Frank B. Brandegee and their colleagues, that kept this country from entering the League of Nations, and thus defeated Mr. Wilson's supreme aim.

It would probably be regarded as invidious if not libellous to suggest any likeness between an American Senator and Lord Castlereagh; so accustomed has the world been to the anathematizing of that formidable statesman; who is too often estimated in the ferocious terms which Byron applied to him. Yet it is one of the tragic ironies of history that he should be thus execrated, almost entirely because of one or two misunderstood or misinterpreted acts, and by the very people who should gratefully regard his memory as a friend of freedom. For it was Castlereagh who first discerned the purpose of the Holy Alliance

to resubjugate the Central and South American States to the Spanish Bourbon yoke, and even to menace the independence of the United States, and who committed Great Britain to the resistance to that reactionary policy which was so effectively expressed by his successor, Canning. The boast of Canning, that he had "called the New World into existence to redress the balance of the Old", was exaggerated, though pardonably so. The exact truth was that he had recognized and encouraged the coming into existence of the New World. But even in that he was only the disciple and executor of Castlereagh, who first among European statesmen enunciated the doctrine that the States of the Western Hemisphere should be permitted to work out their own destinies, without European restraint or meddling.

These studies of the foreign policies of Castlereagh and Canning form, therefore, an indispensable background to our consideration of the policies of Lord Grey and of those consistent and far-seeing men in our own Senate who thwarted the purposes of their own President in order to maintain the principles upon which this nation was established. Lord Grey's volumes do not, indeed, deal with the League of Nations. He had retired from office before that organization was formed; before, in fact, our entrance into the World War. His memoirs are of value, therefore, chiefly as presenting an intimate, lucid and truthful account of the long and complicated train of diplomatic and other events which during a score of years led—at once inexorably and most needlessly or, let me rather say, most unjustifiably—to the World War, and also of the impression produced by the war and the subsequent peacemaking upon an enlightened, sensitive, judicious and preëminently peace-loving mind. All talk about "the new diplomacy" seems to him "little better than useless chatter." What is needed is not a change of method, but "a new spirit and purpose among nations". He does not mean pacifism. On the contrary, he points out that "the internal peace of every country depends upon the knowledge that force is available to uphold law." And the more generally and fully the people possess that knowledge and approve such readiness of force, the more secure the peace will be. The same rule applies to international peace: "No great country will contribute

anything to that peace by saying that there is no principle whatever for which it will stand up, if need be, by the use of force." To his mind, obviously, leagues, alliances, covenants and what not are of little avail, excepting in so far as they represent the resolute and positive purpose of the people. It was "to men of good will" that peace on earth was proclaimed. When men have the will for peace, there will be peace; but without that will, peace cannot be made secure by any leagues or courts or treaties that the ingenuity of man may devise.

So we come to Henry Cabot Lodge's posthumous volume, the title of which is somewhat a misnomer. For the book is much more than an account of the Senate's dealings with the League of Nations. It is that and it is probably the most authoritative account thereof that we may ever expect to have. But it is also an expert analysis of all the important diplomacy of the Wilson Administration, including the Mexican embroilment as well as the World War, and the war before as well as after America entered it. It is more, even, than that; for it presents one of the most searching and convincing studies and estimates of Woodrow Wilson's mentality and psychology that have ever been made; revealing the author of the volume himself in a new and hitherto unrealized light as an intellectual and moral analyst.

One of the most interesting and by no means least valuable passages in the volume is that in which Lodge describes his relations with and attitude toward Wilson at the beginning of his Administration. He makes no direct effort to dispel the common but stupid notion that he had always been animated by inexorable rancor against the President; but he in fact does so in a most effective manner. His first inclination was to regard the President as favorably as could be possible in view of their widely different political creeds. Himself long and justly noted as a "scholar in politics", no petty jealousy, which in the circumstances would have been absurd, restrained him from welcoming into public life another man of academic antecedents and intellectual repute; as he had years before welcomed for publication in the magazine which he edited Wilson's first article to get into print. It is to be recalled, too, that when, early in his Administration, Wilson asked for the repeal of discriminating tolls at

Panama, as a matter of the highest diplomatic importance to him, Lodge was one of the foremost supporters of his request, even at the cost of opposing many influential members of his own party.

Reading both on and between the lines, it seems certain that Lodge's antagonism—I call it that rather than enmity—toward Wilson arose from two sources. One—the major—was the President's conduct of our relations with Mexico. That caused the Senator to distrust his discretion, his judgment, his sanity of diplomatic policy and even the integrity of his methods; and therefore thereafter to regard with profound distrust anything which the President might say or decide or do in foreign affairs. In that attitude toward Wilson's Mexican policy, with its strange mixture of utterly supine "watchful waiting" and ruthless aggression, there was certainly widespread agreement with Lodge, even on the part of some distinguished members of the President's own party. The other source of Lodge's estrangement from Wilson—minor and personal, yet not negligible, as we shall presently see—was the discovery that the latter's much-proclaimed scholarship was of a very different type from that which he had supposed. We may smile at the idea, but we must suppose that with his own exceptional range and depth of culture and his tremendously serious intellectuality, Lodge became positively indignant at finding that Wilson, with all his nimbleness of notions and genius of phrase-making, possessed the bookishness of the schoolmaster rather than the copious learning of the sage. There used to be a tradition that it was unparliamentary for a Member to make a set speech in the British House of Commons without at least one Latin quotation. To Lodge it was incomprehensible and unpardonable that a former university professor and president should in all the vast volume of his profuse writings and oratory make scarcely a single classical allusion or reference to other great authorities.

This was the more important because it logically and inevitably implied something much more than a mere intellectual contrast between the two men. Probably the most significant feature of the book before us is its exposition of the radical difference, largely arising from that intellectual contrast, the hopeless in-

compatibility, between the points of view from which Lodge and Wilson regarded the great issues of war and peace and, especially, the League of Nations. Perhaps I might epitomize them by saying that the one was impersonal, the other personal. Lodge never had a personal policy; he was content with the principles of the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution, the Monroe Doctrine, and the established traditions of the Republic; and conceived it his duty to maintain them, and to apply them, with such consistent expansions as might be necessary, to whatever problems or emergencies might occur. Wilson, on the other hand, was impatient of tradition and precedent, and actually intolerant of them when they conflicted with his own conceptions of policy. His disregard of them might almost have suggested lack of familiarity with them. In consequence the personal equation was always dominant in his calculations and demonstrations. Lodge somewhat mordently though not unjustly declares that the President thought on even the most momentous matters "in terms of Wilson". That is a phase of egoism that is seldom lacking in those whom the world calls, for lack of a better word, idealists; and it is by no means necessarily to be condemned. Some of the world's greatest men have been also its greatest egoists. The present point is, however, that between such a temperament and the diametrically opposite temperament of Lodge, continued coöperation was impossible, and conflict was inevitable.

In confuting the charge of inconsistency which was strangely brought against him, Lodge verges more nearly upon an *apologia* than in any other part of his narrative. But even there I cannot help thinking that his militant spirit was more intent upon the attack, for which he saw opportunity, than upon the defence which was really not needed. Thus he cites a number of utterances strongly deprecating American participation in world affairs:

> America stands apart in its ideals; it ought not to allow itself to be drawn, as far as its heart is concerned, into anybody's quarrel.
>
> Since the rest of the world is mad, why should we not refuse to have anything to do with the rest of the world in the ordinary channels of action?
>
> We believe that we can show our friendship for the world and our devotion

for the purposes of humanity better by keeping out of the trouble than by getting into it.

These are, of course, instantly recognizable as the utterances of Lodge himself, or of some still more rancorous enemy of the League of Nations; probably one of the "irreconcilables" or "isolationists". Unhappily for such identification of them, however, they happen to be taken from speeches made by Woodrow Wilson, during the World War, but before our entry into that struggle, and while "He kept us out of war" was still his campaign slogan.

Strongly as Lodge opposed adoption of the Covenant of the League without effective reservations, however, it is quite obvious from the record that he was not, save by virtue of his official place as Chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, the head and front of the opposition. He never shrank from that imputation, though he never cultivated it. But his own narrative, perhaps unintentionally and certainly without ostentation, makes it clear that as a "first-class fighting man" in that historic and truly epochal strife, he was outranked in aggressiveness by some of his colleagues; especially, I should say, by Brandegee and Knox. This notably appears in the *verbatim* report which he gives of that memorable interview between the President and the Foreign Relations Committee, in which the Senator from Connecticut said little but meant much, perhaps beyond any other member of the company.

In view of the fact that the question of reservations to the Covenant formed the very storm-centre of the conflict over the League, and that Wilson's repugnance to reservations was so extreme that he ordered the Covenant to be rejected by the Senate rather than to be accepted and adopted with even mild reservations, it is most interesting to observe the present attitude of advocates of the League. Here, for example, is a little volume by Mr. Kirby Page on the need of international organization—in which America should participate—for the prevention of war; with an introduction by Mr. John H. Clarke, who retired from the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States in order to devote himself to advocacy of our entry into the League of Nations. In it the author plumply says: "If the United States is

ever to enter the League, reservations to the Covenant will doubtless be necessary;" and this opinion appears to arise not so much from recognition of the overwhelming opposition of the American people to entry without very effective reservations, as from realization that reservations are in fact desirable, whether we make them a *sine qua non* or not. And it is further noteworthy that the reservations which the author approvingly quotes from those suggested by a member of the Legal Section of the Secretariat of the League itself, are substantially identical with those insisted upon six years ago by Lodge and his colleagues; especially concerning the famous Article Ten, the Monroe Doctrine, and the right of withdrawal from membership in the League. Indeed, he suggests a sort of omnibus reservation, which might almost be said to cover the ground of all; to wit, that all action by the United States as a member of the League should be subject to the limitations established by the Constitution of the United States.

For this suggestion, tersely and convincingly put, we may well be grateful. For after all the Constitution is the one supremely dominant fact in all our national affairs, both foreign and domestic. There are of course other factors in American history, as Mr. Pollard industriously indicates in his volume of lectures—lectures, by the way, which should be even more interesting and profitable to Americans than they were to the English audiences that heard them. But these, occurring chiefly before the Revolution, were in effect factors in the making of the Constitution. Too often historians and writers on governmental and political affairs fail to evaluate duly the vast influence upon American history and the whole trend of American affairs that is exerted by that unique instrument. It was and is the one original contribution of America to the science of government.

Easily foremost, then, among the factors in American history must be placed the Constitution which was made by the people for the United States of America. All factors before its adoption merely led to it and were absorbed into it; and all since have either proceeded from it or been subject to its control. The first league of nations, the Holy Alliance, was baffled and finally dissolved because of the resistance presented under the Consti-

tution of the United States. The present League of Nations was rejected by America solely because of its incompatibility with that Constitution, and now shows an increasing inclination to solicit our participation through a recognition of the place which that instrument fills and must always fill in American affairs. Other nations may be able and willing to modify their systems so as to conform to the Covenant of the League. America met the half-overtures, half-menaces of the Holy Alliance with a resolute assertion of its own system, as distinct from that of the countries composing that league; and in its impregnable nationality it seems today no less resolute in opposing to the Covenant its own Constitution. And that is by no means the least of the resemblances between the times of John Quincy Adams and those of Henry Cabot Lodge.

WILLIS FLETCHER JOHNSON.

WORLD AFFAIRS AND THE WORLD COURT

THE WORLD AFTER THE PEACE CONFERENCE. By Arnold J. Toynbee. London: Oxford University Press.

THE PERMANENT COURT OF INTERNATIONAL JUSTICE. By Alexander P. Fachiri. London: Oxford University Press.

THE present discussion in the United States concerning the expediency of the ratification by this nation of the Protocol that provides for the World Court has frequently been placed upon a plane much lower than its importance would justify. This, in large part, is due to two causes—the essential indifference of the American people to matters of specific international interest, and the lack of accurate and accessible information dealing with the subject. A Senator, publicist or editorial writer may discuss the question with remarkable freedom from the usual obligation of personal information and understanding of the subject, and few are the wiser or dare to call the person to account. This ignorance or imperfect understanding of the facts is not altogether the fault of the individuals concerned, for material dealing with the subject is contained, in large part, in more or less accurate

periodical literature or in the dry files of official reports. It is only very recently that adequate scholarship and literary ability have been turned toward meeting this necessity, and the two books before us partake of this character.

Mr. Toynbee, in *The World After the Peace Conference*, has given a masterly analysis of recent international movements, and also of present conditions. In brief his thesis is as follows: During the years following 1815 the growing consciousness of nationality had attached itself neither to traditional frontiers nor to new geographical associations, but in Central and Eastern Europe it had become involved in loyalty to the principle of linguistic unity. By the year 1871 this movement in Central Europe had cooperated with the economic tendency of the time to merge as many as thirty-one lesser States into two large States of the standard of Great Powers. In Eastern Europe, linguistic nationalism operated as a violently disruptive force, largely because the preëxisting States were larger and not smaller than the linguistic areas. The interplay of the two primary forces of the industrial revolution and the nationality movement had weakened, beneath the surface, the strength of the Great Powers, and it was because the ground thus had been prepared in advance that the effect of the World War was so destructive in its results upon them. This likewise was accompanied by two closely related phenomena: an increase in the importance of worldwide international organizations, and a decline in the importance of Continental Europe in international affairs.

It all resulted in a large increase in the number of States. Before 1914, only sixteen lesser States were playing an active part in international affairs, in more or less coöperation with the Concert of Powers. After the war, forty-seven lesser States were playing a similar part; and of these forty-seven, twenty-two lay in Europe, three in the Middle East, one in the Far East, and the remaining twenty-one overseas—five of these being Dominions of the British Commonwealth and fifteen of them members of the American Entente under the leadership of the United States. The smaller nations, realizing from the experiences of the war that an unambitious and inoffensive policy was not enough to secure immunity from outside aggression, all took the decisive

step of joining the League of Nations, which came into being with the ratification of the Treaty of Versailles on January 10, 1920. As members of the League they could play a more effective part in international politics than they had been able or willing to play at any time during the preceding hundred years.

The dissolution of the old Concert of Powers left no satisfactory substitute, for the Allied and Associated Powers of the war were busily engaged in holding down Germany, formerly one of the strongest Powers of their class, and this weakened them too much to enable them to play a dominant part elsewhere. For a time it appeared that the responsibility for world peace would fall upon Great Britain, but that country was too weakened to assume this responsibility single-handed. This in turn gave the opportunity for the disruptive forces, political and social, to accomplish their work, and the new alignments in the Near and Far East, as well as Africa, are the result.

In the welter of confusion Germany and the Balkan States have definitely turned their faces to Western political and social institutions, while Russia has just as definitely turned toward the East. Added to this is the conflict of civilizations and economic interests leading to the situation of the present day. Mr. Toynbee especially emphasizes the worldwide revolt of agrarian interests against industrial domination, extending even to the La Follette movement of last year in the United States. But he offers, as the salvation of the world in the face of this new danger, the International Labor Organization now attached to the League of Nations, which held its first meeting at Washington in 1919, and brought forth an Eight Hours Convention as the mature results of its labors. He bases his opinion upon this first attempted standardization of worldwide industrial conditions which, he believes, can be developed to a point that will diminish the danger which threatens the economic and political peace of the world if the industrialization of India and the Far East is left to take its course.

In conjunction with the work of Mr. Toynbee the book by Mr. Fachiri furnishes the long-needed manual containing information with regard to the organization, jurisdiction and procedure, as well as the experience up to date, of the present so-

called World Court. While somewhat in the nature of a lawyer's handbook, its clarity and authoritative presentation of facts are in no way diminished by its excellent style and able handling of the material presented. In addition, there are also an outline of the steps leading up to its creation, an account of the cases hitherto heard by the Court, and an appendix containing the English text of all the important documents constituting the Court or relating to it, as well as a number of drafts and reports drawn up in the course of the preparatory deliberations. In the light of contemporary American discussion the final chapter in this book, comparatively short though it may be, offers much food for thought. It emphasizes, in the first place, the statement that the Court is an institution distinct from the League. "It is only through the election of judges that the League exercises any control over it, and in that respect the relation is momentary—once the election is over and the Court is constituted, its members are entirely independent and in no wise responsible to the League or either of its constituent organs." Furthermore, the authority to remove the judges is not possessed by the League of Nations in regard to the Court.

In the second place, there arises the question of sanctions. Mr. Fachiri holds that in the great majority of cases the moral sanction of public opinion will be sufficient to ensure that the decisions of the Court, possessing the inherent authority due to the high character and independent position of its members, will be respected and carried into effect. On the other hand, "it is due to the Covenant, and the Covenant alone, that certain material sanctions are provided for enforcing the judgment of the Court." Since the United States would not be a member of the League, these other sanctions would not apply to it.

It will thus be seen that these books offer much of the material needed by the American people for a sound and effective judgment upon their own relations to the Court, and for the formation of that enlightened public opinion that is so necessary for the guidance of both Congress and the Coolidge Administration in this question that challenges the best of their ability to decide.

WILLIAM STARR MYERS.

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